

SOULS AND SADDLEBAGS

the

Diaries and Correspondence

of

Frank L. Moore

Western Missionary

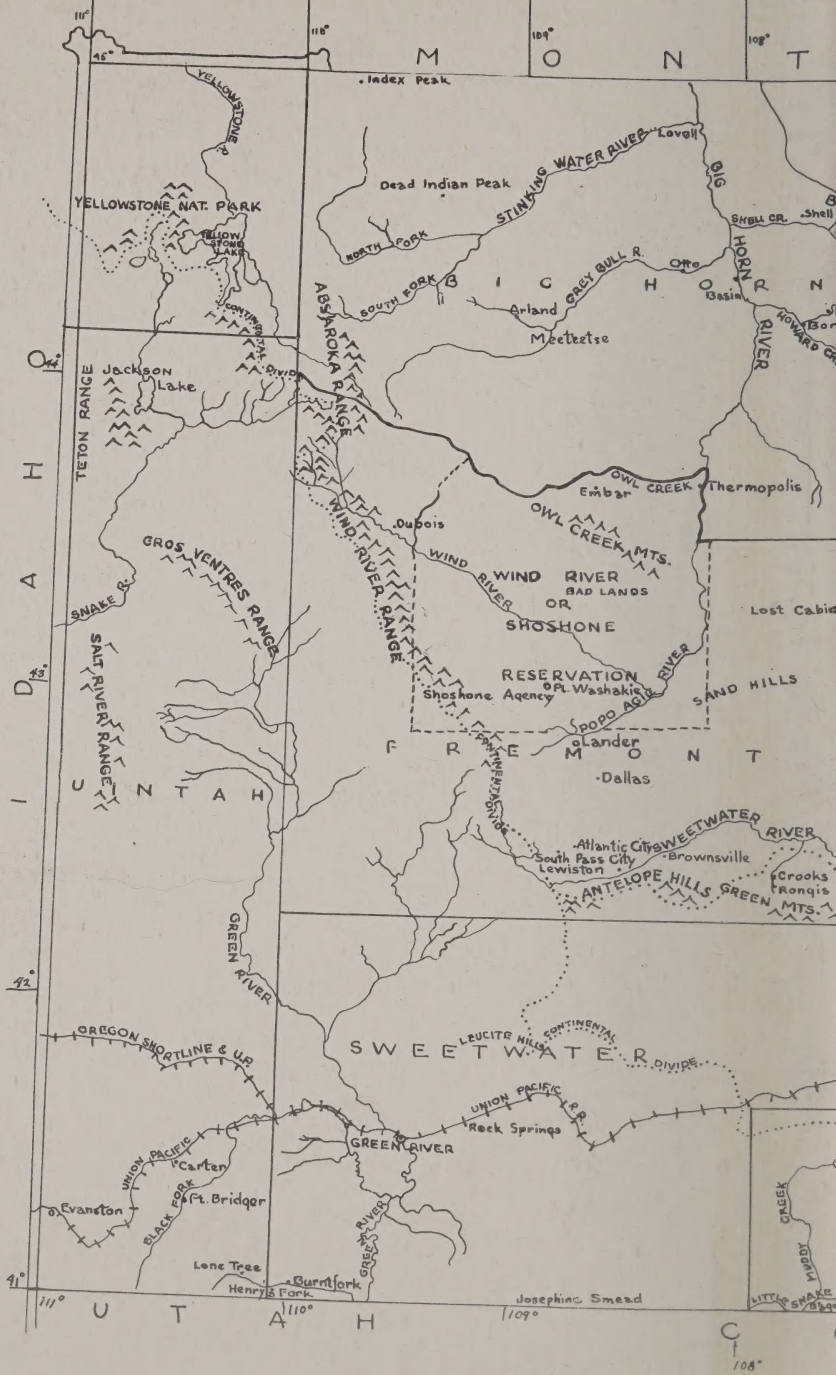
1888-1896

Edited by Austin L. Moore

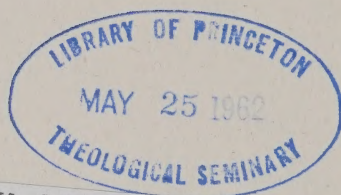
2140

STATE

SCALE
0 10



Hayden
Steamboat Springs



BV 2799 .M6 1962
Moore, Frank Lincoln, 1866-
1935.
Souls and saddlebags

SOULS AND SADDLEBAGS

the

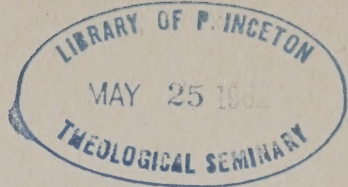
Diaries and Correspondence

of

FRANK L. MOORE

Western Missionary

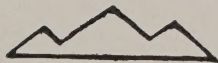
1888-1896



SOULS AND SADDLEBAGS

the
Diaries and Correspondence
of
Frank L. Moore
Western Missionary
1888-1896

Edited by Austin L. Moore



BIG MOUNTAIN PRESS
Denver

Copyright 1962 by Austin L. Moore

TO BEATRICE

CONTENTS

Introduction	9
Trial	17
Foothold	64
Plateau	121
Frustration	156
Progress	162
Index	204

INTRODUCTION

Frank Lincoln Moore (July 18, 1866-March 28, 1935) was born in Olivet, Michigan, the fourth of Merritt and Mary (Wright) Moore's seven children. His ancestors on both sides were of New England puritan stock, and through his father's line he was nine generations removed from William Bradford, Governor of Plymouth Plantation.

Frank's father, Merritt (October 4, 1834-December 5, 1908), a kind of secondary protagonist in this narrative, deserves more than passing mention if his influence on his son is to be understood. He was born in East Java, New York, and grew up on his father's farm. At an early age his parents, Hiram and Eunice (Hutchinson), instilled in him a passion for uplift and reform. He grew up believing that many of the world's worst evils could be cured if the liquor and tobacco interests were eradicated. At Albany Normal School, New York, from which he was graduated in 1854, he expanded his stock of panaceas to include abolitionism.

In 1856 Merritt married Mary Ann Wright of East Java, New York. The couple moved to Saint Johns, Michigan, where both taught school. That winter Merritt was elected secretary of the Union Settlement Company, the objective of which was to plant a colony in one of the new states or territories. The location fixed upon was what is now Geneva, Kansas. The struggle between slave and free soil parties for control of Kansas was joined at that time, and one of the aims of the promoters was to help make Kansas free under the principle of popular sovereignty.

A migration of 170 colonists took place in June 1857. The settlers at once busied themselves with building cabins. The Moore cabin, a log structure eighteen by twenty feet with the ground for a floor, was partitioned with a bed quilt, and one-half was used as a school, with Mary as teacher. Mary received a small salary for her services which supplemented the income derived by Merritt as county superintendent of schools. In 1860, after the free soil interests had gained an indisputable majority in Kansas, the Moores returned to Michigan. Their decision was precipitated by a drought and by a tornado which blew the roof

from their house. The return journey occupied thirty days and was made in a covered spring wagon drawn by one small horse.

Upon his return to Michigan Merritt taught for a time in a district school and then served as principal of the school at Portland. In the autumn of 1864 he was elected principal of the preparatory department of Olivet College, Michigan, where he remained five years.

Merritt Moore believed that the teacher's profession was, next to the Christian ministry, "the most honorable, the most useful, and the most sacred." He conceived it to be his responsibility as a teacher to impart a knowledge of books with "tact and skill" and to instill in his pupils the essentials of good citizenship, which he defined as "truthfulness, honesty, candor, humanity, sympathy, purity, courage to defend the right, hatred of oppression, love of liberty, and obedience to wholesome authority." "The object of education," he wrote, "is not amusement nor fame nor profit, but it is that one may learn to see and know God and his works here and become fitted for happiness in the hereafter." His pupils at Olivet regarded him with awe mingled with respect. Among his prized possessions were their gifts of an inscribed silver watch and an engraving of a chamois hunt in the Alps.

Merritt built a large frame house on the outskirts of Olivet, and for a time it seemed that he had become established. But, meanwhile, his salary was proving inadequate for the needs of his rapidly-growing family. In 1870 he embarked upon what he hoped would be more lucrative work. He moved his family to Kalamazoo, Michigan, rented an office on Main Street, and issued cards announcing himself as an "Insurance, Realestate, and Loan Agent, Notary Public and Conveyancer."

The years in Kalamazoo were marred by an act of violence which had a profound effect upon Frank Moore's character. Merritt had become chairman of the State Central Committee of the Prohibition Party in Michigan. He wrote for the newspapers and spent much time away from home on speaking tours. His untempered zeal in behalf of prohibition finally provoked the local saloon interests to reprisals. One morning he rose to find that his hardwood maple trees had been girdled. A few nights later Frank Moore was awakened by an intense light. Running to the window he saw that the barn was in flames. Above the roar and crackle there rose the frantic neighing of Merritt's beautiful four-year-old horse, Nell. There was a final shriek when the horse perished in the flames. The barn burned to the ground, and it was subsequently ascertained that kerosene had been poured over horse and stall before the barn was fired. The incendiary eventually served a term in

the state prison for this crime, but the saloon men who had hired him went free. After this episode Frank shared with his father the conviction that "a legalized liquor traffic was the greatest crime of the age." A little later, when the "White Ribbon" movement reached Kalamazoo, Frank signed a pledge never to drink intoxicants. He never broke this pledge.

Merritt Moore's fortunes in Kalamazoo were by this time definitely on the decline. His venture in selling insurance and real estate had been moderately successful, but he had abandoned this for the publishing business. His publication of a map of the Northwest Territory and several volumes on the history and government of Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, proved exceedingly unprofitable. He lost everything he had and more. At this point he accepted an offer made by his brother-in-law, James A. Wright, to share in James' nursery and livestock business. In the dead of the winter of 1876 the Moore family and their household goods were transported on bobsleighs to James' 160 acre farm in the township of Odessa, Michigan. The Moore children were by this time seven in number: Alice, born August 24, 1858; Ellen, November 2, 1860; Charles Merritt, October 5, 1863; Frank Lincoln, July 18, 1866; John Wright, September 11, 1872; and Walter Howard, August 26, 1875. Arthur Hiram, born December 16, 1870, had died soon after his birth.

The family lived for six years on James Wright's farm in a renovated log house. During these years the education of the children was sadly neglected. To reach the Central School, Frank had to walk a mile through swampy country. The school room was packed with fifty children, and in cold weather those who sat near the big box stove roasted while the others froze. The schoolmaster was an ignorant man who spent most of his time trying to keep order. After one term it was decided that Frank and his brother, Charles, should study at home.

As time went on, Merritt and Mary became disturbed over the educational deficiencies of their children. Alice was now giving music lessons, and Ellen was teaching school, but the boys were learning only how to be farm hands. Finally, Merritt determined to try the insurance business once again. In 1881 the family moved to Ionia, Michigan, where the boys could have better educational opportunities.

Ionia High School was one of the best in Michigan. Its graduates were admitted to the University of Michigan without examinations, no other school in Ionia County being accorded this distinction. The merits of the school were widely publicized, and about one-third of the pupils were from out-of-town. Students desiring admission were required to

pass examinations in all eighth grade subjects. Frank could not qualify and had to undergo the humiliation of attending the eighth grade with pupils much younger and smaller than himself.

In the fall of 1882 Frank entered the high school. After two years he decided to specialize in the classics, which made necessary his dropping back to take the required courses in Greek and Latin. Consequently, it took him six years to be graduated.

In addition to his classroom work he wrote for the school paper, sang tenor in the school's Mendelssohn Club, and learned to play the guitar. He attended the Congregational Church until it was destroyed by fire. Then, in 1886, he joined the Presbyterian Church. He sang in the Presbyterian choir, taught a Sunday School class, and attended meetings at the Y.M.C.A. Among the books he read during these years were Dickens' *Child's History of England*, Longfellow's *Evangeline*, and Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.

The fortunes of the Moore family did not improve in Ionia. "Our lives were shadowed by a cloud of debt and inefficiency," wrote Mary years later. Merritt was more attentive to injustice abroad than to the pressing needs of his own family. He gave money freely to the Prohibition Party or to some outcast who aroused his sympathy while his family faced interest payments on mounting debts. Merritt finally left his family, never to return except for short visits, to try his fortune as a traveling salesman. His letters which appear in this book were written while he was on the road attempting with little success to sell such merchandise as wagon couplings, manikins, maps, and blackboards. In a letter to Coral Leigh dated December 4, 1887, Frank Moore expressed his reactions to his father's long absences from home as follows:

"Father went back Wednesday and expects to be away most of the winter. I don't like such a way of living. It is not pleasant for the man and must be doubly unpleasant for the other members of the home. At least it seems so in our family. I think lots of my father and know he does the best he can for his family, but it does not seem to be his nature to know how to get rich, otherwise he would be living at home. Now at his time of life how much more pleasant it would be if he was with us. But things that can not be mended must be borne. Life is not all sunshine."

Alice, Charles, and Frank were obliged to contribute to the support of the family. Frank was janitor at the high school. In cold weather he rose before four a.m. to start the furnace and sweep the school rooms. His accounts show that he was paid two dollars and twenty-five cents for

splitting seven and one-half cords of wood. In summer vacations he worked on farms. He began to have frequent attacks of tonsilitis and nervous indigestion and spoke often of feeling exhausted and miserable.

His life was not all drudgery. He began to spend some of his evenings with Coral Leigh (December 4, 1867-), the daughter of William Wallace Leigh, a carpenter, and Marietta (Smith) Leigh. He became engaged to Coral, but could not hope in the foreseeable future to marry her. In 1886 Coral was graduated from Ionia High School and in September of that year started teaching in a grammar school in Cadillac, Michigan. So began a long separation which was to terminate with the marriage of Frank and Coral on July 9, 1891.

In his senior year, 1887-88, Frank had the dual honor of being class president and valedictorian in his class of twenty students. In that year also, he decided definitely to make the Christian ministry his profession. Attendance at either college or seminary was an impossibility because of lack of funds. He was obliged, therefore, to start his life work inadequately prepared, a deficiency which he hoped to remove at some future date.

After graduation he accepted a commission as Sunday School Missionary under the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work at a monthly salary of fifty dollars. In September 1888 he departed for his field, the Territory of Wyoming and northern Colorado. It is at this point that his account of his western experiences begins.

For those who may wish to follow the career of Frank Moore subsequent to the termination of his work on the home mission field in 1896, the following brief biographical data are furnished. After his ordination as Congregational minister in 1892 and his graduation from the Chicago Theological Seminary with the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in 1897, he held three Midwestern pastorates: Oak Park Church, Minneapolis, 1897-1899; Edgerton, Wisconsin, 1899-1902; and New London, Wisconsin, 1902-1905. He then returned to Wyoming for an eight-year pastorate at the First Congregational Church, Cheyenne. In 1913 he became Superintendent of the Congregational Home Missionary Society for Colorado and Utah and in 1918 National Secretary of Missions of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. In 1920 The Chicago Theological Seminary conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. As a result of a reorganization in 1926, he was made Secretary of the Congregational Church Extension Boards, Western Di-

vision, and remained in that position until his death in 1935, three days before his scheduled retirement. He was survived by his wife, Coral, and by his children, Alice, Austin Leigh, and Roger Wright born, respectively, in 1897, 1901, and 1910.

As Secretary, he traveled each year a distance equivalent to twice around the globe to visit and counsel state superintendents, local missionaries, and parishioners in all the vast area west of the Mississippi. His first-hand knowledge of the needs of the home missionary field, together with his enthusiasm for the work, made him a welcomed and valued friend and adviser.

The Reverend John C. Blackman who succeeded him in the Cheyenne pastorate wrote of him: "From his very presence came the sense of the breadth of the plains and the breath of the mountains. His spirit carried the scent of the sage, and his soul the strength of the hills. He lived where duty called him but he loved most the haunts of the brook trout and the freedom of the open country."

The Reverend Claton S. Rice, one of his state superintendents for many years, named as his outstanding qualities a passion for freedom and democracy, a stern love of right, an almost limitless capacity for friendship, and faith in humanity. "I think of him," he wrote, "as the personification of the youth and the hopefulness of the America of the immediate past. I shall always see him, head up, eyes flashing, springing step, alert mind, facing the gale which blows across the well-loved plains out of the north."

The Moore family papers, now in the possession of the editor, have provided most of the original source materials of this volume. They include the Moore family correspondence from 1886-1897; a transcript of Frank Moore's diaries for the period 1886-1905; diplomas and various credentials; family records of births and deaths; and obituary notices and articles. Materials examined but not used include a mass of genealogical data, notebooks, and correspondence relevant to Frank Moore's activities after 1896. Information about Wyoming and some of its early settlers was acquired by the editor in the summers of 1959 and 1961 when he traveled by private airplane and automobile over many of the routes once covered so laboriously by Frank Moore.

The editor has presented Frank Moore's diary and the letters, whatever their source, in chronological sequence to provide continuity. When the same subjects have been covered in both the diary and the letters, only the better and more complete account has been used. In the interest of brevity and readability, material which contributes little to the

picture either of the man or his environment has been deleted. Also, some nature descriptions have been omitted. Only those letters written to Frank Moore which have a bearing upon his career or personal life have been included. Several letters written by his wife, Coral, which deal with life in the Big Horn Basin have been introduced.

Since this volume is intended for the general reader rather than the specialized scholar, the editor has felt justified in making some technical alterations in the original documents. When possible, the correct spelling has been given to misspelled proper names, but otherwise Frank Moore's eccentric spelling has been preserved. Erratic punctuation has been altered only when it might confuse the reader. Some long paragraphs have been divided, and some short ones have been combined. In a few instances, long and short sentences have been similarly treated. Uncommon abbreviations have been expanded, apostrophes have been added, a tilde has been placed over "n" in cañon, and the ampersand has been converted to "and." Diary and letter headings have been made uniform throughout, and the "affectionately" and "lovingly" which in most cases constitute the complimentary closing of the family letters have been omitted.

Editorial additions to the text, including introductions to chapters and supplementary information on persons, places, and events, have been inserted in italics. It has seemed unnecessary in a work of this sort to burden these with bibliographical citations. State and local histories, personal memoirs, files of the Cheyenne *Leader*, and unpublished files of the Wyoming Writers' Project have been consulted. The editor has found most useful the *Annals of Wyoming*, the volumes, *Wyoming* and *Colorado*, in the *American Guide Series*, and Charles Lindsay's *Big Horn Basin*. The *Dictionary of American Biography* and other cyclopedias of American biography have been in constant use.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the responses to the editor's requests for information made by Mrs. Henrietta A. Alubowicz of the Michigan State University Library; Charles A. Anderson of the Presbyterian Historical Society; William Arnold of Oakland, California; George M. Bailey of the University Library, Northwestern University; Robert Baumruk of the Chicago Public Library; Mrs. Anna C. Brown of Lansing, Michigan; Kleber H. Hadsell of the Carbon County Historical Society, Wyoming; John A. Harrer of the Congregational Library, Boston; Miss Lola M. Homsher of the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department; Mrs. Minnie T. Kimball of Glenrock, Wyoming; W. L. Marion of Lander, Wyoming; Frederick E. Maser of St. George's Methodist

Church, Philadelphia; Mrs. Elsie Hobson McFadden of the Chicago Theological Seminary; Mr. Oliver Perry Morgan of Delta, Colorado; Bishop Glenn Randall Phillips of the Methodist Church, Denver Area; Mrs. Leona Morgan St. Louis of Slater, Colorado; and Mrs. Edness Kimball Wilkins of Casper, Wyoming. Grateful acknowledgment also is made to Professors Harry J. Brown and Frederick D. Williams of Michigan State University who gave helpful suggestions on editorial policy, to Professor Joseph L. Druse of Michigan State University who read and criticized the manuscript, and to my wife, Beatrice, who gave invaluable assistance in the final editing and proofreading of the manuscript.

AUSTIN LEIGH MOORE

East Lansing, September 1961

TRIAL

*Wyoming takes its name from the Delaware Indian Maughwau and Wama which have been translated "large" and "plains," respectively. The name is not completely descriptive because the plains of Wyoming are interrupted by the lofty Big Horn range, located in north-central Wyoming, and by lesser elevations and spurs in the central and southern areas. In the west the plains meet the wall of the great ranges which form the Continental Divide. Streams which have their sources in the mountains of Wyoming contribute to the river systems of the Missouri, the Columbia, and the Colorado. Wyoming, laid out without reference to natural boundaries, has an extreme length from east to west of 380 miles and an extreme width from north to south of 276 miles. In area it is 97,914 square miles, ninth in size of the fifty states. It varies in elevation from 3,100 feet on the Belle Fourche River to 13,785 feet, the altitude of Gannett Peak. Except in certain mountain ranges the climate is arid.**

The history of Wyoming to the year 1890 may be divided roughly into four periods: exploration and fur trapping; emigration along the Overland and Oregon-California trails; railroad building and Indian wars; and finally, territorial days and the rise of the cattle industry. Frank Moore started his missionary enterprise near the end of the territorial period which had started with the creation of Wyoming Territory in 1868 and was to terminate with its admission to the Union as a state in 1890. He continued his work into the fifth phase of Wyoming's historical development, the period of statehood. He arrived in a period of rapid population growth; the Territory numbered 20,000 inhabitants in 1880 and 60,000 in 1890.

In 1890 there were in Wyoming 141 church organizations of all denominations, 43 church buildings, and 11,705 church members.

**The correct spelling has been given to misspelled proper names which appear in the original documents of this volume, but otherwise eccentric spelling has been preserved. The introductions to chapters and other materials which supplement the text have been italicized.*

There were six Presbyterian church organizations and five church buildings with a combined seating capacity of 960. Presbyterian interest in the area was still so slight that the Territory had not yet been organized as a Presbytery.

Instructions sent to Frank Moore by the Reverend James Avery Worden, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work, directed him to organize Sabbath Schools and, when possible, to plant them on such a sound and permanent basis that a church might some day arise on their foundations. Upon arriving in Cheyenne, he was directed to confer with the Reverend Richard E. Field, pastor of the Cheyenne Presbyterian Church, and then to proceed to Rawlins, Wyoming, to work under the supervision of the Presbyterian minister, the Reverend George W. Barr. Frank Moore was the only student missionary sent by the Presbyterian Board to Wyoming in 1888. The total number of students sent by the Board to various parts of the United States in that year cannot be ascertained, but in 1889 there were seventy-five.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Cheyenne, Wyo., Sept. 8, 1888.

At last safely and well I find myself in the Rockies. I reached here at 3:15 this morning. My journey through Nebraska was very pleasant. Through the valley of the Platte about which we read this summer I saw more prairie than I ever dreamed of before. The change of climate is very great. . . .

I found that Mr. Field had taken pains to secure me a room and was around at my hotel early. He is a very pleasant and business like man. After looking over the outlook for work he took me for a ride around the city. This is a beautiful place. No money has been spared to fit it in the finest style. Residences are not uncommon which cost from forty to sixty thousand.

Cheyenne, altitude 6,062 feet, originated in 1867 as a terminal town on the Union Pacific Railroad and for a time was known as the gambling center of the world and the toughest town in the west. In the 1870's it became the commercial capital of a vast ranching area and headquarters of a stock growers' association whose 400 members in 1885 owned some 2,000,000 of the 8,000,000 head of cattle in Wyoming. Severe losses of livestock incurred in the winter of 1886-87 curbed somewhat the power of the big ranchers. This disaster, together with the influx

of homesteaders and other settlers, was modifying the character of the Territory and of Cheyenne in the late 1880's. By 1890 the population of Cheyenne was 11,690.

We went to Fort Russell, about three miles out, and the drive was delightful. The air is so pure and clear to me although Mr. Field said there was an Indian summer haze. Scarcely a cloud is to be seen. To the west of us is a range of mountains dotted with spots of snow. I would have said they were five or ten miles away but they are from fifty to seventy five. Long's Peak is dimly visible to the south west. One is deceived in distances at almost every turn. While at the Fort I asked Mr. Field how far it was to the city and he said three miles. I thought it could not possibly be more than half or three quarters of a mile. Monday I expect to cross the first range and go to Rawlins, a city about half way across the territory and work both south and north from there. . . .

Fort D. A. Russell, named for the Union general, David A. Russell, and renamed Fort Francis E. Warren in 1930, was founded in 1867 to protect Cheyenne and the builders of the Union Pacific Railroad from Indians and lawless elements.

I enjoy this hugely you may be sure. The outlook for work is good although there is much roughness to meet. Cowboys abound, and while they are sober one has no need of fear from them, when they get drunk they are rather dangerous. Last night on the train I met one who was very friendly and I had no trouble but he was very urgent for me to drink and smoke with him and when he had pored down a good quantity of brandy I was quite willing to ride in a separate car from him. But I am not afraid of such things. Christ will shield us from all danger now just the same as in the days of old.

When I reach Rawlins I will be obliged to procure a horse for going across the country. With saddle bags, as of old, I will present something the appearance of the circuit rider.

Well, my darling, I must close. I shall hope to hear from you soon. You grow dearer to me every minute I live. I have seen so much of the terrible wickedness of the world that I thank my father that one pure soul waits for me with perfect trust. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Cheyenne, Wyo., Sept. 9, 1888.

. . . Today I have been to church and heard a real good sermon by Mr. Field. Sunday School followed and we had a good lesson presented

by an interesting teacher. I spoke a few minutes on S. S. work at the close of the session.

Richard Edgar Field (Oct. 28, 1851-May 13, 1891) was born in Clinton, New Jersey. He attended the College of New Jersey, 1874, and Union Theological Seminary, 1875-1878. He was pastor, Brooklyn, New York, 1878-80; pastor, Denver, Colorado, 1881-85; and pastor, Cheyenne, Wyoming, 1885-91.

This afternoon I went over to the Y.M.C.A. hall where we had a real good meeting. All of the services of today seem to have been leading up towards one thought. The sermon this morning "As thy days, so shall thy strength be" was very helpful. The S.S. lesson bore almost on the same line so I found my thoughts guided. Christ's promises in regard to help in time of temptation and his promises of being our shield in danger we considered in the gospel meeting in the afternoon. As I am about to begin work where dangers are many both from the elements of nature and from man I feel such an appreciation of these promises as I never before experienced.

Yesterday Mr. Field invited me over to tea. They are boarding with a very fashionable family and had things served in grand style. At the same place Mr. Loomis rooms. I did not know him in Ionia but it seemed quite like meeting an old friend to find him here. . . .

Today has not seemed much like Sunday on the street. Saloons are all open and the people are riding and driving about just like a holiday. Many ranchmen are in today to get their mail and do trading. One of the hardest questions one has to meet in the west is the Sunday question.

This morning I was walking out by the R.R. when I saw one of the roughest looking of men on an engine which was standing on the track. I was anxious to see what such a man had to talk about and went over and spoke to him. In the course of our conversation I told him what my business was and he seemed to think more of me for that in which I am engaged. While he talked he used pritty hard language but said there was much need of religious work in this terretory. I had a real pleasant time with him. There is a good spot in every man and if one can only find the right key good can be done him.

I have just returned from church where I heard a good sermon on John 12-32. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Since the service I have been talking with a couple of miners. They lead pritty hard lives. No Sunday is observed in most of the mining settlements and scarcely ever do they hear preaching. . . .

The man who lead the Y.M.C.A. meeting this afternoon said that in one place about twenty-five miles out of Cheyenne he found a man of twenty-five years who had never heard a sermon before, others who had not for many years. Up toward Glenrock where I expect to go before the year is over is a very rough place where it is hardly safe to be out after dark. But "God is my keeper. The Lord shall preserve me from all evil." I feel so much more than ever before the need of entire dependence upon him.

This is Mon. evening. I have purchased my winter outfit today, obtained a new map of the terretory, and looked up the work in general. This morning Mr. Field took me over to Governor Moonlight's and he very kindly marked out the best course for me to take in going north of Rawlins in order to avoid the roughest mountains. I shall go north first so as to get over that district before winter. Then south. In going I expect I shall find some pritty wild country. Thirty miles from Rawlins is the first settlement. About fifty miles from there the second. I will send you a map before long showing you the route I take.

Thomas Moonlight (Nov. 10, 1833-Feb. 7, 1899) served as Territorial governor of Wyoming from December 1886 to March 1889.

. . . I have a little bad news. As I go north I shall not in all probability return to Rawlins for six weeks or two months and it is very doubtful if I can get any mail whatever during that time. Don't let that be any reason for not writing for I may find some way of getting it and then I shall want it all the same when I return. I will keep you informed as to where I am however.

Well, my own darling, I am about to go to a field of labor to which I sincerely believe God has called me. Storms must be passed through. Unknown regions must be explored, hardships endured, and places dangerous because of man's sin must be passed through. But through it all I believe God will bring me safely. "All things shall work for good" and "whatsoever I ask believing" I shall receive. Prayer is such a source of strength. It strengthens me to think that every day your petition for me is heard by Jesus. I pray for you and it does me good and I know it must you for the humblest prayer is heard by our father. . . .

DIARY

Cheyenne, Wyo., Sept. 10, 1888.

. . . Bought underclothing for winter and gloves and mittens, leggins and shoes, \$16.75. Bought ticket for Rawlins. Bought this diary, ink-

well, etc. Received letters from Father, Coral, Garver, Mother, and Howard. Will leave at 2:30 a.m. Feel quite well.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Sept. 11, 1888.

Got up at 2 o'clock and waited until five for the train. Passed over the Rocky Mountain range reaching the highest point on Union Pacific. Over the high bridge 190 ft. Saw rocks edgewise, side wise, and every wise. Breakfast at Laramie. Elk Mountain in sight for very long time. All day one tunnel, lots of snow sheds, big curves, soda deposits, barren country. Found Mr. [George W.] Barr. Nice man. Very tired, almost sick. Will rest before I start out.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Rawlins, Wyo., Sept. 17, 1888.

. . . How do I like my new place here? Well, if you would once look on this place with the grass conspicuous for its absence, with barren plains as far as you can see plains, and then more barren mountains when they begin, I am afraid you would sigh for the green fields of Michigan. Nothing but sage brush and a species of cactus and a very little exceedingly poor grass grown here. On the side of the mountains occasionally one finds a little mountain pine. But the people are very pleasant. Rev. Geo. Barr, the Presbyterian minister here, has made it as pleasant as he could for me. I have been putting in most of my time this week just becoming acclimated which is rather hard. I feel quite well now however. Since I wrote you I have come about two hundred miles west of Cheyenne. . . . This place is about 7000 ft. above sea level and as dry as a bone. All that keeps it alive is its commercial centre. The freight supply for both north and south is at this place. . . .

Rawlins, founded in 1868, was named in honor of General John A. Rawlins who with a military expedition of exploration had camped on the site in 1857. It was the gateway of central Wyoming, south to Dixon and Baggs and north to the Stinking Water River. It was also a distribution and supply center on the Union Pacific Railroad for cattle and sheep ranchers and for the Shoshone and Arapaho Indians of the Shoshone Indian Reservation. Its population in 1890 was 2,235.

This is Mon. morning. Yesterday in the morning I assisted Mr. Barr in his service by reading the morning lesson and the prayer. A short address had to be given to the S.S. and in the evening I occupied all of

the time. My first attempt of that kind. We had a full house for this place and whether they liked it or not they paid good attention.

I was too quick in expressing my fears about my mail. When I reached this place Mr. Barr said that he thought it best for me to go south and there is mail by stage over there every other day. I shall have Mr. Barr send it so you may send it in his care. . . .

This afternoon or tomorrow I expect to go over with a ranchman who lives over in there and then I will find a horse. I am feeling quite well and hopeful. We will have two nights on the road when we will camp on the ground. Plenty of roughing it here.

Just as I was writing an Indian came to the door and grunted a few words. The Arapahoes from the north are in for supplies and this fellow was begging. Mr. Linn, the Methodist minister with whom I am stopping, gave him a hat which he took, mounted his horse, and with another grunt went away. . . .

The Reverend John W. Linn (August 12, 1855-September 2, 1896) was born in Andersville, Pennsylvania, and died in Leadville, Colorado. He was converted and joined the Methodist Church in 1879 and was graduated from Garrett Biblical Institute in 1884. He then started work in Denver, Colorado. His appointments in the Colorado Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church included Denver, Rawlins in Wyoming Territory, Leadville, Argo, Wheat Ridge, and Central City, Colorado. The 1897 Journal, Colorado Annual Conference, Methodist Church, has this to say about his work: "He was a good preacher, enthusiastic and inspiring, so that he was able to enlist others in the good work of the Master." He had five children by his wife Kate (Dobbins) Linn.

TO MARY MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., Sept. 17, 1888.

Your letter was received this morning and I was glad to get it you may be sure. I was almost strapped. After paying the freight on the books I would have had only 40 cents left. Now I am the possessor of \$8.40. If you can spare some money again I guess it would be well to send it. . . .

Frank Moore's mother, Mary Ann Moore (October 17, 1836-November 23, 1923), the third of Luther and Milly (Foster) Wright's four children, was raised on a farm in East Java, New York. She taught school starting at the age of fifteen and married Merritt Moore when

she was nineteen. Some facts about her life with Merritt are stated in the introduction.

As to whether things cost anything here you can judge when I tell you that beef steak is .20 per pound, milk from ten to twelve cents a quart, potatoes 1.25 to 1.50 per bushel, clothing to correspond or higher, laundry 1.25 a dozen pieces, stage fair to the place south where I am going 10.00. But as for that I have a chance to ride over with a freight wagon. . . .

The Arapaho Indians are in town now for supplies. You would be amused if you could see them. The men are just like little boys picking up everything bright they can find and looking at the cars and into windows. One was looking at his reflection in the glass and I saw him making all sorts of faces, sticking out his tongue and laughing. I saw Indians riding on freight cars. Lots of fun for them.

These Indians were members of the once powerful Arapaho tribe which had resisted the westward migrations of the white man until the power of the tribe was broken by the United States Army in the late 1860's and the 1870's. In 1877 Chief Washakie of the Shoshone Indians, in response to an appeal from the U. S. Government, reluctantly granted permission to the remnant of the Arapahoes to winter on the Shoshone Reservation in the Wind River valley of Wyoming. This reservation had been occupied by the Shoshones since the signing of the Treaty of Fort Bridger in 1868. The Arapahoes remained on the reservation on sufferance, a people without legal rights or property and with little incentive to work. It was not until 1937 that the 1200 remaining Arapahoes had their claim to homes on the Shoshone Reservation legalized. At the same time the government awarded the Shoshone tribe more than \$4,000,000 for the land and resources used by the Arapahoes.

TO MARY MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., Sept. 18, 1888.

. . . I start this morning and will I suppose have about two or three days on the road. . . . The greasy fair yesterday was too much for me and I was very sick during the night from its effects. I feel better now only so weak. . . . A very rough crowd was making a great noise in the saloon until about 2 o'clock. I can hardly stand such things but suppose I must get used to it.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Slater, Colo., Sept. 22, 1888.

Eighty five miles now separates me from a R.R. I arrived at this place yesterday. I am stopping with a man who keeps a store here by the name of McIntosh. I came here part of the way with a boy in one of the old fashioned covered wagons. We started Tuesday and drove sixteen miles before dinner. The wind blew very hard and when we got dinner dirt and everything blew in to the food as the boy cooked it. The dinner consisted of ham which had made a journey of 60 miles with them as they drove a herd of sheep to the R.R. and by the time I saw it it looked rather dirty. A can of tomatoes eaten out of the can and bread which the boy made of flower, water, salt, and baking powder. I noticed to see how clean he was and saw that he unhitched his horses, brought wood, washed some greasy dishes, cut the dirty ham, and then without washing his hands mixed the bread. I was so hungry that I could eat almost anything and so made out a dinner but I would rather not.

Well, we went on and finally, after traveling over a road where nothing was to be seen but barren mts. and plains covered with sage brush, we pulled up for the night near Sulphur. Here was a camp of cowboys who were out on a round up as the collecting of the cattle for shipment is called. There must have been about five or six hundred head of cattle on the hills near us.

Our supper was on the same plan as dinner only worse. Just after supper as we were preparing to make our bed I saw L[awyer] Craig from Rawlins with whom I was some acquainted and went with him to the hotel. There is a large sulphur spring there and the water did not agree with me. That in connection with what I had gone through with in the line of eatibles served me rather bad and made me real sick. All night I was real sick and the next morning could eat no breakfast.

David H. Craig was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1860 and came to the United States in 1880. He studied law in Illinois and was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1885. From 1886 to 1896 he practiced law in Rawlins and from 1888 to 1895 was prosecuting attorney of Carbon County, Wyoming. He was a member of the Wyoming State Senate, 1895 to 1897, and judge of the Third Wyoming Judicial District, 1896-1917.

I got on the wagon and again started. We now had crossed the continental divide and the waters now find their way to the Pacific. For a little time after we left Sulphur we went up a mt. The clouds were

flying rather low and ahead of us and to the left we could see peaks half hidden by the cloud. There was one in particular which was so far away that we could see where the cloud was around it and a little of its head above like a man with a necktie on. This peak of which I speak was a whole day's ride beyond us and all day long over a rough and at times sandy road we made toward it and it with equal persistency receded. At times we would go out of sight of it and for a distance travel behind some lesser ridge, then again emerge and find him just as far away as ever.

After I had been on the seat outside for a time, even though we were going through very fine scenery, . . . for east, west, and south for miles our vision was unobstructed, at last I had to give up and lie down on an old couch there was in the wagon. There I lay and bounded around in great style for three or four hours too sick to care for the gentle jars which the wagon with no springs under, going over rocks, could make. But finally we reached the third ranch between Sulphur and Baggs and I stopped in there while the boy went over by the stream called the Little Muddy and camped for dinner. After I had thrown up everything but Jonah I was put to bed with hot irons at my feet by the good lady of the house [a Mrs. Wood] and after a good sleep of two hours I got up feeling much better.

I again mounted the wagon and rode on at a snail's pace for the team was very tired and then we were behind a drove of about thirty horses which did not go very fast. All along here were very interesting hills. Nearly every color of the rainbow was here represented in the soil. The banks stood nearly straight and the colored dirt lay in layers. I omitted to say that along our way were prairie dog villages and the little fellows with impudent looks stood on their hind feet until we got too close and then took a dive. . . . Prairie hens or sage chickens were now and then by our road. At last my desire to see a little larger game was satisfied by the sight of another coyote and a herd of about fifteen antelopes.

When the boy again camped I saw the stage coming and with no desire to eat the fare of my young friend's cooking I boarded it and the remainder of the way to Baggs I was entertain[ed] by the stories of the stage driver who told them to the swing of the stage in true western style. By this time the mountain I spoke of gave up and we had that to our right with the beautiful moonlight up his side.

Baggs which I had heard so much of and expected to find quite a little place was at last reached. The main building in this "city" is a long, low store with a mud roof. In the front is the post office and back of that

a general store. At the rear end is a saloon that had been well patronized by the crowd of men who stood around the door to see what the stage had brought in. I was well scrutinized by them and took my valises into the hotel which resembles the store. These two buildings and a harness shop constitute the "city."

This settlement was named for George Baggs, a rancher from New Mexico, who drove a small herd of cattle north and established a ranch in the Little Snake River valley in the early 1880's. When George Baggs returned to New Mexico in 1883, his interest in the Little Snake River ranch was taken over by the Swan Land and Cattle Company. The location of Baggs, far from a railroad and law enforcement agencies, made it an ideal retreat for bad men in the 1880's and 1890's.

I staid there that night and was still eighteen miles from this place [Slater, Colorado] where I was told I could make my headquarters and a sort of home while I am here. As there was no stage I had to depend on catching a ride. To improve my time in the forenoon I took Lawyer Craig's shot gun which he kindly lent me and went up the river to see if I could find a duck. The supper bell which is an old cowbell has just sent its cheering peals to me.

Slater takes its name from William Slater, a construction worker on the Union Pacific Railroad, who in 1869 teamed up with Henry Brockmeyer, better known as Bibleback Brown, and mined with considerable success for gold at Hahn's Peak, Colorado. In the winter of 1869-1870 Slater and Brockmeyer trapped on Little Snake River and later homesteaded there. Slater's ranch was on the tributary of the Little Snake River which now bears his name.

Sunday P.M. I will take up my pen once more and say a few words. . . . I saddled my horse which Mr. McIntosh has given me to use while around here and with the Bible in my pocket and my riding leggins on . . . started for the school house a little way down the river. It is regarded as a little way by the people here but it is six miles down. The morning was perfect. Not a cloud and not a breath of air stirring but it was not hot. Meadow larks were singing on fence and limb and a few lazy turkey buzzards sailed across the sky. My way was along the river and the hills are rather high on both sides leaving a valley of from one and a half to three miles in width. In places the road is cut out of the side of the hill and in one place runs along the edge of quite a high wall of rocks which are perpendicular. My pony seemed to catch the spirit of

the beautiful morning and went up and down the hills just as easily as could be. In one place there is an old road a little shorter than the new one which turns right along the bank of the river. Here the stream makes a great horseshoe bend leaving the peninsula thus formed spread out far below. . . . The stream is so clear that one can see the bottom all along and this morning the neck of land look[ed] like a little fairy spot settled in this valley between the mountains. . . . The school house was at last reached. A little old log building with the sides papered with a variety of papers from the county newspaper to the N.Y. weekly. . . .

School had just begun when I arrived and in front of the one chair the school house afforded sat the Supt. leading the singing with a guitar. How good that sounded! The same old gospel hymns were used here and I felt quite at home. About twenty were present and seemed to enjoy it. I was called out to take the class of young men, four in number, including a boy.

After the S.S. a Baptist minister who lives up the river and teaches school preached. His sermon was quite good but he is still without much experience and less knowledge. But it was Gospel. I appointed a meeting for the purpose of setting forth my work to them at the same hour next Sabbath. . . .

I tell you there is a big work here to be done. The man with whom I stop is very much in sympathy with this work. Has given me a horse to use whenever and as long I wish it here, yet he keeps his store open on Sunday. It is just in accord with that all through.

Way back in my letter I began to tell how I went hunting ducks. I went up [Little] Snake River for some distance but found no ducks. On my way back I saw a wild cat but did not have a chance to shoot at it.

I came from Baggs to Dixon on the back of a buckboard, and from there to within four miles of here on a load of lumber, and the last four miles on the hind axle of a wagon. So you see I have tried all of the means of locomotion they usually have. When I got here I told Mr. McIntosh my business and he was very kind. He is an old settler here and has a very nice wife. He furnished me a pony as I said before. It is a pritty bay with a star in its forehead and two white feet. I understand he is not a buckner and he has done very well so far.

I am feeling quite well. Today I have been making out my first month's report, taking an inventory of my stock, and writting letters. I hope to get a letter from you tomorrow when the next mail comes for I have not heard from you since a week ago Friday. Mail is very irregular here and rather unsafe. . . .

DIARY

Insley's, near Slater, Colo.,
Sept. 21, 1888.

Went from Mr. Hughes' to Mr. McIntosh's. Took dinner with him. Found out that I could get a horse from him. Mrs. McIntosh told me of Mr. Insley. He is Supt. of a S.S. here. Came over here with the horse he let me have. . . . Deep cañon on the way. Pleasant place here. Sun-burned fearfully. Awfully dirty. Found Youth's Companions here. Mountains pritty here. Large peak in front. Warm. Found a guitar here and had a good sing. Prospect for work rather discouraging but will do best I can.

J. B. Insley arrived in Colorado from Kansas in about 1884. He became part-owner of the Leavenworth Cattle Company, known as the Pot Hook Ranch, which was located on Slater Creek, south of Slater, Colorado. This ranch branded some 1500 calves in 1889 and only a fraction of that number the following year. The decline resulted from the severe winter of 1889-90 which killed some seventy-five per cent of the cattle and sixty per cent of the horses in that area. The ranch today (1960) belongs to the Spicer Sheep Company.

DIARY

McIntosh's, Slater, Colo.,
Sept. 22, 1888.

Took breakfast with Mr. Insley then saddled my pony and went to Mr. Hughes'. On way passed over mountains, around Face Mt., down valley when I saw four deer. One big fat buck three doe. Lots of prairie dogs. Opened my box and got tracts and books. Distributed tracts and books. Called on way back here. Came along the road by the river where there is a high bank. Beautiful. In P.M. read, wrote letters, and talked with boys here. Wrote to Mr. Worden and Coral.

Mr. Hughes took up a homestead between Savery, Wyoming, and Slater, Colorado, in about 1875. His wife was a sister of Charles Perkins, a rancher and first storekeeper on the Little Snake River.

DIARY

McIntosh's, Slater, Colo.,
Sept. 25, 1888.

Went up to Mr. Fly's this A.M. and bought a saddle. \$16.00. Gave note for sixty days. Took inventory of stock in P.M. and went to P.O.

Received \$7.00 from Charles and \$2.00 from Alice. Rode nine miles. . . .

A. L. Fly, who had fought for the North in the Civil War, and Tillman, his brother, a one-time Confederate, went from Missouri to Slater, Colorado, in about 1880. They took up adjoining homesteads east of Slater and made their living by milking a few cows, cultivating large vegetable gardens, gathering wild berries, and killing game for meat and furs.

DIARY

Sheehan's, near Dixon, Wyo.,
Sept. 26, 1888.

Went from McIntosh's to Dixon visiting along the road. Been looking for a place to hold service on Sunday but have not yet found one. . . . Bought blanket and bridle.

DIARY

Hinman's, Dixon, Wyo.,
Sept. 27, 1888.

Got up rather late and after breakfast went out and found a place for meeting Sunday. Went down river on north side to tell people of meeting. Went to Baggs and tried to get saddle bags but did not succeed. . . .

DIARY

McIntosh's, Slater, Colo.,
Sept. 28, 1888.

Went from Mr. [Frank A.] Hinman's to Dr. Wyand's to see his wife. She could not take the Supt. of school. Visited along up to Dixon. Took dinner with Mrs. Clark a lady who used to be a Mormon. She told some of the Mormon experiences. Visited day school in P.M. Quite a good school. . . .

W. A. Clark migrated from Texas to Dixon, Wyoming, in the early 1880's. He bought a small homestead located east of Dixon and on it operated a small cattle ranch. In 1896 he formed a partnership with C. C. Dolan, and the two men raised a large number of horses and cattle. Clark served one term as county sheriff and also was for some time a detective for the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

DIARY

McIntosh's, Slater, Colo.,

Sept. 29, 1888.

. . . Have been preparing address today. From Numbers 13:30. "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." Got a pair saddle bags which are rather small. Rather tired. Feel the high altitude on my nerves. Mr. McIntosh told of his first coming into this country. First went in to lumber business. Mining. Then horse. Then store. Then farming. . . .

Robert McIntosh, a Chicago contractor of Scotch-Canadian descent and a dissenter from the strict mores of his ancestors, went west in 1876. He worked for a time at Hahn's Peak, Colorado, for the Continental Placer Mining Company owned by his former Chicago associate, A. J. Farwell. At Hahn's Peak he was employed to construct placer mining equipment. In 1880 with Ed Cody he leased the Farwell mining properties and in one year of mining gold made about 40,000 dollars. The following year he lost the lease to Cody who with Frank A. Hinman mined the leases until the pockets of gold were exhausted. By 1884 he had married and gone into ranching and storekeeping at Slater, Colorado. He raised draft horses on his ranch and continued his interest in gold mining for many years by grubstaking several miners who searched without success for a main vein of gold at Hahn's Peak.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Dixon, Wyo., Sept. 30, 1888.

Once more I get around to write after another week of western experience. Since I wrote I have done much visiting around here working up a S.S. at this place. I found scarcely any interest at first although every one was in sympathy with the work or at least almost without exception said that he was. I had hard work to find any place to hold S.S. at first but finally secured the front room of an old German lady whom I had hard work to make understand just what I wanted. But at last I made her understand and today she had her bed outdoors on the wood pile. The mud walls and roof were hidden by cheesecloth, the floor was scrubbed, and boards placed on chairs cushioned with bed-clothes made quite a comfortable room. . . .

This morning I saddled my pony at 8:30 and rode eight miles by nine thirty and expected to be real late. But when I got to the school house I found no one there. At last the people came and in the absence of the

regular Supt. I was called on to fill his place. Then I taught all of them in one class for a time until at last the young lady who teaches school here came and took the little folks. Then I had the older ones.

After S.S. I spoke or perhaps it would not be immodest to say preached. So here was my first sermon. From Romans, 1:16. "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." I did the best I knew how. . . . All I can judge by is that all paid good attention, little and old. I did not talk long enough to weary them, twenty-five minutes.

Well that was this forenoon. I took dinner with a family near there who were very pleasant and then came five miles to the P.M. appointment. Here I found things as I mentioned and after looking them over found that there were no duplicates and preached the same sermon. I had another all ready but did not give it as it applied directly to S.S. work and [I] did not want to give it before so small an audience. There were only nineteen. But the people seemed to think that was a large turnout. . . .

We appointed a meeting for Wed. evening to practice singing and one next Sunday at the same place for the S.S. organization. I am stopping with a family who live about a mile this side of the place where we held our meeting. As they have only one lamp and need it to see to cook the chicken I will close for tonight.

October 1st. Morning. . . . I was going to speak of some of my experiences with people. You would be very much surprised to find that some of these people who live in log cabins with mud roofs are worth thirty or forty thousand of good honest dollars. This family [the Sheehans], although they have many inconveniences, only one lamp as I mentioned, are very well off. They are so far from any place to get things is the reason. Here five of us sleep in one room and have to retire in installments. Mr. Sheehan is very sick with asthma and his breathing was hard.

The Jerry Sheehans came from Missouri to the Little Snake River in 1880. They settled on a homestead between Dixon and Savery, Wyoming, and engaged in cattle ranching.

Since I got my pony a week ago Friday I have ridden just about an even one hundred miles. I am becoming quite accustomed to the rock of a saddle. I bought a large one last week. An old Texas saddle. Every one here rides horseback. . . . The little girl here at this place rides all around just like a boy. The other day I saw a mother going along the

road in a novel manner. She had a little baby in her arms and a child behind her. On a horse by her side were three more children. One lady here was seen riding a horse with one child behind her and a twin in each arm.

There is a coal mine near here that I am going to visit soon. Coal here is only one dollar a ton. . . . By the way, two young men yesterday said that they had not heard a sermon before for four years. Some of the women had not for three years. One lady was there who was brought up a Mormon and married out of the church. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Slater, Colo., Oct. 1, 1888.

. . . A few minutes ago the people brought in a potato that weighed 5 lbs. How is that for vegetables? I have seen lots of vegetables to correspond. This is a great place for them. Wild meat abounds. I have had venison, antelope, a little beef steak, fish, and elk since I came here. I paid a shilling to get a ten cent pair of socks washed the other day. How would that be in Michigan? . . .

DIARY

Near Slater, Colo.,
Oct. 2, 1888.

Called at dirtiest places I ever was in. . . . Visited coal mines of Mr. Livingston and Mr. Easum. Mr. Livingston's rather dangerous. Props all through it. . . . Mr. Easum's larger. Damp. . . . Four rooms, 120 feet long. Slate caved in from first room. Very curious shape of rock at entrance. Talked with Mr. Gibson in farther mine. Gave him tracts and testament. . . .

Tom Livingston settled on a homestead east of Savery, Wyoming, in about 1886. He married Nan Eversol whose father played the fiddle for most of the country dances in the Little Snake area in the late 1880's and early 1890's. With John Easum he operated a coal mine located on government land between Savery and Slater. He lived on his ranch for about ten years and then sold it to his brother-in-law, Robert Turner. He died in about 1927 in Rawlins, Wyoming.

John Easum, an early settler, lived on a 160 acre homestead located on the present site of Savery, Wyoming. After operating a coal mine for several years in partnership with Tom Livingston, he switched his interest to raising horses. Also, with another partner, John Gisehart, he

caught a number of calf elk. The partners sold these elk to Barrett Littlefield who started an elk ranch south of the Pot Hook Ranch in Colorado.

DIARY

McCary's, near Savery, Wyo.,
Oct. 3, 1888.

. . . People here say that it is almost impossible to do anything at Dixon. But I must not be discouraged however much I have cause. . . . I feel sometimes that I have made a great mistake in undertaking this work. I don't seem to get that confidence of people that I wish. Eve. at Mr. [D.] Sparling's. Found that school at Dixon had broken up and that singing practice had to be put off. . . . Not at all encouraging with regard to work.

F. C. McCary shipped a small herd of cattle from Missouri to Denver and then drove them to the Savery, Wyoming, area by way of Berthoud Pass, Colorado, arriving on June 27, 1885. He homesteaded the land near the present Savery store and post office.

DIARY

Near Baggs, Wyo.,
Oct. 4, 1888.

Went to Baggs calling on the way down and appointed a meeting for Sunday. Secured a room and posted bills. Came here to Mr. Calvert's, an infidel, to stay over night. . . . Not very encouraging but intend to stay by until something turns up or I turn something up. Mrs. Aylsworth with whom I took dinner a very pleasant woman and a radical on temperance. Very tired from the trot of my pony. He [is] not very fat. Must ride slower.

Lycurgus Calvert, nicknamed "Kirk," came to Little Snake valley in the early 1880's. He punched cattle for a time. He then became a rancher on a homestead east of Baggs and dealt extensively in horses and cattle. In about 1902 he sold his ranch and became a storekeeper in Baggs. In this business he was in partnership for a time with J. B. Bennett.

Aylsworth was an early-day cowpuncher who began operating a small cattle business on his ranch some four miles east of Dixon, Wyoming, in about 1880.

Matthews', near Savery, Wyo.,
Oct. 5, 1888.

. . . Called on old Mr. Jim Baker, the old mountaineer and Indian man who was in fight at Battle Mt. and has been here fifty years. Lost a thumb by gun. Lots of talk about a passel of thieves and an outfit of cut-throats. He is hardy yet. Long filthy locks hang down his back, sandy mixed with gray. A rough beard covers his face and mouth is always dirty with tobacco juice. Yellow teeth show when he opens his mouth which usually lets to the breezes an oath. Three Indian squaws have lived with him and he has many half breed children. Around his door played a tame antelope and a fine blood hound closely followed him. . . .

John "Gopher Johnny" Matthews homesteaded near Savery, Wyoming in the early 1880's. He acquired his picturesque nickname at a later date because of his successful advocacy of a county bounty of five cents per head on ground squirrels. This bounty, it is said, nearly bankrupted the county.

James Baker (December 19, 1818-May 15, 1898) was born in Belleville, Illinois. In 1838 he went to the Wyoming country, worked for the American Fur Company, and established a reputation as a resourceful trapper, scout, and guide. In 1857 he guided Colonel Albert Sidney Johnson's army across the Wyoming country and later was chief scout for General William Harney in operations against the Indians. He settled in 1859 in the year-old settlement of Denver. In 1873, when Denver's population had grown to 6,000, he moved to a ranch near Savery, Wyoming, built a log cabin after the fashion of a blockhouse, and began raising livestock. He married six times, each time an Indian woman. He had many children by them and adopted Indian customs and dress. In 1917 his house was moved to Frontier Park, Cheyenne. R. B. Marcy in Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border (1866) spoke of Baker as "a generous, noble-hearted specimen of the trapper type who would peril his life for a friend at any time or divide his last morsel of food." Frank Moore in a letter to Coral Leigh dated October 6, 1888 contributes this additional bit of information: "Elk horns of monstrous size serve as a hat rack in his house."

I came up the Savery along the hills bordering the river and found very pleasant people here. Went out after supper to see if could catch sight of a deer and shot a skunk. Gun kicked me in nose. Saw fine owl. People here all old mountaineers.

Slater, Colo., Oct. 6, 1888.

I have appointed two meetings for Sunday, one at Baggs eighteen miles from here, and one at Dixon again ten miles. This week I have floundered for a time through the Slough of Despondence and met and partially overcome the Giant Despair. I never saw such a condition of things. Every one seems to be ready and willing to have S.S. but there is no one ready to take hold. I have found just one man who I know is a praying man on the river and he is the Supt. of the S.S. at the Savery school house. . . .

Well, I came four miles this side of Dixon and am stopping at Dr. Wyand's, the only doctor on the river. He also lives in the only frame house in this part of the valley. . . .

Do you know I never before felt my weakness and littleness and inability so much as since I came here. I never . . . fail to make friends, but merely making friends and moving people to a different life are two vastly different things.

I get into all sorts of places. I have slept in beds made up on the floor and in beds of civilization. In one place horse blankets which have seen a good amount of use served as sheets. I have eaten food fit for a king and some also fit for the pigs. But through it all I am becoming more healthy. I weighed 146 when I came. Now I weigh 152.

Sunday P.M. I have about a half hour to wait before the people get here so will write a little. Since I have been here I have visited all but three or four families on this side of the river for a distance of eighteen miles and all but about five on the other side. I announced both at houses and posted bills up in the store that we would hold a meeting this A.M. at Baggs. When I got there the building was not open and after I found the key it was an awfully dirty place. Well, after all that effort eight children representing three families came. I appointed another meeting for next Sunday however. I have already ridden twelve miles and no dinner.

A lady last Sunday invited me to come to her house to dinner today and when I came to her place expecting to have dinner no one was there. Trouble in the school district here broke up the school and the two factions don't work together. She heard I think that the other people were coming and she went fishing. Left me you see to fish for my dinner. I don't know just what the trouble is. I do all I can, I think, and still accomplish nothing. But what good is this doing? God

is good and just. If I am in the wrong place I hope He will soon tell me. . . .

DIARY

Insley's, near Slater, Colo.,
Oct. 8, 1888.

Wrote letters in A.M. P.M. I saddled my pony and came over that beautiful road to Mr. Insley's. River bluff is high and very interesting and cañon pritty. This valley is as pritty as any little Eden one ever saw. Went to hunt ducks but did not get any. Went up on the little hill by the house and it was not so little after all. Talked with Mr. Insley a little about church and S.S. matters. Cloudy some and looks like a storm. . . .

DIARY

Insley's, near Slater, Colo.,
Oct. 9, 1888.

This forenoon I went with Mr. Insley over the hill to Mr. McIntosh's then up to the Fly school house. After visiting the school for a time I went up to Mr. Chapel's but did not find him at home. The road up there was grand. . . . I took dinner at Mr. McIntosh's and then packed up preparatory to coming down here. I tied my valise on behind my saddle and came up that awfully steep hill. Fallen rocks. Eagle's nest. I read Mid Continent in evening and Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Wrote a little on Matthew 5:6.

DIARY

R. H. Christy's, near Baggs, Wyo.,
Oct. 12, 1888.

Went and visited Miss Bennett's school and secured her as Supt. . . . Miss Bennett's school was so funny. Little folks seemed to think it was all right though. Rough logs, dirt roof, holes in floor. Went to Baggs and posted more bills. Prospect good for S.S. there. Came this way along the red, green, yellow, gray, and white hills. Dirt piled up in all sorts of shapes. Came on, horse stumbled and fell down, but did not hurt me much. Came to this place and found pleasant family. Good prospect for a S.S. here and will stay one week longer, I think.

At Mr. Ferris' [ranch near Baggs], one of the clean places. Cleanest log house I have seen for some time. Eleven deer. One large pair of horns. Got some lead ore and silver. Picked a piece of petrified wood.

Last night slept in a milk house and chickens ran over the dirt floor under the table.

DIARY

Bennett's, near Baggs, Wyo.,
Oct. 14, 1888.

Last night I slept very well on the floor and got up feeling quite well. Went to Baggs and had about 25 present. Organized S.S. with Mr. [R. H.] Christy supt., Miss Bennett assistant supt., Mrs. Wilcox secretary and treas. Decided on supplies and I will collect money tomorrow and send as quick as possible. It is a beautiful day. Saw snow peak about 70 miles away. One great difficulty I find is in my speaking. I can not do nearly as well as I would like. I must take more time for study. Spoke only about ten minutes. . . .

J. B. Bennett owned a ranch near Baggs, Wyoming, and was for a time associated with Lycurgus Calvert in the mercantile business at Baggs.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Baggs, Wyoming, Oct. 14, 1888.

. . . In doing my visiting I find that there are such queer people and such variety. Last week I stayed one night at the Strobridge ranch at Savery where the people are very stylish. . . . But to show the difference in the places I get into, I ate breakfast there that day and at night ate supper in an old log cabin with a mud roof, and the next night had a meal in a house with no floor and slept in a room used for a cellar. Chickens were running under the table while the dishes were being washed on it. . . .

Mr. Strobridge, a man of considerable wealth, came from Ohio to Savery Creek, Wyoming, in about 1882. With his partner, a man named Andrews, he operated a large cattle outfit until about 1890 when he sold his interests and returned to Ohio. The Strobridge house, a massive, pine-log structure, was built by the skilled carpenter, W. T. Morgan. This house in 1960 is still in perfect condition. Frank Moore's diary, October 10, 1888, carries this additional information: "Mrs. Strobridge is a pleasant lady but her husband and his friend (a Mr. Scarber) are not much in sympathy with my work, I think. Mr. Scarber is one of the young men brought up to wealth and a good time. He reminds me much of people of whom I have read. Tea was served in high style here in this wild place. . . . This is a pritty log cabin. Two stories high, bay

windows. Piano. Fine carpet. Lace curtains. Silk bed cover. Not much like the horse blankets for sheets which I have found."

DIARY

Insley's, near Slater, Colo.,
Oct. 16, 1888.

Got up early and after breakfast went with the shot gun down the field. Killed rabbit and muskrat. What with the prittiest little cañon I ever saw on Slater Creek. Wrote sitting on a rock half way up left side. Creek comes in at right and gurgles over the large rocks down the gorge. In front is a solid wall with the seams running perpendicular. Back are the rocks broken and jagged towering far skyward. Walls in front are far the steeper. Down through the openings are the foot hills of Battle Mt. Came to house after there. Saddled my pony and went over to P.O. Got good letter from mother and Charles. Lots of encouragement from mother always. . . . Came home and wrote letters. Helped get an antelope and dress it. Saw deer and about 30 antelope today. Wind colder. Found a little shell petrified. . . . Came on and met Mr. Insley. Then came by Mr. [Robert] Turner's where I got my valise and rode over the lonely road between here and Mr. Hughes'. I did not feel much afraid but just a little at coming over the 5 miles mountain road. It was a little cloudy but it did not storm.

DIARY

McIntosh's, Slater, Colo.,
Oct. 18, 1888.

Went to Dixon after mail in A.M. Came over to McIntosh's in P.M. Packed to go to Steamboat Springs. . . . Got a little gold dust today from Mr. Arthur, an old miner. Talked with miner for some time. . . .

DIARY

Dixon, Wyo.,
Oct. 19, 1888.

Got up before the sun. Went out into the kitchen and saw the old bachelors' breakfast making. Six unmarried men here. All from different states. Four of them miners. . . . Took dinner at Mr. [John] Kelley's. Visited school in P.M. at Savery. Came here to Dixon and stopped here. Saw and talked with old rebel soldier, Mr. Finley. . . . Mr. Calvert told of old Baker's experience in the mountains. . . . At McIntosh's this A.M.

were a Texan, a North Carolinian, a Michigan man, an Iowa man, a Kentuckian, and two Canadians.

DIARY

Insley's, near Slater, Colo.,
Oct. 20, 1888.

. . . I got up yesterday morning at Dixon and saw lowering clouds in the east over the mountains. Fed my horse and had breakfast. I then went to Dixon where I had a letter from Mr. [John W.] Linn saying that he would not come. I then rode up to McIntosh's telling people on the way of the change and at McIntosh's finished making out my report. Then came over here.

Men went up yesterday A.M. to see about those men who were hung. It is a bad piece of business. Old Dutch man was a harmless sort of a fellow and Adams was all right but drinking sort of man and violated the law about branding. But their crimes did not justify hanging. It ought to be punished to the full extent of the law. The men were badly abused before they were hung. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Insley's, near Slater, Colo.
Oct. 20, 1888.

. . . This seems quite like the frontier here at present. About two weeks ago a poor man up the creek had his cabin and hay burned and the two men who were simply suspected of setting them were taken out by a band of masked men and dragged to death. Their bodies were just found yesterday. I saw both of the men about two weeks ago. One of them was an old Dutch man, as harmless an old fellow as one scarcely ever meets.

Of course things are boiling here now. I will have to go through that settlement but everything is all safe for a disinterested party. But that shows something of the state of affairs here. Men this morning on their way to the inquest were armed with six-shooters and Winchesters. . . .

The following information on this lynching, together with permission to publish it, was furnished in writing to the editor in 1959 by two early residents of Slater, Colorado, Mrs. Leona (Morgan) St. Louis, born in 1879, and her older brother, Mr. Oliver Perry Morgan, the grandchildren of the pioneer settler, Alfred M. McCargar.

Nathan L. Adams and the "Old Dutchman" whose name was Sputzer

were fur trappers to whom Robert McIntosh had given permission to camp and trap on his ranch. McIntosh, a dealer in many kinds of merchandise, bought their furs as well as those of other trappers through his agent, Mrs. Sarah (McCargar) Morgan, the postmistress at Slater. A group of nine men, jealous that Adams and Sputzer were getting more furs and hides than they, regarded them as undesirable intruders. Adams and Sputzer were allegedly "framed" and lynched by the members of this group in a premeditated and cold-blooded manner.

One member of the gang, said to be a mentally unbalanced, ex-rebel soldier, was known locally as "crazy" Finley. He was a squatter who lived alone in a mountain park in a small log cabin. On this site he had cut and stacked four or five tons of hay. It was this haystack that Finley himself or one or more other members of the gang burned. After the stack was burned, Finley charged Adams and Sputzer with the crime with the result that the two men were arrested. At the hearing Robert McIntosh, the Justice of the Peace, found sufficient evidence to order them sent under guard to the district court at Hahn's Peak, Colorado, to await trial.

Shortly before the hay was burned, A. L. Fly, brother of Tillman Fly who was one of the gang, placed a document containing the names of the gang members in the hands of the postmistress at Slater, Mrs. Morgan. He asked Mrs. Morgan to show the document to all who came to the postoffice. Evidently he was acting on the mistaken impression that any action taken against the interlopers would be looked upon with approval by the community. The document, now in the possession of Mrs. Morgan's daughter, Mrs. Leona St. Louis, bears the following names: Joseph C. Miller, Daniel Clay, Henry Cantlin, Tillman Fly, Jacob Edsel, Swan, Finley, Swinburn, and George Honnold. All except Finley and Edsel were men with families. Mrs. St. Louis also has in her possession a letter written at that time by Daniel Clay to his wife, which reads as follows: "Dear Pherly, we haven't got our men but are on their trail. Don't worry we will have them shortly."

After the arrest of the two trappers, O. P. Beeler and his brother, Bill, were deputized by Robert McIntosh to deliver the accused men to the Hahn's Peak jail. En route, the party stopped for the night at George Honnold's ranch, now the Focus Dude Ranch run by the J. B. Temples. There in the late evening the conspirators assembled. Their number was increased when the two Beelers agreed either to join them or at least not to hinder them in lynching the prisoners.

Sensing that all was lost, Sputzer, a powerfully built man, fought des-

perately for his life but was overpowered and clubbed to death with rifles in the Honnold house. The mob then tied his body on a horse and forced Adams to mount another horse. The party then rode to a grove on Cottonwood Creek, and there the trappers were hanged side by side from a limb of a cottonwood tree. The two horses and the dog of the victims were then shot. Eleven days later the bodies were found by two of the very few friends that Adams and Sputzer had in that area, Fred Ault and Lewis Phelps. After the discovery of the dead men, feeling throughout the area was very bitter toward those whose names were listed on the document.

W. T. Morgan, husband of the Slater postmistress, gathered information on the basis of which a criminal suit was started. Mrs. Adams, the wife of the deceased trapper, came from Cheyenne, stayed with the Morgans, and, accompanied by Mrs. Morgan, sought out the members of the gang who had not "skipped" the country. The two Beelers and Jake Edsel had already fled. Mrs. Adams, a very bright woman, discovered many discrepancies in the statements of most of those she was able to contact.

In spite of these efforts, no one was convicted. According to Mr. O. P. Morgan, "the prosecuting attorney was very deficient in his demands for conviction," and Alfred McCargar who acted as attorney for the defense "hypnotized the court." Justice asserted itself with a note of grim irony when George Honnold was awarded fifty dollars by the county for burying the victims at the site of the hanging.

TO MERRITT MOORE

Slater, Colo., Oct. 21, 1888.

. . . I will go to Steamboat Springs tomorrow. I was delayed this week so I could not start. I do find obstacles and the hardest to meet is a supreme indifference. The people are too lazy to stop work on Sunday and don't have snap enough, many of them, to get them ready for going anywhere.

But I tell you this is a work to teach one what power he does not possess. . . . I don't have anyone to grumble to and so don't grumble except perhaps in one or two letters. My health in fine. I have gained 10 lbs. since I came. . . .

DIARY

Insley's, near Slater, Colo.,
Oct. 21, 1888.

. . . Difficulties are numerous to be overcome here. I wish, long, and pray for more wisdom and tact and all the necessary qualifications of a successful worker. How I would like to be able to make Snake River a different place for people to live in. Crime as great as the one just committed is terrible. Men go around with Winchesters and six-shooters as if their lives were at all times in danger. How will it end?

Old Adams burned Finley's hay and buildings. Adams arrested and while guarded was taken by masked men and supposed to be hung. McCargar trying to bring in McIntosh. McIntosh trying to bring in McCargar. Bad affair. Old western style. . . .

Alfred M. McCargar (1831-Feb. 22, 1898) arrived with his family in Denver in 1874. He was hired by S. D. N. Bennett, superintendent of the California Gold and Silver Mining Company, to build a boarding house which his wife and daughters would operate at the company's mines at Hahn's Peak, Colorado. The family entered upon this employment in 1875. By the early 1880's they were living on the ranch near Slater, Colorado, which is now occupied by Mrs. Leona St. Louis, the granddaughter of Alfred McCargar.

TO ALICE MOORE

Slater, Colo., Oct. 22, 1888.

. . . I was hindered in starting over the mt. last week and am just ready to start for Steamboat Springs, Colorado, now. It will take me about three days to get there. . . . I wish you could see my pony as he is packed for the journey. He has about all I could strap on the saddle. A pair of saddle bags, a pair of overshoes, and an old army haversack full of books are in the front of the seat and back is a heavy overcoat with more books and underclothing done up in that. . . .

Frank Moore's eldest sister, Alice (Aug. 24, 1858-Apr. 1, 1907), was at that time matron of Palmer Cottage at the Industrial Home for Girls in Adrian, Michigan.

DIARY

Gardner's, Three Forks, Colo.,
Oct. 22, 1888.

Left Mr. Insley's early and nearly froze in going to Mr. McIntosh's.

Packed my horse in true western fashion and started up the stream with a stiff cold breeze in my face. Crossed Snake River eleven times, passed Battle Mt. and Squaw Mt., rode around Sheep Mt. and saw craggy heights to the south with snow on. Came by hills where the land had slid making a bear spot. In coming along the river many times we would seem to be making our way right straight toward the mt. with no way of getting through, but the distance again deceived me and a way came all right.

Passed Battle Creek and Mr. [George] Honnold's where they were guarded who were hung. Passed cotton wood gulch where they were found. They were terribly abused. Their faces were pounded with six-shooters awfully. Heard much talk about the hanging. Was taken for a detective and a lawyer hunting up evidence.

Passed along a mt. where it was hard work for the horse to keep his feet. Got to Mr. Gardner's at about two o'clock. . . . Had a good dinner and then went trout fishing. Caught one trout. Saw a nephew of Brigham Young, one of the old mountaineers. Ann Eliza Young taught him his letters. Lived with Indians. . . . Came into this tent where there was an uneven floor, and a sheet iron stove, and beds on the ground, and candles, and sparks on the roof, and a good time.

TO MARY MOORE

Steamboat Springs, Colo.,
Oct. 29, 1888.

I am at last out of Snake River and its shooting and hanging. I left there a week ago today and have had a delightful trip. I got as far as Three Forks, and Tuesday and Wednesday took a trip over the mts. for pleasure. Now was that wrong? I had a splendid time anyway. Mr. Gardner with whom I stopped is a Chicago man who is camped on a ranch in a tent. He is a born explorer and took me up around the north branch of Snake River. We saw some beautiful cañons and rode along the sides where it seemed as if a horse could not possibly keep its footing. We got up where snow has been for four weeks and from that point I could count more than thirty peaks of good size and could see about one hundred and fifty miles beyond the Red Desert.

Tom Gardner from Chicago, a one-time minister, took up a homestead twenty miles east of Slater, Colorado, in 1888. He cleared a large area of sagebrush, built a long irrigation ditch, and developed a large hay ranch. This ranch was eventually sold to the OVD Cattle Company.

We cooked venison ribs on a stick by a beautiful little creek and I guess we must have eaten 1½ lbs. a piece. A big sweep to the east brought us to a ridge from which we could see the Rabbit Ears range on the west of North Fork. Then west again along a deer and elk trail. All of a sudden we heard an elk bugle and went in that direction and came upon a band of about one hundred and fifty. They were fine fellows and pritty I tell you. We were about ten miles from camp so let them all live, although we could have killed some easily.

After that the sun went down in one of the most beautiful displays of color and darkness did not linger long. We had ten miles to go over fallen timber, up mts., and over cañons. The large cañon of North Fork we reached after dark and had about six hundred feet of steep sides to go down, then up. Then Mr. Gardner let his horse have his own way to camp for we could see no trail and he took us almost straight through the small aspen trees ten or twelve feet high which almost raked us clear off from our horses. At last camp was reached after about thirty miles of mountain travel, equal to sixty on good road.

The next day I went with him up Middle Fork to a deep cañon where there is a beautiful cascade. We this time took fishing tackle along and after climbing around the sides of the perpendicular rock until we were right by the fall with the spray blowing in our faces, we fished in the deep pool below for trout. Together we got over twenty. I caught thirteen. Pritty good for the first trout fishing I thought. This cañon is not so grand as some in Colorado but it is beautiful. Sides were about two hundred feet high. The cascade about eighteen feet.

Waking up the next morning I found snow about four inches. It was warm in the tent in spite of the snow. I that morning saw what I shall not soon forget, the first appearance of mountains all snow. I started for Hahn's Peak that morning and had some of the most beautiful scenery over that wild road. Not a house for sixteen miles. Winding around, up and down, through aspen groves and fine forests. At last I got to the mining district and found an old miner, a bachelor, and he asked me to stay with him. I did and he took me to a little cabin under a high mt. away from the road, and there I passed the evening and night. He is a good sort of fellow and interesting in his experiences. I had bear meat there. The next day went to the Peak settlement and found a typical mining camp.

Hahn's Peak was named for Joseph Hahn who with Captain George R. Way discovered gold at the Peak in the autumn of 1860. Hahn died near the Peak of exposure and starvation in the winter of 1867.

The peak is about two miles from the settlement pointing up to the heavens with his head above clouds most of the time. I saw such curious sights there. When I started I found myself in a little valley in a short time and a warm sun shining on me. Up on the sides of the mt. a perfect gale was blowing, scattering limbs from the timber and snow about in a frightful manner. To the south another cold wave was passing, and to the east another. So there were three snow storms raging fiercely all at once while I was warm and protected. I went through some dead timber and just after I got through a gale broke one tree. That hit another and so on till about fifteen trees had fallen. As I went down the mt. from the Peak it gradually grew warmer and less wind until in the valley it was dry and warm.

I stayed on Elk River that night, then came to this place Sat. This is the nicest place I have yet seen. Situated in a valley with mts. close around covered with snow. It is dry and warm here. It derives its name from a peculiar puff one of the springs has. There are about fifteen mineral springs here, hot, cold, and indifferent. I took a bath in the warm spring and found it delightful. The temperature of that is about 103. Water boils up all over the bottom making it look rather frightful when one first goes in. It has excellent medical properties. Carbonic acid gasses is one. The sulphur spring smells like a whole chemical laboratory. . . . There is a cave here but no one can go in far on account of the gasses. Nature did her best for this place both on the outside and in. As I walked down the main street this morning I saw Elk Mt. directly down the valley and it looked as if it was only a short distance off, the air is so pure here. It did not seem as if it could possibly be more than a mile or two away. It is more than eight.

I found that the Congregational Supt. of S.S. has taken this field. I visited the S.S. here and found an interesting school. I taught the Bible class and then talked a little while. I find that that part of my work grows easier. I shall not stay much longer here, consequently, but return to Rawlins in a few weeks.

You would not know me if you should see me. I never felt so well in my life. My muscles are becoming hard and I am developing physically as much as I ever thought I would. My color is "mountain" now. One's brain works so much faster here too. . . .

How I would like to bring you all out here! This place is now 150 miles from R.R. I can realize so much more what David meant when he spoke of the hills. . . . I am stopping with a very pleasant family, Mr.

Crawford, a member of the legislature and a candidate for reelection. A Democrat but a fair sort of man. . . .

James H. Crawford founded Steamboat Springs in 1875.

I have not had my mail since a week ago Sat. but I trust you are all well. I can not get it again before Thurs. I am enjoying my work and feel happy. I find guitars occasionally. One is here. . . .

DIARY

Steamboat Springs, Colo.,
Oct. 31, 1888.

. . . Wrote to Charlie [Charles Moore] about coming out here. Tried to shoot some hens. Land here is good and think our people would do well by coming. Father and all. I think we could have something in a few years if we came here.

Charles Merritt Moore (Oct. 5, 1863-July 7, 1906), Frank Moore's older brother, was employed at that time in Ionia, Michigan, by a wholesale firm which dealt in dairy products, eggs, and poultry.

DIARY

Crawford's, Steamboat Springs, Colo.,
Nov. 2, 1888.

. . . In P.M. I went and took a bath and then wrote on an address. Subject is "Our influence." . . . I would like to have our people here. . . . I think that I will see about buying a lot here and I could then build a house on it for not a very great sum which might rent for a good price in summer and make a good home if I ever wished to live here. . . .

DIARY

Hayden, Colo.,
Nov. 3, 1888.

Left Mr. Crawford's this forenoon and came over . . . along the road where . . . the water had to be forded many times. I met Mr. Parker this side of the cañon then came on to this place. Met Mr. Woodruff at the lane toward this place. I learned a hard lesson today but I think it will do me good. Not let anything hinder me from starting a school where one is needed. He came in on my field and organized a school where I had left the ground for next spring. I have to put a bold face on and dig harder. I never did see such a time as I am having. Shall return

to Rawlins soon and then I will bust things. I must hurry and get my work done here before any one else corners the drop.

DIARY

Barclay's, Yampa, Colo.,
Nov. 4, 1888.

I left Mr. Shelton's at 10:30 and went to Hayden to church. Assisted in service there. Heard Mr. Woodruff preach a good sermon from Galatians, II: 17. Then came down here to this place through rain and much splashing along getting wet and muddy more than I have before since I left home. In evening Mr. Barclay and Woodruff had a long discussion about churches. They were both strong in their adherence to their particular churches. I come more and more to believe in the Congregational church. I don't know whether it is right for me to stay at my work . . . feeling about it as I do. I wish I could have a good talk about it with father and mother. How I would like to go home this month. I must keep pegging though and all in God's plan will be well. I must if possible take a college course for one has so much more influence if he is a man of thorough education.

DIARY

En route to Slater, Colo.,
Nov. 5, 1888.

I left Mr. Barclay's and came this way over bad roads. . . .At Mr. Ross'. Came here this P.M. and found a cabin with a door $1\frac{1}{2} \times 4'$ and no other opening. Dirt floor, dirt all around. An Old Leadville miner on a ranch here. Slap jacks for supper, fine venison, dip for light, bear's grease for burning, bear's hide on wall, oat box for seat, deer skins, horse blankets dirty. . . . Dismal place here and nothing to attract me.

DIARY

Slater, Colo.,
Nov. 6, 1888.

Election day and I far from voting. So passes the first presidential election at which I might have voted. Today the fate of Cleveland and Harrison is to be decided. Today also the metal of men is to be determined as to whether they have backbone to stand up and say "here goes my ballot against rum and for home."

DIARY

Insley's, near Slater, Colo.,
Nov. 7, 1888.

Went up to Mr. Insley's in forenoon and then wrote most of the afternoon. On the mts. the snow lay about three inches deep. It was very cold too and required much warm clothing. My pony was some tired after his hard ride yesterday and looked bad. In the evening I wrote and showed Harry Insley my specimens.

DIARY

Will Reader's, Savery, Wyo.,
Nov. 9, 1888.

Stayed at Mr. Will Reader's last night and helped do the chores both night and morning. Rode up after the horses and had to ride over frozen creek. . . .

Noah Reader (1821-1914) was born in Ohio. As a young man, he sought his fortune in California with the forty-niners. During the Civil War and post-Civil War periods he resided in Bellevue, Iowa. He suffered severe financial losses after the war and decided once again to move west. In 1871, with his wife and three sons, George, William, and Albert, he journeyed to Wyoming. During the four-month trip Mrs. Reader drove the ox team, and Noah and his sons rode horseback and drove the cattle. In Rawlins, Wyoming, Noah met Henry Brockmeyer, "Bibleback Brown," who induced him to abandon his plan to settle in Montana and to winter his family and footsore livestock in the Snake River valley. The Readers went with Brockmeyer and, with his assistance and that of his friends, built a temporary lodging near the mouth of Savery Creek. In 1872 and 1873 a permanent house of cottonwood logs was erected. The Reader ranch was called "Stone Wall Ranch" because of its proximity to a wall-like ledge. During the first two years there Mrs. Reader did not see another white woman. The Readers engaged in ranching and occasionally in mining at Hahn's Peak, Colorado.

DIARY

Christy's, near Baggs, Wyo.,
Nov 10, 1888.

Saturday. I got on Mr. Christy's horse and went to notify the people about the S.S. and went down as far as Mr. Gardner's. I stopped at Mr. Blair's on my way back. In the P.M. I wrote some on the address for

Rawlins and two letters. Studied the S.S. lesson and sang in the evening. Mr. Christy's people like singing so much that I sing most of the time.

John Blair, a French Canadian, came to the Little Snake in the early 1880's. After working for a time as a ranch hand, he took up a homestead two miles east of Baggs and engaged in ranching on a small scale. He also hauled freight to and from Rawlins, Wyoming. "Frenchy" died on December 24, 1945, leaving a wife and three daughters.

DIARY

Christy's, near Baggs, Wyo.,
Nov. 11, 1888.

In the morning I got on my pony and went up to Baggs. I found seventeen there and a good interest. We elected Mrs. Wilson Supt. in place of Mr. Christy and had a real interesting time. In A.M. I went over to school house in this Raymond district and we organized a school with Mr. Christy as Supt. with nine present. . . .

W. W. Wilson went from Utah to Rawlins, Wyoming, in about 1884 and worked there for the Union Pacific Railroad. In about 1886 he left Rawlins for the Little Snake River area and there married a daughter of A. L. Fly. At about that time he purchased a ranch near Battle Creek from Henry Cantlin. While living on this ranch, he worked on Robert McIntosh's horse ranch at Slater, Colorado. This connection was terminated when Wilson was suspected of placing his own brand on some of McIntosh's colts. Wilson sold his ranch, joined an outfit known as the Green Cattle Company, and when after a few years that firm failed, engaged in the oil business. He died in the 1920's.

DIARY

Alysworth's, Baggs, Wyo.,
Nov. 12, 1888.

I wrote letters at Mr. Christy's in the forenoon and in the P.M. got on my pony and came down this way. I visited and addressed the day school at Baggs. Mrs. Fox is the teacher and has many very novel ways of interesting the little folks. . . . Her lesson on tobacco is good also.

DIARY

McIntosh's, Slater, Colo.,
Nov. 13, 1888.

Left Mrs. Alysworth's and came up to McIntosh's where I found

no mail for me at all. This is the last chance anyone has to reach me before I go back to Rawlins. I met Mr. Reader who has just returned from Rawlins who said that Republicans were victorious. Went up and visited with Mr. Fly. Came back and met Mr. White, the Supt. of Schools, a very nice man. Cold night.

DIARY

McIntosh's, Slater, Colo.,
Nov. 14, 1888.

Last night I went over to Mr. Insley's and saw to the sending of the valises. I saw such a pritty little cascade formed at the little ripple by the ice sticking to the stones. After I came back I put Mr. Linkleder's saddle on my pony and with short stirups rode over to Mr. Will Reader's. . . . I went over to Turner's and worked on my books packing them for shipment. Then back to Mr. McIntosh's. . . . Mr. McIntosh has it about right when he says that hospitality covers a multitude of sins. He has been kind to me though. I have nothing to complain of. I could not have got along without him I guess for with no money one is in a fix.

DIARY

Wood's ranch between Baggs and Rawlins, Wyo.,
Nov. 15, 1888.

At Mr. Wood's once more. Under different circumstances than those on my former visit. Here was a queer room full. Fine beds on the floor. Typical western road house. I left Mr. McIntosh's at about 8 o'clock. . . .

DIARY

Enroute to Rawlins, Wyo.,
Nov. 16, 1888.

At road ranch 16 miles from Rawlins and a cabin full of men. Mr. Reader and son are here and so I had old acquaintances. We left Muddy Bridge at about 7:30.

DIARY

Craig's Law Office, Rawlins, Wyo.,
Nov. 17, 1888.

We left the road ranch and came on toward town in a blinding storm. I caught a slight cold last night with the snow blowing on my head. Mice thought that I was meat last night and jumped on my pillow. The horses

munched away over me and the hay blew, the snow sifted, and we three in bed rolled and slept. On the way down here we met one freight wagon and another freight train camped. When we came in sight of the cars once more how good it seemed! I felt like giving a war whoop at the sound of the engine. The first glimpse of Rawlins seemed as if my eyes had caught glimpse of a metropolis. I had to introduce myself to most of the people, Mr. Barr included, on account of the change in my appearance. I helped Mr. Barr in the church and had a talk with some of these people. I received good letters from home and also one that did me lots of good from Mr. Worden and Mr. Jewell. Both were more encouraging. Mr. Barr is not the man in some respects that I could follow. Tobacco blights his usefulness.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 18, 1888.

. . . I left Snake River with two schools organized and room found for two churches. Now I expect to go north where I intended going before. . . .

People here seem to take some of the ruggedness of the mountains. I have acquired so much of it that the people here did not know me when I returned from the south. Did I tell you that I rode forty miles election day without any dinner and did not feel bad next day? I had bacheior's fare for breakfast the same day too. I could not do that before.

A day or two ago I found a petrified fish in a rock. It is very interesting to look for such things. Every day I meet with something so new both in the people and the surroundings. I can not be called a "tender foot" much longer. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 18, 1888.

Mr. Craig's [law] office. This A.M. I received another good letter from Mother and Howard. Mother does help me so much and I feel the need of it so much nowadays that I don't know what I would do without her letters. How I would like to see her for a time. What lessons I am learning here in the west! Mr. Barr preached a very good sermon this morning and I enjoyed being once more in church. What people do miss in being deprived so much of church privileges. Our S.S. lesson today was so good in some of its lessons but I do feel my weakness so much as to my ability to teach such lessons. In addressing the school too I find it

hard. But I will conquer. I will come off victorious. Some day I will let these people know that I can overcome. In the evening sang two pieces with pritty good success. I can sing much better now than I could before when I was here.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 19, 1888.

I wrote letters and then went up to Mr. Barr's to dinner. It was a peculiar day for the country. Misty and foggy all the morning. I took breakfast at the Brunswick and one does meet such a peculiar class at such a place. The number of men who flock in the dining room here is astonishing. Men dissipated and vulgar looking, old miners, old hunters, R. R. clerks, conductors, and breakmen. Don't care sort of men . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 20, 1888.

I did not feel very well and so did not do much. I bought my boots and pants at Mr. Dunlap's and paid him for part of them. I then wrote some letters and in P.M. bought a vase for Herb and in eve. learned to play chess. I like the game but it is a deep one and I could not get in it much at first. In P.M. went upon hill south of town with Prof. Miller and we had a fine view.

David L. Dunlap was operating a drygoods store on the corner of Fourth and Cedar Streets in Rawlins in 1888. The Carbon County Journal of October 19, 1895 carries an advertisement for a closing-out sale at his store. In 1898 he was the county clerk of Carbon County. Mr. Kleber Hadsell, present president of the Carbon County Historical Society, described David Dunlap as a rather small man, of fair complexion, and his wife as a very handsome brunette. Both were Presbyterians.

TO MERRITT MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 21, 1888.

You see I have returned once more to civilization and the conveniences attendant for here I am answering your letter of the 18 on the 21. I received it this noon. . . .

The more I see of church work the more convinced I become that I can never be a Presbyterian when I finish my schooling and settle in some definite place. I have no love toward an aristocratic body of any

kind and that is the natural tendency of Presbyterianism. For this year I think it is all right to keep on, do you not? But afterward I shall work in some other society.

Of course that is only one point. Christianity is the same or ought to be whether represented in the one or other. I learned many things which will be of value to me while I was south. I do enjoy these old mountains I tell you. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 22, 1888.

In evening conducted the prayer meeting and took up the S. S. lesson. It was a very interesting lesson. I find that it becomes easier for me to speak as I practice more. Mr. Barr told me that I gave a good lesson.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 26, 1888.

In forenoon I went up to Mr. Barr's and had another round of chess. I like the game real well. It is a good mind trainer. In P.M. I went down town with Mr. Barr and he invited a lot up for the evening to a candy pull because I am leaving. . . .

DIARY

Beaver Creek, Wyo.,
Nov. 27, 1888.

Started this A.M. on the stage [for Lander, Wyoming] and found a lady passenger, Mrs. Amoretti. She kindly lent me a large coat and blankets so I managed to keep warm. We passed station after station in snow storm. The road as a rule was smooth, but once in a while the stage would give a lurch to the right, then a plunge to the left, giving us a wack on the side of the head, then a bound forward, then back to our old place. Mrs. Amoretti was quite a talker, but a pleasant lady. Very kind to a young fellow for a lady who is a millionaire's wife. We took dinner at a pleasant place. . . . Toward night it grew colder and it required more care to keep warm. I passed some time in singing and playing a mouth organ. At 11:30 P.M. we arrived at Rongis where Signor killed a man a short time ago. It was a hard looking place, cards and billiards, whiskey and brandy, oaths and obscenity were the rule. It stormed almost all the way but the stage driver had no bad time up to Rongis. We were there in the Sweetwater valley. Passing on we stopped

one hour at a place where breakfast might be had at 1:30 A.M. but I could eat nothing. Could not sleep.

Rongis was a stage station operated by Eli Signor. The name Rongis is Signor spelled backwards.

DIARY

Lander, Wyo., Nov. 28, 1888.

After a stop of about one hour we are again started. We rode along a tolerably smoothe road and at last came to Beaver Hill. There the driver lost his way. He turned around many times and at last found the road down hill. The blizzard was so hard that the driver could see only a few feet in front and would lose his way between telegraph poles. After locking the wheels Mrs. Amoretti and I got out and walked. There, only a step or two on each side would have landed us hundreds of feet below. We plunged and struggled through the snow keeping near the stage and at last got down over the worst place. It is not pleasant to say the least to find one's self locked inside of a stage and realize that an extra lurch would be sufficient to land one hundreds of feet below. We at last arrived at the bottom of the hill on Beaver Creek and had breakfast with Mr. [Frank] Coffee, the man with a squaw wife. It was hard fare but I stood it. We came on and passed much of interest but I could not see it arriving here at one o'clock. I stopped at this hotel. Met Mr. Day. Went to prayer meeting in evening. Outlook for work good. Slept all P.M.

It is interesting to compare this journey by stagecoach from Rawlins to Lander with those taken over the same route by Owen Wister, author of The Virginian, in July 1888 and again in October 1889. On the subject of his second journey Owen Wister wrote as follows: "But in truth this stage ride is an awesome thing and doesn't improve with familiarity." Fanny Kemble Wister, Owen Wister Our West (Chicago, 1958), 65-67, 90.

DIARY

Lander, Wyo., Nov. 29, 1888.

In forenoon took my washing down to Mrs. Zimmerman's and then went over to Mr. Day's. The service took place at 11:00 and Mr. Norton spoke, and Mr. Day preached after. In P.M. Mr. Day and I were in the house when Mr. Norton and Mr. Williamson, the teacher, called. We had quite a talk partly on Prohibition and partly on other general topics.

Lander, county seat of Fremont County and the commercial center of Popo Agie Valley, had a population in 1890 of 525. It was named for Colonel F. W. Lander.

DIARY

Eddie Mason's, near Lander, Wyo.,
Nov. 30, 1888.

I got up late this A.M. and wrote letters most of the forenoon. In P.M. I got a horse and started out here. I called at Mrs. Amoretti's and had a pleasant talk. She has a pritty house. Her sitting room is very finely furnished with all sorts of curiosities. She kindly lent me her husband's large coat again and if I had not had it I am afraid I would have had a bad time. She asked me over to dinner Sunday but I had a previous engagement and so I will go Monday A.M. I started up here after I left her place and came over the stage road to North Fork. On my way I saw such a beautiful sunset. The sun just sank behind the range of the Rockies in such a peaceful style and sent such a sweet parting ray down at me on my pony. I could see the sun shining on mountains far away to the N.W. long after I had been in the shade at North Fork. I just could see the land plainly of the [Shoshone] Indian Reservation. On my way up here it got rather frosty and cold. The mountains ahead were outlined so distinctly against the sky. . . .

DIARY

Lander, Wyo., Dec. 2, 1888.

In A.M. spoke in Methodist Episcopal. I spoke on same subject as last Sunday. Had a good congregation. Took dinner with Mrs. Kirkland. In evening Mr. Day spoke from his own experience as a converted gambler, after which I sang "Where is my boy tonight." Mr. Day gave me \$2.00 for that and some gamblers said they would come right along to hear that fellow sing. I may stay and help in the revival here for a time.

DIARY

Lander, Wyo., Dec. 3, 1888.

. . . P.M. took dinner with Mrs. Amoretti. Mr. Amoretti is a peculiar man, intense in speech and gesture, Italian. Perfect specimen of a western money maker. We had very nice treatment there. . . .

Eugene Amoretti (1829-July 4, 1910), a native of Italy, journeyed to San Francisco, probably in the 1850's, by way of the Isthmus of Pana-

ma. In 1868 he was engaged in the mercantile business at South Pass, Wyoming, a place to which he had been attracted by the discovery of gold in that area. In the early 1870's he helped plat the town of Lander, bought land there, sold 60,000 dollars' worth of town lots, and opened a store in an adobe building on the present site of the Noble Hotel. From his holdings he gave the sites of the courthouse, the library, and the Protestant and Catholic churches. He founded a bank not later than 1884 which in 1892 received a charter as the First National Bank of Lander. His interests also included sheep and cattle raising. He spoke Italian, French, and Spanish, and for many years his home was a rendezvous for foreign tourists.

DIARY

Near Lander, Wyo., Dec. 9, 1888.

After breakfast I walked out on the hill and found a pulpit rock from which I elevated the sage brush with a talk. Climbed the red rock ridge and could see the cañon of North Fork and Mexican Creek. Went down to school house and found twenty five present. Talked to them a while. Sang some which put it in the people's heads that I could teach a singing school. I think that would be the best way to establish a school at North Fork. Will start one I think.

DIARY

Lander, Wyo., Dec. 17, 1888.

Left Lander in the most glorious sunlight and had an almost perfect day as we went up to the Post. On our way over we could see the Owl Creek Mts. with a fresh coat of white on them. Rattlesnake range loomed up in a beautiful array of silver and white. East as far as eyes could see were mts. dim in the distance. Saw Indians at Agency and their tepees around. Indians gathering sage brush for fuel. Went on over to hot bath and took a swim. . . .

Fort F. E. Brown, located on the Little Wind River, Shoshone Reservation, was renamed Fort Washakie in 1878. In the 1880's the post included barracks, stables, a storehouse, a guard house, and an administration building in which were a chapel, a bowling alley, and an officers' club. The Shoshone Agency was located a short distance from the post.

DIARY

Near Lander, Wyo., Dec. 21, 1888.

Left Lander and came out to Mr. [John] McGlaughlin's. He is just

a splendid old man and it does me good to talk with him. Mrs. Lane told of old Washakie's life. . . .

John McGlaughlin and his wife, Edith (Noble), originally residents of Sackets Harbor, New York, were living on a homestead about a mile northwest of Lander.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Dec. 28, 1888.

Took a walk to breakfast. Went up and saw Rev. Barr and had a few games of chess. At noon took dinner with Rev. [John W.] Linn. Had a very pleasant time. Spent the P.M. and supper there. In eve. went to church and tried to lead the singing but find it hard work for an inexperienced person. Had a good talk with Rev. Barr after we went home.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Rawlins, Wyo., Dec. 29, 1888.

. . . Since coming to Rawlins I have had some experience which I am very glad you were not here to witness. Mr. Barr sent for me to take charge of the singing in revival work. A Mr. Byers from N. Y. City was here last week and although he is only a young man has had a great amount of training in the line of singing leading which I have never had. Well you see it is no easy matter for an inexperienced person to follow such a man. Last night after the service an old gentleman came up and when we were in a crowded place in the church began to criticise the leading of the singing. I would have sold myself for ten cents then, and if any one had paid my fare I would have gone to Michigan for a rest and more experience. I haven't been cut so in a long time, but what I want now is the good of these meetings and wish I had more experience. . . . Of course after a few minutes the old bull dog came before me and I had more of a determination to succeed than ever. . . .

Here there seems to be more of an awakening in religion lines than there has been for some time past. This is one of the toughest places I ever struck and there is need of work. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Dec. 31, 1888.

Last day of '88. I taught school. Had a pleasant time with the little folks. Still cold but bright. Winter has come at last. Today I had a letter from my school at Baggs and found them progressing. It did me good.

I tell you when a person gets nothing but discouragement from those who ought to give encouragement, it goes against the spirit of mortal.

TO ALICE MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 1, 1889.

. . . Mr. Barr and myself called on the lady who plays in the church. She is a saloon keeper's wife and of course had eggnog and wine and I of course took none. Social life needs a change. Young men can not always stand firm to principle when wine and such drinks are offered by polite ladies and young women. But for myself it is no temptation. I could be offered such things by any one and it would be no temptation to me. I could hardly number the times I have been offered such stuff since I came west. But you know that many of the young fellows who come west have not had such principles instilled into them and therein is the danger to young fellows who leave home for this place. Wyoming is where Michigan was in that respect twenty years ago. But temperence sentiment grows.

Did I tell you that when I was at Fort Washakie I slept in a U. S. hospital under Uncle Sam's blankets? In the morning I awoke at the sound of the bugle call and rode my pony out of the Post to the roll of the drum. Old Washakie, the Chief of the Shoshones, is an exceptional Indian. He prides himself on the fact that he never killed a white man. I was sorry not to have seen him. But I saw plenty of other Indians. When we rode up to the Agency they came out some of them to see who it was clad in gaudy blankets and greeted us with a "How! How!" . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 5, 1889.

This has been a busy week. I have lead the singing every night this week and taught school days. Mr. Barr had . . . so much on hand he thought I could help him about as much that way as I could at all. While as many have not been converted as we had hoped, there has been a whole lot of "stirring up" done. We have had good congregations and splendid singing. A Mr. Byers from N. Y. City was here and got them started in singing and I have done my best since. But it puts a fellow in a queer place to follow in leading a man who for six months lead the singing in the Cooper Institute. It was "Mr. Byers didn't do this way and that way." "Mr. Byers was the best leader I ever saw." "I wish Mr. Byers was here," and lots of such talk at first, but I shut my teeth and went in and now I am ready for lots of leading. I never took lessons so

fast in my life. I have been told that this was the line of work I ought to follow. Mr. Barr and I think of going to Rock Springs, a coal mining town about a hundred miles west, to hold some meetings. I enclose two letters which I received from the Supt. of schools on Snake River. They did me lots of good. I wish you would return them as I would like to keep them.

At the beginning of this year I made up my mind that I would live a more useful life in '89 than I did the past year. 1888 has many miserable failures and regrets. . . . Sometimes I think "can it be possible that I am the same person who came from Ionia, Michigan, only four short months ago?" . . . Experience has been giving some pritty hard blows but they have done me good. It is only when the oak has to stand against wind and storm that he grows strong. The old Greek proverb, "A man is not educated until he is whipped," I am realizing, especially the last part. . . .

I have just 26 cents and nine postage stamps to last about fifteen days. . . . Tell Howard I have lots more stones for him just as soon as I can find money enough for postage. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 10, 1889.

One of the windy days. I have felt quite well but have done too much. The singing was more than I ought to have undertaken. I have been reading one of Dick's books, Celestial Scenery. It is good and full of suggestion. . . .

But now comes the question. What to do the rest of the winter? I am sure I can't tell. It is so cold I can do nothing out in the country. Along the R. R. lines I have not much I can do so here I am. What I shall decide upon I can not tell. If I was only near some school I would quickly decide. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 13, 1889.

Went to church and S. S. Taught the Bible class. Communion service in the evening. Gave the boys some Bibles and books. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 14, 1889.

Helped clean up the . . . hall and in the evening went to the meeting

of the young people in which they took steps toward organizing a young people's society and opening a reading room.

AARON VETTER TO FRANK L. MOORE

Lander, Wyo., Jan. 14, 1889.

My dear Friend in reply to yours dated Jan. 7/89 I shal be glad to Say that Our Sunday School is running in good shape at present hoping it will continue so, 39 Schollars on the role not including Teachers.

The Supplies have all come the Money is not all collected yet. Will send you the Money for the Library as soon as possible. Mr. McGlaughlin the Superintendent Spoken to me yesterday about a library that He thought He could perhaps get with out much lay out. I thought perhaps it would be a good Idea to wait a while and see.

Write as soon as possible and let me know about how much You think it will take for the library you intend to get.

We are all well. We wer sorry to learn that you were taken sick hoping you are all right again by this time also hope you will soon be back again to see us all again.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 16, 1889.

. . . This morning I got a letter from Rev. Worden in which he spoke of the check being sent so I will get it soon. If I do not go to Rock Springs I think I will go down near Cheyenne and perhaps south into Colorado from there. One thing is certain I must do something and not waste time here. Inactivity to me is fatal to a clear mental condition.

The Reverend James Avery Worden (Dec. 10, 1841-Oct. 24, 1917), was born in Oxford, Ohio. He was graduated from Miami University, Ohio. After service in the Union Army, he was graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary and then went to the Presbyterian Church as stated supply in Oswego, New York, and as pastor in Steubenville, Ohio. From 1887 to 1905 he served as Superintendent of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work. From 1905 until his death he was Superintendent of Sabbath School Training.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 17, 1889.

A change in affairs. A letter from Jimmie [James Butler] saying "Come to Chicago." So I think another week will find me once more in

new surroundings. . . . I can do no more here at present and so might just as well be in school as spending my time here. Prayer meeting was good tonight. Weather is cold and bleak. Below zero today with a wind. . . .

James E. Butler had married Frank Moore's sister, Ellen, who died January 9, 1888. James eventually was graduated from Chicago Theological Seminary, remarried, and preached in Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan. From 1907 to 1909 he was pastor of the First Congregational Church, Wheatland, Wyoming, succeeding Frank Moore's brother, John, in that position. He resigned to engage in business.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 18, 1889.

Studied and worked some. Received check from Philadelphia and decided finally about going to Chicago. Went to the meeting in the evening and lead the singing once more.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 19, 1889.

Wrote more on the sermon for tomorrow. Called on Craig. . . . Went over to Mr. Barr's in the evening and had a talk with him on the work, my outlook, etc. Went down to the R. R. in the evening to see about the time for the departure of the trains. Wrote to Cheyenne to see about half fair.

R. H. CHRISTY TO FRANK L. MOORE

Baggs, Wyo., Jan. 19, 1889.

Your most excellent letter received. I know you will feel very sorry when I tell you our S. S. is given up for the present at least. Hope it may be revived in the Spring. Mr. G. is still hunting, Tom Herman is with him, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner are down the creek herding Mr. Blair's sheep, and some others who used to attend are away and there wasn't any to attend only Lizzie and Georgie Blair and ourselves. I think it is just too bad but don't see as we can help it.

Didn't receive the pen supplies, presume they were miscarried, received the Feb. numbers. Wrote to the board we couldn't keep up the school any longer. I guess they will think we didn't appreciate their great favor. Rejoiced to hear that Rawlins had been awakened wish it might extend to Snake River, do you know where Bro R[ankin] is this winter? don't

know as it would do any good for him to come here, perhaps he might get out a crowd if he would give it out as a *dance*.

Please tell Mr. Rankin there has been worse places then Snake river redeemed if we only had some one to go ahead and help us but I presume those of us who are here might do better than we do for we have most precious promises to that effect in 1st Corinthians 1st Chapter. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 20, 1889.

Took charge both morning and evening. Had a fair congregation in the morning and spoke on the work as carried on by the Board. Didn't do very well that time but still kept my base. Taught a class in S. S. addressed the school. Wrote the rest of sermon in P.M. and gave it in the evening. Had some compliments which did me good in the evening. But I have only a start now. These four or five months have done lots for me in many ways, and I hope to be profited by my schooling. Tonight I see more fully than ever before the need of relying upon God. I could not have gotten through in my own strength.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Jan. 21, 1889.

Did lots of running around calling on people who were old friends by this time, settling one or two accounts, and getting ready for my journey east. In eve. went up to reading rooms and found some of the boys there who had attended the meetings. Had a pleasant call and sing then went back to the rooms. Called on Mrs. Barr in evening and then got ready to start. . . . Went down to the depot and started at about 12:30. Cold wind was blowing at the time of my departure.

FOOTHOLD

Frank Moore arrived in Chicago in late January, 1889, and enrolled at The Chicago Theological Seminary. His diary indicates that he attended classes in history, composition, philosophy, Greek, and homiletics. On April 8 he mentions preparing for examinations and on April 17 that he took an examination and "got through well." Whether he received credit for his work has not been ascertained. A search made in 1959 at the Seminary has failed to uncover any evidence of his course work or grades at that time.

In any case, the advantages afforded by Chicago were to Frank Moore like an oasis to a thirsty camel. In addition to classes, he constantly attended church services, lectures, concerts, and the theater, and visited numerous art galleries, libraries, and book stores. He roamed the city and came to know the lake front, the Haymarket, the stockyards, the zoo, and the botanical gardens. He sang in a quartet and participated as speaker or teacher in the work of several missions. All this he did on a frugal diet. His diary carries such entries as these: "got a good 10 cent supper" and "meals cost 40 cents today."

In late April he left Chicago, paid a short visit to his family in Ionia, Michigan, then journeyed to Ann Arbor to see Coral Leigh, who was in her first and only year at the University of Michigan. He returned to Wyoming on May 6, and it is at this point that the second phase of his western experiences begins.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., May 6, 1889.

. . . At Cheyenne I called on Mr. Field. Just saw his wife and Mr. Heath. Got to Rawlins at 2 o'clock. Met Mr. Barr a minute. Stopped at Pacific.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., May 9, 1889.

Around helping Mr. Barr post books. Wrote some letters, studied

some, and played some at Mr. Barr's. Lead the prayer meeting in the evening. Wrote miscellaneous letters. Snow storm began.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., May 11, 1889.

Looking around for a horse. Find it hard work to run across a horse of any decent price here. Can not find one for less than \$60 yet. Must not pay that. Perhaps can hear of one from Ferris next week. Will see then. Have been reading some more in Mitchell's Stellar Worlds. A fine book. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., May 12, 1889.

Bright day. Went to Methodist Episcopal Church in A.M. Rev. Briggs preached. Went to Presbyterian Church to S. S. Talked to children. P.M. took walk out to Kirk's ranch. Sulphur spring there. Went with Miss Ross to church in the evening. Heard Rev. Plant. Good sermon. Bright moonlight this evening.

The Reverend M. V. Briggs remained in the Wyoming Mission of the Colorado Conference, Methodist Church, until the fall of 1890 and then transferred to the North Nebraska Conference. The following year he left the ministry.

TO MARY MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., May 12, 1889.

. . . I am having quite a time to find a horse to use. I want to buy one. It has been so far that every one asks too much for their horses. I have written the Board for part of my first month's wages to pay for a horse. I do not know what they will say about it. I do dislike to borrow money here. This church is in bad shape here now. Mr. Barr could not stay here longer on account of lack of support. He is now preaching in Rock Springs and going down every week. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., May 13, 1889.

Bright morning. Saw Mr. James V. Cantlin this A.M. He spoke of a horse which he has and which I may be able to get. A saddle he also may have and if I can I shall go out with him tomorrow or next day. . . . Courts begin today. Some interesting cases on hand. Read a long account of Spiritualism today. Read some more on Last Days of Pompeii.

DIARY

Hamilton's Ranch near Rawlins, Wyo., May 16, 1889.

. . . Ready to start for Ferris. At Mr. Hamilton's ranch 13¾ miles from Rawlins. Rode in 2 hours from Rawlins. Cold wind blew from N.W. Rode past paint mines. Over seams in the mts. which run from South America to Alaska. Storm over Ferris Mts. and Seminoe Mts. also Elk Mt. Saw an antelope which followed us. Could see great chasms on either side of us as came along down last hill here by Brown's cañon. Riding on we crossed alkali flat, Separation Creek, big sandy belt, and all the time faced a cold north wind. Came in sight of Seminoe Mts. which rose in a bank of clouds. Ferris Mts. we faced a long time. Encountered a fierce snow storm.

DIARY

Ferris, Wyo., May 17, 1889.

First saw my pony today. He is very pretty. A dark brown, slim, pleasant looking. Rather small is the only trouble with him. Went over to Mrs. Dot Roberts' in P.M. Very pleasant lady. It seems queer to see some things in this western country. She has the appearance of one who has a fine education, who has at least a natural aptitude for acquiring knowledge, one of the persons who would shine in intellectual circles if circumstances permitted. In the present surroundings she stands above the rest.

Ferris Mts. stand west, Seminoe south. A mining camp a few miles up the mts. The rugged range is east just across the Platte. Far N.E. can be seen a range of white mts. which are near Casper. It is a nice place here. Beautiful valley. I appointed a meeting for Sunday.

DIARY

Ferris, Wyo., May 18, 1889.

Got on Baby, the pony, and rode about 22 miles letting people know of the meeting. Called on Mr. Roberts, the post master, and others down the river.

DIARY

Ferris, Wyo., May 19, 1889.

At the meeting today nineteen were present. I spoke with not very good success from I Corinthians, 3:9. Will try and do better next time. *Step by Step*. Met an old surveyor, Mr. Bailey, from Denver. Has been

in New Mexico, Mexico, and on the frontier for 30 years. A graduate of Ann Arbor.

TO MARY MOORE

Ferris, Wyo., May 20, 1889.

. . . This is a pretty little valley surrounded by mountains. . . . Only about ten families are within range of this school and three of them are Catholics. I am stopping with a Catholic family, Mr. Cantlin's people. He is the man with whom I rode out here and of whom I bought the pony.

I did not tell you I had a horse did I? He is a dark bay with not a white spot on him, weighs about seven hundred lbs., is full of life but kind and easy to manage, is a good runner, a fast walker, and will sell well. I think I will like him real well. It seems as if it was quite a price to pay for a horse \$35 but I have seen nothing cheaper that was at all suitable here. Of course if I was on the Reservation I might get one of the Indian ponies cheaper but it would cost so like fun to get there. . . .

TO WALTER HOWARD MOORE

Near Ferris, Wyo., May 22, 1889.

If you were here now I could show you some things which would surprise you. . . . I am about eight miles from Sand Creek where Ferris is up in the mountains. Two men are here at work in a saw mill. I am sitting on the floor in a tent. . . . You would be much interested I know to see this place. The saw mill is a log building and is run by water power. The whole thing was made by these two men here. It is a very queer looking thing but does more work than they could do by hand. The creek comes from a gulch up the Ferris Mountains. . . .

Walter Howard Moore (August 26, 1875-April 1, 1952) followed in the footsteps of his older brothers, Frank and John, and became a Congregational minister. He attended the Chicago Theological Seminary and held the following pastorates: Sibley, Iowa, 1904-06; Richmond, Ill., 1909-15; Washington Park Church, Chicago, 1915-27; East Chicago, Ind., 1927-35; Harvard Church, Oak Park, Ill., 1935-44; and Lawndale, Cal., 1944-45. He died in San Diego and is survived by his son, John.

Mr. Gregg, the man who owns this saw mill, caught an eagle here last year. He got it while it was very young and raised it. It was a monstrous bird when he sold it, he said. He had to climb a bad place to get

it. It was in a nest about a hundred feet from the ground. I have looked a great deal but have not found any birds' nests. . . .

DIARY

Ferris, Wyo., May 26, 1889.

A beautiful clear morning. Left Mr. Roberts' at 9:30. At eleven only a few people had gathered. At 12 enough had collected for an organization. Went through the regular order and organized. Sixteen present. Mr. P. Alfey Supt. Mrs. Dot Roberts secretary. Came down here in P.M. Sang some. 3 miles.

DIARY

Ferris, Wyo., May 27, 1889.

Am going to the round up this A.M. Wind enough to keep off gnats which are terrific. Saw some men from round up this A.M. Went to round up. Saw men brand and cut on cattle. . . .

DIARY

Ferris, Wyo., May 29, 1889.

Left Mr. Birmingham's for Mr. C[antlin's] quite early. Visited day school. Went to Mr. Arthur Roberts' to dinner. Came to P.O. where I sent money for supplies. Collected money of Mr. Tom Roberts, G. Roberts, Gates Morrison, Farrell. On my way down passed by the point of rocks. Lots of prairie dog holes. Saw four antelope on way over. Stopped at round up for supper. Saw some of their way of living. Came to Mr. Farrell's. 8 miles.

TO MARY MOORE

Sweetwater, Wyo., May 30, 1889.

I hope you are not worrying because you have not heard from me oftener. I have been very busy in getting the Sand Creek S. S. organized, the supplies sent for, money collected, etc., so have not been very good about writing. . . . I am about eighteen miles from Ferris, north.

Howard would have been interested in a ride I took this morning. When I went to catch my pony I found him way over in the farthest corner of the field. In going after him the curlews were just as thick as they could be. They would fly up in the air calling to one another just about as loud as they could, fly right toward me, then dart off. I suppose I was near their nests but could not find any of them.

When I started I tried to cut off some distance so rode for about six

miles over land which would be as fine as any of Ionia County's land if it had water. As it is, it is covered with sage brush, buffalo grass, prairie dog holes, and cactus. Now and then a couple of antelope would bound away, the prairie dogs would stand up on their hind feet and talk saucily to me, a flock of sage hens would fly up with a whirr. All the time I was riding with a black hat on and a hot head while the sun streamed down, entirely dispelling thought of snow storm and cold N.E. wind only two weeks ago. Even the snow capped mountains south afforded little comfort.

I am now on the old California trail. Just west about eleven miles to Independence Rock. Thousand of names are carved on that of men who went over for gold in '49 and later. The Devil's Gate is just below that. . . .

DIARY

Oil City, Wyo., May 31, 1889.

Went to Sweetwater P.O. Rec. good letters from Father and Coral. Went to Bothwell, a little town on a sandy plain. Rode to Connor's ranch for dinner. Carried a lot of mail from up there. Came over Rattlesnake range. Saw lots of antelope. . . . Oil City gave me a welcome like the olden time. Garfield Peak is just west. Oil derrick is down in the field. Mr. Aggers is a pleasant, long, tall fellow. Nice people. Will go to Mr. Ervay's tomorrow, I expect. Hear that they have a sort of S. S. there now. Lots of antelope near here. Rode 30 miles.

In 1880 S. W. Aggers from Oil City, Pennsylvania, drilled for oil on the site which was to be known as Oil City, Wyoming.

DIARY

Ervay, Wyo., June 2, 1889.

Held services in P.M. and organized a S. S. All the men from the derrick were up. Raised money enough for all supplies. 6 miles.

DIARY

Ervay, Wyo., June 3, 1889.

Got my pony up but he was so lame I did not try to use him. Walked around some. Had a climb up the hill back of the house. Rolled down some rocks. Had a talk with oil men. Sang some in evening. Oil company consists of Messrs. Barnard, Moffatt, Love, Dr. Harrison, and Crane.

DIARY

Oil City, Wyo., June 6, 1889.

Went up on Rattlesnake range of mountains after breakfast after a load of wood. Visited school after came down. Went over on badlands after dinner, bird region. No water. Colored dirt, curious caves and sinks. Bear teeth, petrified wood, agate pipe organs. Antelope on way back. Warm day, cool night. 20 [miles].

DIARY

Oil City, Wyo., June 9, 1889.

Spoke here at 11 o'clock. Easy to speak. Hope they get some benefit from it. Organized a S. S. and will send supplies tomorrow. Snow all disappeared. People are pleasant here. Mr. Aggers is one of the men who has got all he has himself. Could not read when sixteen years old. Learned to write by natural gass light in an engine house. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Sweetwater, Wyo., June 10, 1889.

. . . I am much undecided still about next year. I could I suppose stay right here and work into a life position in the S. S. work. The people are becoming acquainted with me all around. They repose more confidence in me as time goes on. I begin to have an insight into the dealing with people. Success in establishing schools seems to be coming easier. The field is large and growing. As one becomes an old timer here he becomes more influential for good. In fact the outlook is such as I would have counted marvelous a few years ago. Then I would have jumped at the chance of securing such a position. Now I don't know just which is best. Stay or return to school this fall. If I stay, home will come sooner for I could have you with me within a year. But it is a new country. Home would be without a head at home much of the time. I find it impossible to get around to headquarters often. I would have to look forward to this sort of life I suppose for many years. While if I went to seminary for two years more I might take a pastorate, have a home, and stand just as much chance of doing good. . . .

DIARY

Sweetwater, Wyo., June 10, 1889.

Left Oil City at 10:35. Came on with Mr. Craig. Arrived here about four o'clock. Mr. [Albert J.] Bothwell is pleasant man. Has been to Yosemite, Yellowstone, Colorado, etc. Tame elk here. 24 miles.

DIARY

Tom Sun's Ranch, Wyo.,

June 11, 1889.

Left Bothwell with Mr. Bothwell and came up the river road past the dam, soda beds, Independence Rock, Devil's Gate. Took dinner with round up. Saw them brand calves and cattle in a chute. Went up on Devil's Gate rock. Looked over edge where it was simply frightful. Decided I would rather look up from below than down from above. Found some pretty ferns. Learned to use a lasso a little. Beautiful day and evening. Moon almost as light as day. Snow disappearing fast. Writing some for paper.

Independence Rock is an erosion remnant 193 feet in altitude which occupies an area of some twenty-five acres. It is located on the north bank of the Sweetwater River and was a landmark for travelers on the Oregon Trail. It has been called the "Register of the Desert" because more than 50,000 signatures have been inscribed on its granite surface.

Devil's Gate is an awesome chasm cut through granite by the Sweetwater River. It is 330 feet in depth and 30 feet wide at the bottom.

DIARY

Marsh's, Ferris Mountain, Wyo.,

June 12, 1889.

Arrived here after a hard ride. Pony had good load to carry but brought me from Tom Sun's up to Mrs. Lewis' to dinner and over here after calling at Mrs. Ivy's. Came across long flat and at last arrived at Whiskey Gap. Pleasant place and picturesque. . . .

Tom Sun worked for the Hudson Bay Company in his youth. In 1872 he established a ranch on the Oregon Trail in the area of Devil's Gate and Independence Rock. After his marriage in 1884 his home became noted for the hospitality offered to weary travelers.

DIARY

Whiskey Gap, Wyo.,

June 16, 1889.

Did not feel well when I got up. At 9:30 the people began to congregate. At 10 o'clock we organized the S. S. 16 present. Mr. Fitger an old timer was present. First service he has attended except one in 27 years. He seemed to take much interest. Mrs. Lewis elected to the

office of assistant Supt., just the place I wished her to have for she will push it, I think. Mrs. Ivy's people, formerly Mormons, are ready to go ahead. It is a good outlook for a S. S. This place is settled down at foot of mts. and is well sheltered. Clear stream runs through valley. Mts. run in ledges on both sides. Main range of Ferris just east. Red hills around. Beautiful sunset here.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Plymouth, Ind., June 17, 1889.

. . . Here at Plymouth we have exemplified the mischief which a false liberalism is effecting. At the graduating exercises of the High School their programme consisted of two parts. The first was devoted to the literary exercise proper, the conferring of Diplomas, Honors and the like, the second was a Dance announced from the platform, and was much more lengthy than the first and more elaborate. The Hall in which the exercises were held was sandwiched in between two Saloons, both of which were in full blast at 11 o'clock, when the dance began, and how much longer I do not know, as I did not stay to the second performance. One of the graduates was a daughter of the Presbyterian minister, the principal or Supt. is a member of his church, and many of the others were either members or attendants of that or the Methodist church. To give the show a fair send off the Episocopalian minister read a long prayer. The moral effect of this upon the young people is not difficult to divine.

I hope to hear from you in a day or two. Be strong and courageous, valiant for the truth, and consistent in your daily work. Of this I feel assured. . . .

Several letters written by Frank Moore's father, Merritt, are presented in this record. They reveal both the powerful influence which Merritt exerted on Frank's attitudes and the financial difficulties which interfered with Frank's plans for completing his education.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., June 18, 1889.

Left Mr. Marsh's early. Rode all day no dinner. Left pony at Mr. Kirk's ranch. Walked to town. Supper at 7:30. Letter from home and Coral. 40 miles.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., June 19, 1889.

Sent papers and tracts away. Not well. Visited Mr. Chamberlain of Chicago. Met Mrs. Gates of Connecticut. Went to sing in eve.

W. G. Chamberlain was a secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., June 21, 1889.

Went out to Mr. Kirk's ranch. Saw my pony. He looks all right but is still lame. Don't feel well.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Plymouth, Ind., June 23, 1889.

. . . I suppose you have learned that the prohibitory Amendment in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island was lost by 185,000 and 5,629 respectively. This result is owing to the concerted trickery and infamy of the politicians of both old parties. They were largely aided by professedly good men. The saloon keepers, brewers and distillers are jubilant. Also the whiskey politicians. The triumphing of the wicked is short. We may therefore take courage and "up an at 'em" again. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., June 23, 1889.

Attended S. S. at Presbyterian [church]. 55 present. Heard beautiful sermon by Dr. Rader this A.M. Went to Y.M.C.A. meeting in evening and lead the singing. Not very well.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., June 24, 1889.

Made out and forwarded report. Called on Mrs. Bennett. Took tea with Mr. Chamberlain. Had letter from home. Made me most homesick. Good letter from father. Sent money for supplies for Whiskey Gap. Sent report of work to Cheyenne.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., June 25, 1889.

Did nothing aside from rest and prepare for going west. Mr. B[arr] came back. Was not well.

DIARY

Rock Springs, Wyo., June 26, 1889.

After packing up and calling on Mrs. Jennings I went to train. Took that for Rock Springs. Rode through the Red Desert all of the trip. Arrived at Rock Springs at about 2:30 in time to be able to attend the Institute a short session. Was glad to be able to hear Miss Brook's paper on the Cigarette. Went down to Independent office. Called and saw Harry Jennings. Stopped with Mr. Dresser.

Rock Springs was founded in the 1860's as a coal mining town on the Union Pacific. Its population in 1890 was 3406, many of whom were foreign in origin. The largest single element was Chinese who constituted about one-third of the population.

DIARY

Rock Springs, Wyo., June 27, 1889.

Attended Institute this A.M. Had interesting session. At noon went over and inspected the mines dump, engine house, the entrance to the mine, etc. P.M. Institute again. Heard very interesting paper by Mrs. Edwards on Morning Red and Evening Gray. Beautiful appeal for careful life day by day.

After Institute went to No. 1 coal mine. Went in with Mr. Thomas, the foreman, a man who has been in mining for about 23 years. Since before I was born. He went in at nine years of age. We passed down the main slope for some distance then went through doors to the left. Doors are placed there for the purpose of ventilation. Then the guide took us to the fan, then down main air shaft where all the air for the ventilation goes. It runs down at a decline of from six to fifteen degrees.

The fan blows about 36,000 cubic feet of air into the mine every minute. We passed down the narrow entry in utter darkness except such light as the little lamp gave. Passed men at work straightening the passage. Met miners whose labor was ended and they were wearily wending their way up to day light. Chinamen, Finlanders, Bulgarians, and others were there. Went at last through another door to the right. A little net work of tracks ran all around there. Passed on down to the "fault" on which they are at work. Saw the ties smashed by the run away car. . . . Went to the wells where pump of fine proportions is at work.

DIARY

Fort Bridger, Wyo., June 28, 1889.

Got up at 2:15 and at 3:10 took the train for Carter. Could see nothing along the track except just before we got to Green River. There could see curious formation. Castle Rock rises curiously back of the little place. Red increased in east all way along as sun rose. Quite high bank on part of the way. At Carter had pleasant visit with Mrs. Carter. Left supplies. Organized school. Took stage. Rode here 10 miles. Saw Adjutant. Told him of my work. He referred me to the Colonel. Wrote letters sent some supplies. Saw musician. Saw Colonel. Made matters all right for Mr. Barr. Could not get any way over to Burnt Fork. . . . Heard cowboy play on guitar. Prospects good for a walk tomorrow. 75 miles.

Fort Bridger was founded in 1841 by the famous trapper and scout, James Bridger.

Judge William Alexander Carter (1820-1881) journeyed in 1857 with the Army from Missouri to Fort Bridger to assume the duties of merchant-sutler at that post. In 1871 he became one of the five vice-presidents of the newly organized Wyoming Stock Graziers Association. His estate at the time of his death comprised several ranches and some 25,000 head of cattle.

DIARY

Burnt Fork, Wyo., June 29, 1889.

Started early for Henry's Fork. Walked all the way over about 23 miles. Never was so tired in my life I guess. All fagged out. Did not strike water for an awful long time. Got a drink of mail carrier. Nearly sick at noon. Still ten or twelve miles ahead. I stopped and rested under a tree. Pulled my boots off and let my feet cool. Awfully hot. Pulled on, every step almost too much. Not able to eat my dinner on account of lack of water. Mouth parched. Road dry and hot. Oh for a drink! Will this never end? Is there not some place for a drink. Will my feet hold out? Can I stand this with twelve blisters on my feet? Yet all this comes from lack of sufficient money to pay for a team for I am sure I could have got one with more money. Here at last. Appointed meeting for P.M. tomorrow. 22 miles.

DIARY

Burnt Fork, Wyo., June 30, 1889.

Got up rather tired, footsore, etc. Rode up the creek notifying the people of the meeting at 4 P.M. Went up Beaver Creek and saw six or seven families. Beautiful valley. Not many families who are not Mormons by birth. Came back to Mr. Sonner's and at four o'clock organized a S. S. after talking about The Beauty of the Lord our God. Went to bed early after writing some letters. 14 miles.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Plymouth, Ind., June 30, 1889.

Yesterday I went to Rochester the County seat of the County South of this, and secured the adoption of the Coupling by two wagon Manufacturers, who manufacture between them from 80 to 100 wagons yearly. I sold two and delivered them got an order for 12 more and arranged for a sale of from 25 to 50 about Sept. 1st. Also got two dealers in wagons to agree to order the Cushman Coupling when they order more wagons. This was a pretty good day's work. The sales of the Manikin will be rather slow until about the time the Schools begin in the fall, but I anticipate a good sale then and a reasonable sale between now and then chiefly to Physicians.

Merritt Moore was attempting to sell two products simultaneously: Smith's Anatomical Chart or Manikin, a model of the human body designed to show the parts and organs, and the Cushman Improved Wagon-Reach Coupling patented by E. S. Cushman of Ann Arbor, Michigan in 1888. The manikin and coupling together weighed forty pounds and were too bulky to be carried by hand. To reach prospective customers with his samples, Merritt had to hire transportation, sometimes by rail, but more often by livery team at a cost of two dollars a day. He encountered strong sales resistance on the part of physicians and school boards to whom he offered the manikin. The best he could do with the coupling was to get firms to agree to put it into their new stock. These circumstances combined to make a decent livelihood for Merritt and his dependents a forlorn hope.

I get very little ready money now and have been hindered in my work greatly for the want of means [to] pay expenses. James [Butler] has been very slack for some reason, and I can get no word from him. Is that a characteristic of his? He owes me now about \$25, which I very much need. It may be he can not get his pay. If so I can not complain,

except that he ought to write and let me know the reason so that I should not be in suspense and expenses. It is very rainy here, and very hot. I am very well indeed never better in my life.

I like the view you take of Robert Elsmere as it seems to me to be in harmony with truth. People who are skeptical talk about wanting a religion as broad as humanity. They do not realize that Christianity in its purity reaches down to the very lowest of earth's inhabitants and places underneath them the everlasting arms. There is nothing in all the range of human experience that does not feel its quickening, elevating, purifying influence. Of course this is that "religion that is from above, that is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy, and of good fruits without partiality and without hypocrisy." Not that which goes under the name of Christianity, merely, but is destitute of its power. Everyday I see evidences of the degeneracy of the Church, of its pandering to the popular demand for a religion that will adapt itself to the conditions of society, that will watch the popular tide and float with it for the sake of gain, rather than to be the leader, the inspirer, the guide, that directs, and controls, and points the way to a truly noble life. Unless I mistake the needs of the hour, there is a demand now for the plainest, most practical preaching, and for that rare phenomenon, a consistent life, such as has not existed since the days of Luther and M[elanchthon].

To a work of this kind I trust Frank you have been called. Don't be so anxious to make a good speech as to present the truth in its fulness and its purity and in such a way as to benefit men. Especially strive to build up in the minds of all a reverence for the Sabbath. Show by the teachings of the Bible and the physical constitution of man that every interest of society demands that the Sabbath should be kept sacred. It is the bulwark of true civilization. A state that forgets God by desecrating the Sabbath becomes recreant to other sacred trusts. It opens up the flood gates for the admission of nearly all the immoralities. It is the supremist folly for people who profess to be Christians or who respect the Christian religion to manifest indifference to its sacred observance. It should be remembered that looseness in this direction does not come at a single bound. The approaches to it are gradual and seductive. It may begin by visiting friends, going to pleasure resorts for recreation, or taking Sunday drives. When these are a necessity or are in the line of mercy they are of course all right but otherwise it seems to me they are wrong. In this vicinity the laxness is such that I am told that members of the church drive off 8 to 12 miles to witness a Sunday ball game.

Surely there is a lack of proper training or these things would not be. Be firm for the right and courageous in its defense.

TO MARY MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., July 9, 1889.

I have been rather negligent, I realize. Your letter of July 5th which I just received brought the fact before me once more. I do not wish it so to be but it has been the hardest work to find time to write of late. You see every extra trip makes so much more correspondence. I have seven new schools on my list you know. Then after traveling so much as I have of late I do not have much time. When I get through and back to Rawlins I have so much sleeping to do, or I will give out, that I necessarily am obliged to neglect my best and most pleasant task. The demands of my work come thick and fast. . . .

Look on the map and you will see all of Carbon County, all of Sweetwater, Uinta, and Fremont, and I am the only person whose duty it is to look after the people's needs outside of the towns. It does not seem so far to look on the map, but by miles it is much farther from Rawlins to Rock Springs than it is from Ionia to Detroit. There are people whom I have found here eighteen or twenty years old who never heard more than one or two sermons. They have not had any home training in religious things. The people are indifferent. Such is the case around Burnt Fork which you will find in the S. W. part of the terretory.

One lady at Carter station. . . . near Fort Bridger was so glad that a man in Christian work was there that, although I had only from six A.M. until 9:36 to spend there, she got her family and a few friends together in the parlor and we had a little service by ourselves and then we organized a S. S. She said her children were growing up there and they knew nothing outside of her teachings of the gospel. The worst of it is the people many of them have been so long without the influence that they are hardened. Now I do not wish to complain but it is a hard field. Simply to do the traveling, stand the loss of sleep, the bad water, the irregular meals, and change of food, is hard. But when it comes to study and have things fresh for the people, attend to the correspondence necessary, and then keep up my home letter, I sometimes fail in one or more.

I am not discouraged by a good deal. I feel that I have much to be thankful for. . . . Many have confidence in me who before regard[ed] me, as they do here all new comers, with suspicion. I have made many friends and have kept the old ones. Yesterday I saw one of my friends

from Hahn's Peak mining camp, Colorado, whom I met last fall on my trip through that country. He seemed glad to see me. Such things do me good. It is pleasant to feel that you can make and keep the friendship of an old time miner. Now don't think I am hurting myself, but I tell you of some of these things to let you know why I have not been more faithful.

I am all out of money again. I wrote the Board to send me a little in advance as I have such an expensive month ahead of me but I have not heard a word. I don't think they do quite right by a fellow who is off so far. Here where board costs \$1.00 per day and rent of room and other expenses beside in such a proportion it costs to live. R. R. fare is 5c per mile.

I guess I must have the blues just a mite this A.M. for I write all of the dark side. I have not forgotten some of my fine friends whom I have met. I have not forgotten the good old lady, Mrs. [J.B.] Anson, where I stopped the night after I had finished [my long] walk and had reached Burnt Fork. My feet were in bad condition, I assure you. I had fourteen blisters on them, one in the middle of the bottom of each foot which was nearly as large as a quarter. One toe nail was off and my big toe nail on my left foot was so badly scalded by the hot sand that the nail is now coming off. They were sore. She saw that my feet were sore and got a tub of water and told me to make myself believe that I was at home with my mother. I felt like blaming myself for saying anything for Mr. Anson told of a trip he had when he first came to the mts. about thirty-three years ago when he walked 12 miles on a bitter cold night after he had attempted to cross the Sweetwater River on a mule. The ice had broken, let him in, his mule had got away, and his clothes froze to him, and he had to watch all of the time for Indians. My valise did not come so Mrs. Anson lent me a suit of clothes and did mine up for me. Did she take any pay? Not a cent. She told me to always stop when I got in that neighborhood.

On Tuesday night last Mr. Barr of this place, O. C. Smith of Rock Springs, and two young lady school teachers arrived at Henry's Fork and I had an appointment for them. I saw a lot of cowboys at Burnt Fork P.O. on my way around and got them to come over. I went to the little school house and got things ready. About 7:45 o'clock as I was standing by the door of the school house enjoying the beautiful tints of the sunlight behind the Uinta hills, I could not restrain just a little feeling of homesickness.

At Henry's Fork in 1825 traders from General William H. Ashley's American Fur Company met with trappers and Indians and exchanged supplies for furs. Rendezvous of this type which combined business with drinking and gambling were continued in the area on an annual basis through the summer of 1840.

It seemed as if I could see you all at home just as we used to be. I could hear your voices, Father's, Mother's, and Ellen's [Ellen Moore]. I could see the room just as it used to be with Ellen's landscape on the wall. Someway the hills around took the shape of her picture. I could see the table which we used to gather around but all of a sudden I heard through the still evening breeze the sound of voices. I listened. Over the hills came the singers and their song was, God Be With You. When one has been out away from any music save what he himself makes for a long time and then hears such strains it sounds indeed like voices from home and I felt thankful that if I was not at home, if many miles separated us, still music could have the same charm, and in new friends I could find pleasure. Not to take away in the least from my enjoyment of home and friends there, but rather to increase the bond which holds us.

We had a good meeting. We stood out side and sang for some time. Then as the people gathered we went into the little log building and sitting on the benches we listened to the words which came from God's holy book. Such words as the little school house seldom hears.

The next afternoon things did not go quite so smoothly. A cowboy came in, sat down on a side seat, threw open his coat, pulled his six-shooter around in sight and began to make disturbance by whispering and laughing. Mr. Barr stood it as long as possible then spoke to him and told him that if he wanted to make any noise the outside was free. He got up and sauntered out. I felt better when I saw him go away for he was a Mexican and they are so revengeful. All went smoothly after that.

On Wed. A.M. I went fishing. Howard would have enjoyed that I know. The stream was rapid, the fish were trout, and the day beautiful. I put my pants in my boots and where the bushes were too thick I just plunged in and waded. I caught five.

But I must not neglect to speak of our 4th of July picnic. Wednesday we decided to go up Burnt Fork for a picnic. We decided to go as early as possible. All of us from this way stopped at [the home of] Mr. Mass. [He is] a Mexican who has an Indian wife and some very intelligent children. For the last thirteen years he has kept a teacher in the family and they have studied many of the higher branches. I drove up and had

one of the finest teams I ever drew rein over. They were magnificent horses weighing about 1400 lbs. a piece. With flag flying we drove up to Mr. Anson's. There two more teams joined us. We kept on up and followed Burnt Fork over into Utah. It was a beautiful day. Some had already gone on and were fishing. We had eight or ten horsemen and four wagons all in a row going up. Some of the horses had more than one on their backs.

Philip Mass was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, in 1839 and came to the United States in 1852. He worked on farms in Missouri and drove stages for the Overland Stage Company from Independence, Missouri, to Salt Lake City. He became a guide and scout and participated in sanguinary battles against the Indians near Laramie at Ice Hollow and at Fort Phil Kearney. In 1859 he settled at Henry's Fork, Wyoming, traded with the Indians, sold hay and wood to United States troops, and started in the livestock business by buying cattle from emigrant trains. He became in time the owner of large herds composed mainly of Hereford and Short-horn cattle. He married Miss Irene Beauveaux in 1862 and by her had nine children who were educated at home by the best tutors available. Pioneer hospitality was extended to all who came to the Mass home.

As I drove the fiery team, handled the whip, and applied the break which the Michigan wagons have not, I had all I could do. We went down some steep little hills, passed through some beautiful little aspen groves, and finally drew up at a place where some of nature's purest streams burst from the hills. We found three or four little springs which were just as cold as ice. One ran a stream ten or twelve feet wide from its very source. We found wild strawberries and some beautiful little rapids in the stream. Wild flowers abounded. Lillies large and white grew every where.

At last came dinner. Fried fish, a pan heaping up. Duck, chicken, and cake by the wholesale. All was fine. I sat down by the side of our hostess and her little boy. Her dusky face and the olive complexion of her children seemed to be just the fitting appearance for the surroundings. . . .

Dinner over, the dishes out of the way, we gathered in a little alcove in the bushes and began to sing. Only two or three songs were needed to have all around us. Four part singing is a novelty out there. Our soprano and alto were fine, our bass powerful, and my tenor as good as it has been for years. Then came short impromptu 4th of July speeches by O. C. Smith and myself, followed by more singing, and then a talk by

Rev. Barr which ended in the organization of a Sabbath School. Then we . . . rose and sang, Nearer My God To Thee, How Firm A Foundation, and God Be With You Till We Meet Again. With Homeward Bound we closed.

Then came the races. I must not forget them for I beat every time. I ran three times, twice with a young fellow there and once with Miss Brooks, one of the teachers. That was the race of races. She ran frontwards and I backwards. I beat. The day was voted a grand success.

The next morning I got up before three and at five we started. Our happiness was marred by Mr. Barr's trouble. On Wednesday he was taken with a very bad attack of inflamitory rheumatism. We were compelled to favor him all possible for he suffered very much. I was up with him on the night of the 4th of July so I got only about two or three hours sleep. We gave him all the room possible and tried to make him comfortable. . . .

After just 12 hours we finished our sixty mile drive. We put the tired team out and after supper took the train for Rawlins at Green River. Mr. Barr was still suffering much. We took a pullman for him and he rested as easily as possible. We reached Rawlins at 12:36 and with the help of two men we carried him home on a stretcher. I went to bed at 1 o'clock after being up about 22 hours and traveling sixty miles in buggy and 40 on the cars. I am quite well rested now. . . .

Now I do not wish to appear conceited but I enclose some little clippings which show what some people think of your son in Wyoming. I am just foolish enough to want to keep them so please return. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., July 10, 1889.

Mr. Bainton came. Will go to [Little] Snake River with him next week. Meeting again.

Henry Waterson Bainton (Oct. 5, 1863-Apr. 30, 1936) was born in New York City and at the age of nineteen moved to Denver, Colorado. He was educated at the University of Denver, at Columbia University, and at Union Theological Seminary. In 1889 he was working as student pastor in the Presbyterian Synod of Colorado. He was appointed pastor-at-large in the Wyoming district in 1903 and Sabbath-school missionary in 1910. He became a charter member of the Synod of Wyoming at its organization in 1915. He retired in 1933 and spent his last years in Greeley, Colorado, holding the positions of stated clerk and historian of Casper Presbytery.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., July 14, 1889.

Mr. Bainton preached both A.M. and P.M. Good services. I sang solo in A.M. and also in P.M. Got \$5.00 for it. Wrote some letters.

MARY MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Ionia, Mich., July 17, 1889.

. . . I hope you won't have such a walk again in a year or never. I think you must have suffered terribly with your feet in such a condition, and really it seems as if it must be very hazardous, to say the least, to start off alone so on such a lonely journey. I infer from your inability to obtain water that your road was through an uninhabited region. Don't you fear meeting Indians or desperate whites? . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Slater, Colo., July 18, 1889.

Once more I am in my old field. Eighty five miles from Rawlins again. Mr. Bainton and I had a hard trip. Now I tell you of so many hard trips that you will begin to think me a grumbler but they are hard some of them. Monday we went 18 miles. We climbed on Tuesday the Pine Grove hill, the continental divide. That came early in the morning. It is a mile and a half long and has a rise of one thousand and thirty six feet. That done we had a very hard south west wind to face. Way up on the back bone of the continent the wind blows hard. We ate dinner at 3 o'clock P.M. with a sheep herder. We were told we had only about 18 miles to go before we would find a ranch so we thought we could do that. We went till about dark and then it rained hard. We walked to keep warm, lead Hercules and pushed the wheel until about eleven o'clock. Then we found some campers, got a little supper, and then took the saddle bags for a pillow, the hard wet ground for a bed, and the saddle blankets for a cover, and slept. I got up at 4 o'clock lame and stiff from the day's ride, walk, and wet, and built a fire to warm myself by. Hercules, the good little fellow, was eating near by and I went and talked to him a while. He is just a fine little fellow.

We rode about six miles to breakfast and then came here to Mr. McIntosh's. He is the same old fellow, hospitable and accomodating, full of all sorts of good old yarns. We will hold three services Sunday, one at Savery school house, one at Dixon, and one at Baggs. Next week we expect to go to Hahn's Peak, Steamboat Springs, then to North Park, back

to Steamboat Springs, then to Hayden, Yampa, Meeker, and I know not where. . . .

DIARY

McIntosh's, Slater, Colo.,
July 18, 1889.

Twenty-three years old today. Left McIntosh's and spread notice of the meeting all way down. Had real pleasant calls at many places, especially at Mr. Bennett's, Mr. Calvert's, and Mr. Sheehan's. All seem glad to see me. Mr. Bennett has been laid up with bad leg where horse fell on him. Had pleasant evening at Mr. Bennett's. God has been good to me. No mishap at my age. 18 miles.

M. J. LEWIS TO FRANK MOORE

Whiskey Gap, Wyo.,
July 19, 1889.

Yours of 10 inst. is received. We are glad to hear from you and that you have been successful in your work. Attendance at our School is generally good. Eleven scholars on an average. Supplies were all received, and now that we will have the use of the school house we hope to have quite a Sunday School soon. Our school began yesterday, but school house is not completed. Mr. Marsh has promised to come over next Sunday and assist us. Mr. Freiland is not always present so his services will be very acceptable. All are well and quite busy. The children are anxious for your return.

Hoping you will visit us soon. . . .

DIARY

Baggs, Wyo., July 19, 1889.

Called on Mrs. Wilcox on my way down. Very pleasant call. She told of the S. S. organization and the time they had had to run it. One lady Mrs. [illeg.] carried a baby a mile all winter to attend the S. S. Her little boy trugged [trudged] along through the snow almost knee deep. Little fellow always had Golden Text and was eager to give it. Went down to Mr. Christy's.

DIARY

Near Baggs, Wyo., July 21, 1889.

Helped at funeral in A.M. Rode 27 miles. Reorganized S. S. at Baggs. Stopped at Mr. Christy's.

DIARY

Near Baggs, Wyo., July 22, 1889.

Rested at Mr. Christy's. Wrote letters. Read some of Emerson. Am about to start for Yampa. Hope to hear from home tomorrow.

DIARY

Insley's, near Slater, Colo.,

July 24, 1889.

Went to Mr. Fly's and got a saddle. Then went to Mr. Reader's. From there went to Mr. Insley's. Met Mr. Andrews of Cincinnati. 20 miles.

DIARY

Three Forks, Colo.,

July 25, 1889.

Got up before 4. Breakfast before 5. Came to Three Forks. Stopped at Mr. S. for dinner. Went fishing and Mr. S. caught 8 fish. I did not catch one. Beautiful scenery here. Horse lame but got his shoe on again. 22 miles.

DIARY

Hahn's Peak, Colo.,

July 26, 1889.

Went to Hahn's Peak. Beautiful scenery. Saved colt's life. Took dinner with Mr. Webber. Pony lame. Held service in Hahn's Peak. Most beautiful scenery I ever saw. . . . 18 miles.

DIARY

Elk River, Colo.,

July 27, 1889.

Came from Hahn's Peak to Elk River. Called 7 times. Took dinner with Mr. Webber again. Mrs. Webber is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke. Quite an artist. Called at Mr. Keller's on way down. Saw miner pan out a pan of gold. Did not find a very large amount. 20 miles.

MRS. D. P. SMITH TO FRANK MOORE

Evay, Wyo., July 28, 1889.

I have received a second letter from you regarding our Sunday school so guess I had better answer.

I rather demurred about writing as I had nothing very encouraging to write.

We have only had Sunday school twice since you were here. Both times there were over twenty present, but most of the time there isn't any turn out and they all think it isn't worth while to have much but singing when there is just the two families.

We received the papers you sent, and thank you for them. The regular July numbers did not come but those for August came over a week ago.

Mrs. Ervay says tell you we wish you would come out again soon and make us a visit, she thinks the girls would take more interest in learning the songs if you was here to help them.

I will tell you one thing. Campbellite people and Presbyterian papers don't exactly harmonize. I think that has something to do with it.

Miss McPherson's school has been out some time but she still stays here. She told me a mess of stuff to tell you but I don't remember only part of it and guess I won't write that.

Hoping you are having better success in other places. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Steamboat Springs, Colo.,

July 30, 1889.

It has been a long time since you heard from me I am afraid. It has been a long time since I heard from you but I expect some of my mail is in the P.O. at Rawlins.

Mr. Bainton and I have been traveling over the mts. We have had a delightful time for a mt. trip. It has been warm most of the time and the mts. are beautiful. We see lots of deer and some other wild game. We arrived here last week and started over the range to North Park. We failed to find our way over because there is no road and only a dim trail. We walked all day until about three o'clock over very bad mountains and worse fallen timber, saw many deer and lots of elk tracks. Bear tracks were not unfamiliar scenes. We found at last that we would be unable to make our way so started back. We had no dinner but some crackers and then crackers for supper. We had to camp under our saddle blankets. But we had lots of nice timber for wood and made out a reasonably comfortable night. About 2 o'clock I was awakened by the horses snuffing. I found I was very cold and stiff so rebuilt the camp fire. It was well I did as I after ward found for this morning we found bear tracks right near our camp. The tracks showed it to be an old bear with a cub. We also found near us the tracks of a mountain lion. We made our way back to a ranch you may be sure as fast as possible where

we found some breakfast. We ate. It took a lot to fill us you may be sure. But we are all right.

We found two young fellows here. . . . Both are Yale men. Mr. Hitchcock, one of them, is a man who used to go to school with Alice and Ellen in Kalamazoo and our people used to belong to the same church. Of course we had a nice time. . . .

DIARY

Steamboat Springs, Colo.,
Aug. 2, 1889.

Saw Harry [Bainton] off in the A.M. . . . Saw Mr. Crawford here to-day and found the outlook for a lot. . . . Deposited money in bank. 4 miles.

When Frank Moore revisited Steamboat Springs on July 30, 1903, he noted in his diary that the lot for which he had offered \$150 in 1889 was now worth \$2000.

DIARY

Steamboat Springs, Colo.,
Aug. 3, 1889.

Went down town and got hair cut. Mr. Wilcox did it. In P.M. took a bath in sulphur spring. Gass so strong that could hardly stand it. Went out to see if I could see a deer. Saw one but did not hit it. Studied some on S. S. lesson. Saul chosen king. One important lesson is that even the least circumstances are in God's providence made to be of great value. Saul simply started out on the range for the asses. He ended by being entertained by God's chosen one, Samuel. Read Channing's Church Universal. 6 miles.

DIARY

Steamboat Springs, Colo.,
Aug. 4, 1889.

. . . Assisted in services, taught Bible class. Spoke a little afterward. Wrote home. Sang out in front of cabin in eve. 9 miles.

TO MARY MOORE

Steamboat Springs, Colo.,
Aug. 4, 1889.

. . . I have been resting here for a few days. Both myself and Hercules,

my pony, are tired. He has been having a good time eating and resting and I have feasted on scenery, books, and sleep.

Rev. Mr. Gunn I find to be a very pleasant young man. He has a fine selection of books here and is a quiet man to rest with. I have been paying him 35c a day for my board and we bach it. We live mostly on graham gems, pancakes, coffee, and some canned fruit. The cooking I do is, well, heavy I guess.

This is a beautiful place and no mistake. . . . Yesterday I took a bath in the sulphur spring. It is about twenty feet across I judge and the water can be heard bubbling up when two or three rods from the bath house. It is about milk warm. The gass is very strong when one gets close to the water, just as it comes up from below. The iron and soda spring is unequalled in this part and numerous kinds of drinking water are found here. In my judgment Steamboat Springs will be in less than twenty five years one of the famous resorts of Uncle Sam's land. I want some property heré. Beautiful scenery all around, delightful summers, sleighing all winter, Colorado's unparalleled climate, and so far quite nice people. But you will think I am doing nothing but advertise the place.

This week came the news of another hanging in Carbon County, Wyo. This time all parties that I knew or had seen. In the little article I sent of the Sweetwater you remember the name of Tom Sun. He and A. J. Bothwell, the man with whom I took the ride past the soda lakes and with whom I had stopped the night before, Mr. John Durbin a stock man whom I slept with at another time, with two or three other men, are all charged with hanging Mr. James Averill, a man with whom I had stopped, and whom they charged with calf stealing, and Ella Watson who lived on a ranch near Mr. Averill. They hanged both I am told for the same crime. A pretty severe way of dealing with a man and woman just for calf stealing. That seems to be the only value some people place on human life out here. It seems terrible when I knew all the parties. Mr. Averill told me to come again and he would give me his house to hold a meeting in. Carbon County has had no less than nine or ten murders in so many months.

The story of this affair which involved the only woman ever lynched in Wyoming is related by A. J. Mokler in his History of Natrona County Wyoming, pages 264-275. Briefly, it is as follows:

In the 1880's James Averill and Ella Watson took up claims in the Sweetwater valley which were contested by the large landowners in that

area. Averill operated a store and saloon on his claim at Bothwell which was frequented by cowboys, some of whom were undoubtedly rustlers. About a mile northwest of Averill's claim Ella Watson, called "Cattle Kate" by her friends, lived on her homestead in a small cabin. Hostility toward Averill reached fever heat on April 7, 1889 when in the Casper Weekly Mail he accused the large ranchers of having entered fraudulent claims to huge tracts of land in the Sweetwater valley. He also charged them with being "opposed to anything that would settle and improve the country or make it anything but a cow pasture for Eastern speculators." The big ranchers hated Ella Watson because they suspected that cowboys, in return for the entertainment she provided at her "hog ranch" (local parlance for an off-limits pleasure establishment), put mavericks in her pasture which she later had marked with her brand. Whatever the case, it was true that her herd was growing much faster than any natural increase could account for.

On July 20, 1889 seven men—A. J. Bothwell, Tom Sun, John Durbin, R. M. Galbraith, Bob Connor, E. McLain, and George B. Henderson—forcibly conducted Averill and Kate to Spring Canyon, five miles from Averill's saloon, and hanged them, side by side, from the limb of a scrub pine tree. The accused men were never brought to trial because the grand jury failed to find a true bill of indictment. According to the friends of Averill and Kate, of the four key witnesses three had disappeared under mysterious circumstances and one had died of Bright's disease.

I soon return to [Little] Snake River. Will be there by Friday, I hope, when I hope to hear from you. Your last was written on July 11. Of course there is a lot of mail waiting for me.

Then I hope to hear what the Board says about my offer to work another year. At times I hope they will accept my services and then I do not know which is best. You need part of what I could get from this work and it would be close shaving to get through school with what I will have left. Time will tell. . . .

DIARY

Steamboat Springs, Colo.,
Aug. 5, 1889.

In A.M. Mr. Gunn and I got up and found a half a deer at the door. We went hunting with the man who brought it, Mr. Bourquin, a Swiss. He is a fine fellow, jovial and pleasant. We went up north past the rocks

and crags on which we found crystals. We came to one very curious rock resting one on top of the other. The road lead over rocks, fallen timber, etc., but we at last found berries which were enjoyed. All together we found nine deer, no bear. About six found the hot springs which are a curiosity. Lots of them there, part on side hill, part in bed of stream. Got home late and very tired. We must have walked at least 20 miles.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

South Bend, Ind., Aug. 5, 1889.

. . . Frank I want you daily to "buy the truth and sell it not." Every day I find people who are captivated by some substitute for the Truth, which requires more credulity by far, than to accept the Bible in its entirety. While I believe in availing ourselves of all the light that modern scholarship can bring to us in the interpretation of the Scriptures, it is important that we be rooted and grounded in the Bible as the center and source of all spiritual truth.

Another thing I hope you will do. Let your convictions of right and of duty on the drink habit and the no less filthy and scarcely less sinful cigar and tobacco habit be so constant and so intense in your practice and your instruction that you may thoroughly and lastingly impress the Communities where you go with the evils resulting from their use. We have too many Church members who smell to heaven, and it seems to me that is about all there is of them that will ever reach it. . . .

ALICE MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Adrian, Mich., Aug. 5, 1889.

. . . I had a letter from Mother the last of the week. They were all well. She wanted to know what I thought about Johnnie being in school next year. I feel very anxious to have him graduate after that I think he might wait a time. How does it look to you? You know the support of the family would come more on you and me if he is in school. . . .

DIARY

Steamboat Springs, Colo.,
Aug. 6, 1889.

Prepared to go. Got Hercules shod. Called at Mrs. Bennett's, Mr. Crawford's, and took tea with Mr. Bourquin. Oyster soup, roast venison, biscuits, apricots, cookies, tea. Good time. Called at Mr. Munson's. Met Miss Maxwell, Miss Nighkerk, and Miss Munson. Passed a

pleasant evening. Prepared to go in A.M. Sent money to Charles. 6 miles.

DIARY

At Mr. Shelton's, Colo.,
Aug. 7, 1889.

Called at Mr. Crawford's before I left Steamboat also at Miss Snyder's. Came on down the river. On road passed man with a bear in wagon. . . . Reached Elk River at 12 o'clock. It began to rain so I put up at Mr. Osberg's. Old gentleman and lady could not speak a word of English. Had dinner and came on past cañon to this place, Mr. Shelton's, County Supt. of schools. Beautiful place here. Fine valley for hay and crops of all kinds. 25 miles.

DIARY

Savery, Wyo.,
Aug. 8, 1889.

Left Mr. Shelton's at 8:15. Reached mouth of Little Bear at 2 o'clock. Took dinner with a man who lives with Mr. Barclay. Reached Mr. Baker's at 5:15. They were all torne up but I had a pleasant stop with them. 30 miles.

TO MARY MOORE

Baggs, Wyo., Aug. 11, 1889.

I received your letter of July 29th when I got to Dixon on Friday. I left Steamboat Springs Wed. A.M. and three days brought me here, about one hundred miles. . . .

I received a letter from Mr. Worden of Philadelphia on the same day and he in that says that the S. S. Missionaries this summer, seventy five students, have already reported three hundred and fifty schools organized. I have sent in reports of eight organized so I have kept up with the average, I guess, even if I am on the frontier.

He did not say what he thought of my working another year. I wish I knew for if I do not work here I hardly know what to do. It does not seem as if I ought to think of going to school this fall with things as they are. . . .

I shall in all probability spend this month in revisiting the schools organized. Shall go from here to Rawlins, then north to Ervay, Whiskey Gap, Oil City, and Ferris.

I dread to go into Sweetwater County again. For while there is no

danger, yet I shrink from passing a place where five murders have been committed within the last year. . . . That was an awful affair I wrote you about. . . . I see the papers generally condemn the lynching, although some have no more humanity than the lynchers and uphold the murderers.

We have been having very warm weather although the nights have been cool. People here are in the midst of haying. Some of the finest hay I ever saw grows here. I was in a patch of red top yesterday which was about waist high. Some day this will be a fine country. I am stopping with a lady here who is Supt. of the S. S. here. She is a very fine person. Much such a lady as Mrs. Haynes, deafness included. Her son in law lives with her and he is as much like Charles as a brother ought to be.

You spoke of my resting. I did that at Steamboat Springs and felt guilty for spending the time. I am just a little tired after the journey over here but have two or three days to rest here. I hope to establish a few schools this year, make them permanent while I am here. I think the chance is good here for that.

Since I have been here I have found Walker's Plan of Salvation and have been feeding on that. It is a very strong book and has done me good for one needs some solid food after having spent some time here in the hot bed of western infidelity. I had a long talk with Mr. [A. J.] Bothwell on the evidences of Christianity the day I went up the Sweetwater and heard from him his idea of religion. In the lynching business he carried out the spirit of such teaching, I suppose. Wyoming I fear will not soon get over the influence of such deeds.

I would much like to see you all. I hope you are well and are not in any great need of anything. As soon as I get to Rawlins I shall try to send you some money. Send me James' address as soon as possible. I am real sorry that he is so situated. I would send him a few dollars if I knew where to direct.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Plymouth, Ind., Aug. 11, 1889.

Since I received your letter from Steamboat Springs I have realized as I had not done before that you are in a fearfully rough country, and in a grade of society very similar to that in Kansas when I went there in 1857. I think with you that it is a fearful thing to hold a human life at so low an estimate. It should inspire you with zeal to introduce the civilizing, humanizing influence of the gospel of peace and good will to

men. Much as we may criticise the church and its members, and to a degree such criticism may be just, the fact remains the only hope of the world lies in the gospel of Christ, and the church is the agency by which the gospel is to be disseminated among men.

I read an article in the "Western Christian Advocate" of Cincinnati, Ohio, recently, which expresses my idea as to what attitude the minister should assume relative to every reform. The position taken is briefly this: That he should apply the principles of Christianity faithfully to every question that affects the interests of society, regardless of consequences. This would apply to card playing, gambling, dancing, prohibition, land monopoly, the equality of the sexes as to compensation for the same work, Sabbath desecration, and in fact to every question relating to the welfare of man. A muzzled pulpit from whatever cause means a demoralized state of society with a downward tendency. The age demands strong men, men of convictions and men of courage. Our nation is suffering immensely and intensely because of the spirit of compromise with wrong that has been winked at from the pulpit, if indeed the pulpit has not wickedly advocated the compromise as is so largely true concerning the drink habit, and the scarcely less wicked and degrading tobacco habit. As a result of this truculency to the depraved appetites of the people we are over shadowed by the license curse which finds its defenders among the religious teachers of the people. As the outgrowth of this same lack of faithful teaching on the tobacco and cigar curse, the members of the christian church spend more money for tobacco and cigars than the entire church gives for church purposes thus leading us to infer that people, even professed christians, regard the gratification of their depraved appetites more highly than they prize their eternal welfare. Church members traffic in tobacco and cigars to make money, to hold trade, and will sell even to children that they may add to their gains. Having sold all they could of these articles during the week, and perhaps used them themselves, they go on Sunday to Church and with religious cant and a pious expression on their faces call on sinners to repent and be saved and all that sort of nonsense, nonsense I mean so long as they give the lie during the week to their professions on Sunday. If the demoralization stopped here, it would not be so bad, but it extends to every department of society, and is vitiating the fountains of political and social life. Like a cancerous affection of the blood, it poisons the whole body politic, and nothing short of heroic treatment will save the nation from its baleful effects. It is little that any one of us can do, but let us do that little. A strong courageous leader can inspire

courage in thousands of others, while a coward will send a panic among otherwise brave men.

I am located now at South Bend, Indiana, and you may direct my letters there until further notice. Alice had a nice time at the close of her first year as Matron of Palmer Cottage. The folks at home are well but lonesome. Wouldn't it be nice if we could all be at home together again?

MARY MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Ionia, Mich., Aug. 14, 1889.

. . . You have not told much about Bert Hitchcock and in your two last letters you have not mentioned Mr. [Harry] Bainton. What have you done with him? I was in hopes Mr. Bainton was to be a permanent companion of your journeyings. Since you wrote of that awful walk over those burning sand roads I have felt as if you needed some one for company and to share the perils. Now I want you to promise me when you answer this that you won't do any more such dangerous work as that was. Before you start for any point thoroughly inform yourself as to distance, character of the country and inhabitants, probable dangers, and necessary provisions for the journey, and go well equipped in every way. You will do this won't you? I hoped you were to have company on your way back to Snake River, and from there to Rawlins. I begin to realize more the hardships and real dangers of your work. To think of you being in such a lawless community as that where that lynching was done. It makes me shudder to think of it, and to think such desperate characters might from slight suspicion do you harm. I am glad to remember "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about those that love him."

DIARY

Yampa, Colo.,
Aug. 24, 1889.

Came from Mrs. Hart's ranch to Williams' Fork. Took dinner where things were not very clean. Old dogs, machinery, old bones, dead birds, and bad smell in general. Went to Yampa. 20 miles.

DIARY

Yampa, Colo., Aug. 25, 1889.

Visited the S. S. and spoke afterward. Wrote some short letters. 3 miles.

DIARY

Baggs, Wyo., Aug. 27, 1889.

Came from Yampa to Dixon and then up here to Mr. Aylsworth's. Went to Dixon after mail. Received check. Heard that friend Gardner was arrested on charge of swindling. Heard that John Signor was lynched. Tough country. 45 miles.

DIARY

Baggs, Wyo., Aug. 28, 1889.

Went down to Mr. Christy's after my saddle bags. Did not ride Hercules but rode one of Mr. Aylsworth's horses. Got a recommendation from Mr. Christy and a pistol. Rode back and staid at Mr. Aylsworth's. Mr. Christy had a narrow escape from being killed by a deer a day or two ago. 20 miles.

TO ALICE MOORE

Dixon, Wyo., Aug. 28, 1889.

Your letter of August 19 came to me yesterday. I have returned from my trip south and start for Rawlins tomorrow. While away I passed through some very mountainous country. Meeker is where the last Ute Indian outbreak took place in '79. I passed the farm where the massacre took place. I also came over the road where the Thornburg battle took place. Major Thornburg and a company of soldiers were attacked there and about twenty were killed and many wounded. Thornburg himself fell the first one. There is a monument there now where the battle took place. The country is rough and wild there. About seventy five horses were killed there and their bones are still there near the spot.

I spent a pleasant Sabbath at Yampa and spoke to them after Sabbath School. I expect to stay here another year. I got a letter from Philadelphia saying send all the recommendations I could and the matter will be immediately presented to the committee. I have one and will get more. I can not think of going to school and have home affairs as they are. John must finish before I go again. I trust I can do acceptable work here for another year.

If I stay I shall take a ranch, I think, and make that my headquarters and have a place where, if necessary, Mother will come some day. I hope also to buy a town lot in Steamboat Springs. That would be increasing and if I never cared to live there it would be a good investment. I mean to get fixed so I can help not only myself but the rest. My check

just came so I now have \$19.75. I shall send a liberal amount home. I must buy some clothes but otherwise I need but little.

At times it looks as if any more schooling would be impossible. . . . I feel as if I was old. I would much like some more study but perhaps providence has not so ordered.

Coral goes to Cadillac the 17th I believe. We had hoped to be in Chicago at the same time but I guess I shall not see the queen city soon. We have beautiful weather. Not a cloudy day. Last week we had three days when not a cloud was to be seen. I wish I was to be at home when you go. Wouldn't it be nice if I could do that? And Father too. . . .

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Plymouth, Ind., Sept. 1, 1889.

Your letter from Yampa, Colo., was received yesterday. I suppose by this time you have decided what you will do the coming year. I can not tell what is best. My own way is hedged up so that I can not count upon any certain income. . . . It seems almost unaccountable that I can not sell the Manikin when everybody goes into extacies over it. The universal excuse is "I can't afford it." Money is scarce but it seems anomalous that not one of the Physicians of South Bend and at Mishawaka, having over thirty physicians, could afford to buy. I have sold seven in all, all to physicians, not one to a school Board or to a school Trustee. The Board here at Plymouth and the Supt. agreed to buy one but the latter found one of Yaggy's Charts that some one had left here, and they decline to keep their agreement. I shall try this week and if I meet with no better success, I shall sell the Manikin I have for what I can get, and do something else. I know I am capable of doing something that will pay somewhere or somehow. John is anxious to begin school but unless I can do something that will pay and bring returns right along he will have to work. Mr. Brock offers him \$1.00 a day to help him in his shoe store the coming year. The Coupling I think promises the best returns, but it will take time and money to develope it. I have had no difficulty in getting it introduced where I have been. I wish I knew of some business that I could enter in which I could earn sufficient for the support of the family and keep John and Howard in school. I am willing to do any honorable work in any place where I can accomplish that result. "Where there's a will there's a way." I have the will. I think I shall find the way. I had a letter from your Ma yesterday. They were well. Charlie has some idea I judge from your Ma's letters of going on to a farm. Mrs.

Stevens thinks of buying one and have him and her son run it. I think it would be better for Charles to be independent altogether but of course that is for him to decide.

I was very glad to get your letter as I had not heard from you for two or three weeks and did not know what might not have befallen you in that murderous country. Be sure and write as often as possible if nothing more than a Postal Card. . . .

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

South Bend, Ind., Sept. 10, 1889.

Your very welcome letter was received this morning. While there is so much violence in the land I am the more anxious to hear from you often, to be assured of your safety. Your mission is one of "peace and good will to men" but outlaws are not inclined to discriminate and you might yourself become a victim. These personal liberty fellows should remember Cicero's definition when he said "Liberty is the power of doing what the law permits." Liberty is not license. Liberty for each individual ends where another's right begins. It is well to keep these fundamental facts and principles in view. Of course, where there is no law, each man becomes to some extent a law unto himself. If therefore the moral plane of such a man be low and vile, we may expect violent deeds will result. "Peace on earth, good will to men" seems all the richer and grander as such scenes of violence occur. I hope you will do all that in you lies to set in motion better influences, such as will elevate and purify and bless. This I believe you will do to the extent of your ability and opportunity.

Today I also received a letter from Mr. Cushman asking me to exhibit the Coupling at the Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan Fair which meets here the 15th-20th. I have made arrangements with Mr. Coquillar, one of the wagon Manufacturers here, to exhibit the Coupling on one of his wagons. A letter from Alice today states that she can not have her vacation until Oct. 15, and possibly not until Nov. 1st. She has had a long siege of it without a vacation. Poor girl. She is worthy of an easier time. I sold one Manikin last week, and but for the opposition of one of the constitutional lunkheads of a lawyer who when harnessed only exerts his strength on the hold back straps, I should have sold another. I think however that I can accomplish a sale to the Board later in spite of his opposition as two of the members are in favor of it. . . .

DIARY

Smiley's, near Fort Steele, Wyo.,
Sept. 11, 1889.

Left Rawlins at 11 o'clock. Found it hot and very dry. Ft. Steele is a wretched looking place. Forded the Platte. Found lots of dry country. Stopping at Mr. Smiley's place. So sick I could hardly sit on my pony. This is such a tough country that it does not seem safe. Another man reported as found dead on Savery [Creek]. . . . 32 miles.

DIARY

Near Saratoga, Wyo., Sept. 14, 1889.

. . . The Constitutional convention at Cheyenne has put in a strong women suffrage plank. Good! Also one about the purity of ballot, making it a secret ballot. Also making it impossible for a man to vote who can not read the constitution of the state. 12 miles.

TO ALICE MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., Sept. 16, 1889.

I have just again returned from the country. I rode 18 miles horseback and sixteen on a freight train arriving here at 6 o'clock. I have been very busy packing up preparatory to going to Colorado as I wrote you before. I have had one hundred miles travel since last Wed. Mostly horseback. We had a good meeting on Pass Creek although a S. S. could not be organized. I will go that way again. It is over toward Elk Mountain of which you have heard me speak.

I do not know still what I can do about taking a ranch. You know I can be in one place so little that I am not sure that I could prove up on the land. I may be changed to some other part of this field. Perhaps I shall go north. I cannot tell.

Every thing costs so here. I have almost got out of money again. I have some in a bank at Steamboat Springs still however. . . .

DIARY

Fort Collins, Colo.,
Sept. 17, 1889.

Left Rawlins at 6 o'clock. . . . At Cheyenne I found Bro. Barr and R. E. Field. We took a parlor car to Greeley. . . . Took the train for Ft. Collins. Arrived here we went to the church and Mr. Barr preached the first sermon of Presbytery. Went to Mrs. McGregory's to stay. Took my dinner in a dining car today. Pretty tired.

DIARY

Fort Collins, Colo.,

Sept. 18, 1889.

Went to the morning session of the Presbytery. . . . Fort Collins is a pretty place. Pretty lawns, pretty trees, good building, etc.

DIARY

Fort Collins, Colo.,

Sept. 19, 1889.

Went to the meeting of Presbytery. Did not get up till late but walked around and saw the place a little. Went to the train but got left. Went back to church. In P.M. went out to agricultural grounds and to church. In eve. sang in choir and went over to Mr. Lee's. Had pleasure of company of regular Georgia lady. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Cheyenne, Wyo.,

Sept. 20, 1889.

Now I am in the above study of the Cheyenne Pastor. About \$2000 worth of books around the room. A very pretty parlor, just through the double door a grate with a cheery fire ablaze, fine pictures on the walls, etc.

Such are my surroundings. I am very glad to be able to write this evening again. I have some things to speak of which I would rather tell you of than write about but don't think me conceited.

At Presbytery I gave my report. I represented as well as possible the field I had labored in, gave the number of schools organized, etc., and numerous incidents connected with the work. When I got through I was much surprised to hear the comments of the ministers on my work. All said that I had done well. The meeting took official action on the matter "Commending Mr. Moore for his faithfulness and devotion to his work and recommending the Board to keep him in the field." It did me lots of good for at times I have been much discouraged. I can go back with a much better heart for the work now.

Mr. Field is the leading minister of this section. I am glad I have met him for it does one good to meet such men. He was pastor of a large church in Brooklyn N.Y. but came west on account of his health. He had never heard me sing before and I sang in a number of places in Ft. Collins and I heard him say that he was proud of Moore. Of course he did not know that I heard him.

Now I have another thing to add. Cheyenne is the center of Wyoming's aristocracy. It is a very pretty city now. It has street railways, electric light, etc. The Presbyterian Church is honored with the attendance of the Governor of Wyo. Many prominent lawyers are here. The Presbyterian church is a pretty building with a pipe organ, sloping floor, fine choir, etc., and as Mr. Field is most sick he has got me to start over and take his place in the morning. I also will sing in the evening. It is no small thing for one to take such a place. Perhaps that is why my penmanship is such tonight. Rather nervous. But God helping I shall try next Sabbath.

This is a very aristocratic place. Mr. Field's wife is east so I stop with him. Where he boards is a very elegant boarding place. Pretty carpet on the floor and very stylish throughout. Board costs \$30 per month and ought to be good.

I am not much used at present to such things but I can learn lots in a short time. I shall go north soon I suppose. I don't know exactly when I can get to Mich. now but, dear, all will be well. Now I won't blow my horn more if you will forgive me this time. I may not feel so well after Sabbath.

DIARY

Cheyenne, Wyo., Sept. 21, 1889.

In A.M. prepared my work for Sabbath. P.M. called at Mrs. Heath's. Took supper at same table as [ex-]Governor Hoyt.

DIARY

Gordon's, near Cheyenne, Wyo.,
Sept. 23, 1889.

Left Cheyenne at 8 o'clock. Cold ride. Went past the P.O. horse ranch. Largest horse ranch in Wyo. Passed Pole Creek formerly called Lodge pole. On way could see the Snowy Range far west. Black hills to west and north. Took dinner at Windmill ranch. Arrived at Mr. Gordon's all right. Pleasant place here. Lots of books. Read Life of Henry Cooke and Looking Backward.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Little Horse Creek, Wyo.,
Sept. 24, 1889.

... Would you like to hear how I got along on Sunday? The church was full. Many distinguished people of Wyoming were present. One

lady who has sung in one of the large N. Y. City churches gave us a solo. The pipe organ inspired me as music always does. I do not remember as I ever felt so much enthused by an audience. Mr. Van Devanter, chief justice of Wyoming, son in law of Mrs. Burhans of Ionia, was in the audience. Mr. Field's church is the largest in Wyo. and it pays its pastor \$2500 a year. That is the place I found myself in.

Willis Van Devanter (Apr. 17, 1859-Feb. 8, 1941) was city attorney, Cheyenne, 1887-1888; member of the Wyoming Territorial Legislature, 1888; Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Wyoming, 1889-1890; and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, 1910-1937.

I spoke of my work and the need of it in Wyoming. In the S. S. I had to take some part, also lead the Young People's Meeting in the evening, and took the church service after. I got along quite as well as I did in the morning. Mr. Field gave me \$10.00 for my services as well as my expenses. We board[ed] at the hotel Van Dome. It was a very stylish place. We had for our associates such men as the Sec. of the Territory [John W. Meldrum] and the ex-Governor and president of Wyoming University [John W. Hoyt]. Things were very stylish. It took us more than an hour to eat Sunday dinner. This seems rather simple to tell you such details so I will stop. But it is different from a log cabin with a dirt floor and mud roof. . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Little Horse Creek, Wyo.,
Sept. 24, 1889.

. . . Just before I went to church last Sabbath I received a letter from Philadelphia which said they were sorry to say that they did not wish to keep a man in the field. After church I showed it to Mr. Field. He took it and went to the telephone office and called up Mr. Barr of Laramie. Mr. Barr is the chairman of the S. S. committee. He telegraphed Worden of Philadelphia that the people of Boulder Presbytery most earnestly protested against the action and desired Moore continued in the work. No reply yet.

Field telegraphed to Kirkwood, the Synodical Missionary at Colorado Springs, to find out whether if I could not be continued in the S. S. work, could I not be taken in as Home Missionary in some of the fields now open, perhaps North Park, Colorado. Now what I write all this for is to know if I could be spared and go to Chicago if I fail to get the appointment from the Board as S. S. Missionary.

The Reverend T. C. Kirkwood was superintendent of Presbyterian home missions for the Synod of Colorado, which in 1889 included the Presbyteries of Boulder, Denver, Gunnison, and Pueblo. He was also stated secretary of that Synod. He died in Colorado Springs on April 26, 1909.

I do not feel capable of going on in the Missionary work as regular preacher although I may do so. If you could get along at home I could make the seven months at school all right. I have strong hopes that the Board will reconsider however and I be able to go on. Now don't worry for I can get along for myself all right. What worries me is you at home. But Field and Barr are working for me and I have confidence in their influence with the Board.

We had a very cold ride yesterday. I am way down on the plains now. Prairie wolves are numerous. The altitude is not over 4800 feet here, nearly two thousand lower than I have been used to. Nebraska is not far away. Let me hear what you think best. I have \$50.00 in horse, saddle, etc., \$22.00 in the bank, \$10.00 in my pocket, and the Board owes me \$83.75. I owe only about \$12.00 now so am well fixed. Direct to Rawlins as usual. I will be there in a week I suppose. . . .

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

South Bend, Ind., Sept. 29, 1889.

Your letter was received this morning. It did me good. All of your letters do, especially those which show an intensity of purpose to make the most of your opportunities and abilities. You had a distinguished audience surely at Cheyenne. Such occasions educate one rapidly. While those men were only human and needed the same gospel as others in the more humble walks of life, yet of course they would be more critical, and it would require more of an intellectual effort to interest and instruct them. The temptation is presented also to say such things as would please the ear, rather than to say such things as would move the heart and change the life. Moral courage is required at such a time to speak the truth in all plainness whether it accords with the popular view or not. I believe you will be courageous enough and conscientious enough to speak the truth with boldness whether men hear or whether they forbear. If there is anything which I desire you to be more than another it is that you be a man of true christian courage and faithfulness. Be a man whose very presence will be an inspiration to a higher and a nobler life. Be a man who will be a wall of defence to the weak, and an immovable

barrier to the onward progress of evil in its varied forms. Be a man whose example is safe for all to follow because you pattern after the Perfect One. Be a man whom the children love because they catch the sympathy of your heart in the tone of your voice, and the kindly expression of your face. This is not only your duty, but it should be your highest joy. I believe it is and this confidence in you is a source of joy to me and I trust of pardonable pride.

This last week I attended the State Fair at Indianapolis. It is estimated there were 50,000 people on the grounds on Thursday. I went in the interest of the Coupling, and was successful in doing the work. I took seven orders for the Coupling and distributed 1000 circulars, besides showing the working of the Coupling from the Model to hundreds. . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Little Horse Creek, Wyo.,
Sept. 30, 1889.

. . . Yesterday I succeeded in again bringing about a S. S. organization. This time at La Grange, a little town consisting of two houses, a store, and a cheese factory. Of course the ranch district around is large. We had about twenty two out at the meeting. . . .

I stop here with Mr. Gordon, a very pleasant man. He has over 2000 acres of land. He let me have a horse to use when I organized the S. S. He is an Irishman. Won't let me walk to the P.O. half a mile. Insists on my having my horse saddled and unsaddled for me. Me feel heap lazy to be treated so.

Received a letter from Field today. He says I will undoubtedly receive a recommission. Don't worry. Just read Foul Play by Chas. Reade. Big yarn. Good story. Learned lots.

Constitutional Convention over. Woman suffrage incorporated. . . . I go to Pine Bluffs tomorrow. Then to Cheyenne, then Laramie. Don't know where next.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Little Horse Creek, Wyo., Sept. 30, 1889.

. . . Last Thursday I went up on Bear Mt. It is near La Grange where Bear Creek enters Horse Creek. We rode up to the base and tied our horses. . . . We went to one side of the mountain which was used in days of old as a work shop by the Indians. There the squaws used to toil day after day making arrow points. We looked a long time and the

three of us found nine small points. That is the other two found none and I found nine. Some of them are very pretty, made of agate. . . .

MARY MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Ionia, Mich., Oct. 1, 1889.

Yours of the 24th received last night. I have done a good deal of thinking since then and have reached this conclusion. But first I want to say that as long as Alice and John are earning what they are we can get along all right without you doing any thing for us. John is very cheerful about it and says he does not care much about school this year any way. Now for my conclusion. It seems on the whole that school would be best for you. Of course if you get the appointment for next year, you can carry out your plan of getting a homestead, and I have thought I saw the way opening in that direction for your father to get a new start in life. That has been my most urgent thought in regard to you staying next year. But I look at it in this way. A man half equipped goes hampered through life, and I am anxious for your equipment. If you get the appointment I shall look upon it as God's way of leading and teaching you next year. If you don't I think Chicago is the place for you if you can get the means necessary to carry you through. I must have patience in regard to John's education, and also in regard to a home for us. John is young, and he is learning business which will be worth more to him than mere book learning.

Your father must try something else if he can't make more than his expenses at his present work. He hasn't quite done that since he went away in May. I wish on Howard's account he could stay at home this winter. . . . I just this minute got a letter from your father and he writes he is to work the Manikin in Ionia, Kent, and Clinton Co. and will be home this week or next. That is good news I am sure. Now if you were only coming soon we could have a good time visiting.

I foresee one trouble when your father comes home. He writes he will hear no one but a Prohibitionist preach. I do not think Mr. Lindsay is "Prohibitionist" and I fear the old contest unless I break up my church relationship again to go with him. There are John and Howard, Sunday school and all, what shall I decide to do? Pray that I may have grace to do the right in the right spirit.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Oct. 2, 1889.

Came from Cheyenne to Laramie. Saw Rev. Field and Rev. Thompson. Visited Cheyenne schools.

Laramie takes its name from Jacques La Ramie, a legendary French-Canadian fur trapper. It was founded in 1867 and became in the following year a railroad town on the Union Pacific. In the 1870's and 1880's it was a center of the livestock industry. The University of Wyoming was established there in 1887. The population of Laramie in 1890 was 6,388.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Oct. 3, 1889.

Spent the day looking over Laramie. Went out to the fish hatchery.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Oct. 7, 1889.

Went to the glass works and played croquet in P.M. Met the Young People in the evening. Visited the University. Spoke to the students. Took for the subject the saying, "The first part of a man's life spent in aiming at a mark. The last in seeing how far he came from it."

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Oct. 8, 1889.

Came from Laramie to Rawlins. Received word from Philadelphia. Got my commission. Shall probably go to Big Horn. Wrote letters.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

South Bend, Ind., Oct. 8, 1889.

I almost always sit down and answer your letters as soon as they are received. To wait a day or two seems somewhat like the habit some people have when they are spoken to of waiting until you begin to think they are offended before they deign to reply. I thank you for your thoughtfulness relative to my birthday. I was less thoughtful of myself as I made a mistake altogether as to when it occurred. Birthdays in my earlier life, under the instruction and prompting of my mother, were more to me than they have been of late. Then they were to me land marks of good resolutions, made in good faith, but too often broken. They were however helpful to me and I believe it wise to observe them in this way. A still better plan is for us to regard each returning day as a

fit occasion for good resolves, and each evening should testify to the faithfulness with which they have been kept.

I was glad to hear of your success at Cheyenne and in other ways. The Baptist State Association is in session here, and last evening I heard the opening Sermon by Rev. Mr. Chaffee. It was one of the best to which I ever listened. It was characterized by great earnestness, great faithfulness, and courage, and seemed to me to be in perfect accord with the very spirit of a vitalized christianity. There was no catering to politicians or parties, but a wholesome denunciation of the abomination of license, there was a fitting rebuke to the practice of toadying to wealth rather than worth, and was so pointed as to lead the audience to cheer him for his utterances. The Pastor from the Church here is a High License man and yet he did not shrink from declaring the truth. The men who have courage and who use it for the good of humanity and for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom are the men who are of value to the world. Men may occupy positions of honor and of trust in the church and out of it, and yet if they are cowardly, if they are time servers, and trucklers, and fishing for popularity rather than to serve God and humanity, they are blocks to the wheel of progress.

I am glad to feel that you will be aggressive, a leader in every reform, that you will never need to be dragged to the post of duty, but will be in the van of every good enterprise, and by your example as well as precept will lead men to a higher and nobler life.

The weather is lovely here and has been all the past summer and fall. Everything is abundant except money, and that must improve soon. We shall all be anxious to know what you are to do the coming year. I expect to reach home next week. Please examine Webster or your own level head when you spell. Remember that the word for *in this place* is *here* instead of *hear*. Also that Territorial is correct, instead of Terretorial. These are minor discrepancies, but they should be guarded against.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Ionis, Mich., Oct. 16, 1889.

I have returned to the bosom of my family. I have been busy getting the hang of things, getting your Ma straightened up, getting Howard properly headed, keeping Alice out of mischief, giving Eva some pointers, and doing my level best to keep myself calm and agreeable. Such a task as this would well nigh overcome an ordinary mortal, but I have been as serene as a June morning. The happy fact is I have accomplish-

ed it all with no friction except a smack, several dozens of them more or less with the lips, and a few bear-like hugs neither of which has seemed to be particularly distasteful to either party. I think if you were here you might come in for your share too. James [Butler] writes he is at the Seminary and preached last Sabbath at Paris 10 miles from Grand Rapids, Mich. and is to preach there two weeks from that time when he is coming to visit us. He may preach there through the year as supply and carry on his studies at the Seminary.

We are discussing the question of location for Charley and ourselves. Charley has an opportunity to buy a section of land or 640 acres in Lake Co., Mich. 20 miles East of Ludington for \$3000. This can be bought on a contract running 4-8 or 12 years. If paid in 4 years, only 4% interest to be paid. If it runs 8 years, 6%, if it runs 12 years, 8%. There are 80 acres which have been cleared and seeded, 80 acres are in cranberries from which have been gathered \$300 worth of cranberries in one year. It has a living stream with a dam across it for flowing the Cranberry Marsh, and has about 150,000 to 200,000 feet of pine still standing upon it. The rest of the timber has been lumbered off and a shingle Mill has been located upon it which has cut up nearly everything on it in that line. The only building upon it is a log barn. It lies 2 miles from a R. R. Station on the Flint and Pere Marquette Road. Charley's idea is to make a stock farm out of it, and either sell the milk at Ludington where it can be sent by rail daily, or make it into butter. If he undertakes it Mrs. Stevens desires to have him take "Dick" in with him and another man an English man named Robert who works at the Creamery.

I have told you the particulars that you may know better how to advise in regard to it. I should say also that Charley desires us, your Ma and me, to go on to the same place and board him and the others, and we all take hold and pay for it. The particulars relative to this we have not talked over. Now what we would like to know is whether it would be best for us to undertake this or all go west and grow up with the Country. I think perhaps my chances for going to Congress would be better there than here, and I should want to place myself in the hands of my friends from the start. Is there land that is desirable at or near Steamboat Springs that we could get? From what you have written I should think that might be your choice, and it seems to us quite desirable. How is the country about Colorado Springs? John would like to get into the Boot and Shoe business. Would there be any show for it at Steamboat Springs?

Please write us as fully and as definitely as you can and remember

that we are all anxious to get rich and comfortable, and not one would refuse to go to Congress if by hook or crook we can get there *honorably*. We are all well except that Alice has a cold and is very hoarse. All the rest are going to write. I have written business and nonsense. The rest will write the news and the sense.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Oct. 16, 1889.

Sick.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Oct. 21, 1889.

Better this A.M. got ready to go east. Packed up, etc. Went to depot at 3 o'clock. At five was ready to go to stock yards. Waited there till after six and then got in caboose. Left Rawlins at 8 o'clock. Ft. Steele at 10:30. 10 trains trying to pass each other there. Laramie at 6:45 A.M.

In the period October 21 to November 15, 1889, Frank Moore visited his family in Ionia and Coral Leigh in Cadillac, Michigan, then stopped in Chicago on his return trip to Wyoming for a short visit with his father.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 12, 1889.

. . . I found father here last night. I went over to the W.C.T.U. convention with him and saw such temperance workers as Neal Dow, Miss Willard, General Fisk, St. Demorest, Mrs. Foster, etc. It was quite a treat to see such an audience. About 15,000 people there I suppose. . . .

The work before me does not present such an appearance exactly as it first did. I find that looking into my own thoughts as I start now for that work, and comparing them with those I had a year ago or last spring, there is a great change. There is less of a questioning uncertain feeling and more of a thought that God has really a place for me in this particular line. No longer does it seem an experiment. I know what I can do and wherein I lack in a great measure. Thus little by little my course for the future is prepared, and success I trust in God's time will come. By a year from now I ought to be much more fitted for work than now. When I think of the preparation I had for work when I began and the great need there was for a peculiar kind of knowledge I am surprised that

I got along as well as I did. Now it seems different. I trust God will give me success in working for Him.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 15, 1889.

. . . I feel chuck full of work. I find plenty to do. A letter from a school just organized before I went east this morning gives me great encouragement and also about half a day's work to furnish it with added needed supplies. As it is so cold I may decide to stop a day or two in Rawlins before I start out and then I shall be very careful. I have too much at stake to run any great risks. . . .

I have read a little of Pilgrim's Progress Part II this evening. . . . I like it so far. I have also been reading up and thinking up plans for my S. S's. Especially do the teachers of little ones ask questions that I can not answer. I have been trying to get some ideas to send some of the teachers but it is like Hebrew almost. All that I can find seems to be written to teachers of nice S. S's. where they have nice bright rooms, well warmed, nicely furnished, and all the facilities imaginable at hand. How to teach there and how to teach in one corner of a miserable old log school house with no facilities apparently are somewhat different things. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Fort Steele, Wyo., Nov. 21, 1889.

As I go along I might just as well tell you of a little of the western way of doing things. I came here last night and go to Saratoga soon. The mails are in fine shape now for the east. I got one letter yesterday the 20th which was mailed in Chicago the 18th from Father. I get your letters sooner than I used to get them.

But the extra facilities in that line make it harder to get around here for the Fast Mail will not carry local passengers. So the only train I could come down from Rawlins to this place on was the 12:30 passenger. So last evening after I had my things all packed up I read the Daughter of an Egyptian King until 12 o'clock. I then went down to the depot hotel and had to wait just one hour, for the train was late. Then I rode 15 miles and got here only to find that the passenger was side-tracked quite a way above the depot and would wait there a long time to meet another train.

Well I wanted to get to bed so I got out of the car with my saddle done up in a sack and my saddle bags in which I had most everything and

in the middle of the night stumbled over snow and ice, tracks and stones, until I found the depot. There I had to wait a long time until I found where the hotel was. I had to go there after I found where it was alone, for no one was here to meet the train. Ft. Steele is a deserted fort. There is no village here now only a hotel and a saloon. But all of the old empty buildings are here so I had to pass down the street which indeed reminded me of the Deserted Village. Dreary and desolate that walk seemed. I do not usually feel nervous but something about the streets told me that I would rather be safely in bed. But like most presentiments or dreams or fears which we mortals have nothing came of it and I found this miserable, bed buggy hotel. So here I am ready to go south. All well but sleepy.

Fort Fred Steele, named for Major General Frederick Steele of Civil War fame, was constructed in 1868 for a four-company garrison to guard the Union Pacific bridge over the North Platte from Indian raids. Until it was abandoned as a military post on August 7, 1886, it was an important trading center and a shipping point for furs. It was a delivery point for railroad ties which were cut in the Medicine Bow Mountains and floated down Brush Creek and the North Platte. It also served as a supply station for impoverished west-bound emigrants and as an out-fitting center for wealthy English aristocrats who went west to hunt. For further information on Fort Steele see Fenimore Chatterton, Yesterday's Wyoming (Aurora, Colorado, 1957) 20-1, 26-7, 32.

Saratoga, Wyo., Friday A.M. The former letter was interrupted by the arrival of the stage. Yesterday I rode 30 miles on the stage, got a horse and rode six miles farther to the place I have had Hercules. He has had a good rest and looks quite well. I brought him back here this morning and this afternoon I expect to go 12 miles south.

. . . I feel quite well still and hope to continue so. I find people here are of all classes. Some are infidels, some Christian Scientists, etc., and lots more don't know what they do believe. I go up on Cow Creek today and hope to be able to organize a school there somewhere. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Beaver Creek, Wyo., Nov. 25, 1889.

I am now on Beaver Creek. Mr. Collins at whose house I am is a pleasant man and here I shall spend Thanksgiving forenoon and dinner. Last night I found a guitar here and made myself nearly homesick singing some of those good old songs. Music seems to bring us to our friends

in thoughts more closely than any other thing. I sang The Old Man Dreams, and it seemed to touch Mrs. Collins as few songs can. When I saw her wiping her eyes I wondered what thoughts the song had brought to her mind. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Beaver Creek, Wyo., Dec. 1, 1889.

Sabbath morning, four weeks ago, instead of being way off in Wyoming I was with you. I can picture to myself your going to the same church this morning. You will go at call of the bell. I shall go not at the bell call, nor to a house dedicated to our Master's cause, but to a little log school building. In one end a door, on each side a window, all around cracks to let in the air outside be it warm or cold. For seats, benches, for desks, nothing. In the farther end a fire place built after the most approved ancient style. A roof made of poles and dirt thrown on. Yesterday I swept this building, tacked paper over the broken windows. Cut and carried in wood, put paper in the larger cracks and tried to make it so we could use it. We hope to be able to organize a good school here today. Since I wrote you I have called down the creek. I have sawed wood [and] helped build two log barns. . . .

Now I have been stopping with a family up at the head of Beaver Creek near the foot hills. I have not spoken a word to either my host or hostess since I came here. Both of them are deaf mutes. One would wonder how they could entertain people. But they do it nicely and seem glad to. They like it very much that I would come and stop with them. I have learned their signs for a number of things. Bread, butter, milk, meat, coffee, honey, potatoes, etc. I can talk with them by the alphabet some too. I could soon learn to talk fast, I think. But mostly we write. They are very intelligent. But what a terrible misfortune! . . .

Monday, P.M. I have been sawing wood and have got good and tired for it. But I like such exercise and the people seem to like a person who is not afraid of work. It has been storming some today. The storm has hung over the mountain west of us all day.

Yesterday we organized a school here all right. We had 35 present, a good number for this place. Nearly half the people on the creek. There was an old lady who walked a mile and a half. She was real glad to go to church again she said. One little girl whose father is a drunkard and does not believe in S. S's. ran away and came. It was warm so our building was comfortable. This week I expect to go over Brush Creek and there we hope to start a school.

I am real well and I like this work more than I did before, I believe. If I only could be home more I would like to continue at it for a life work.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Brush Creek, Wyo., Dec. 4, 1889.

. . . I wonder what you would think if I should tell you of last night's social? . . . I went to call on the man who is Supt. of our S. S. here. He has just lately moved in and has not much room in his house. His brother-in-law lives in one end of his house. Each family has a room. There are six in one family and three in the other. Consequently room is at a premium. As it was not convenient to go much farther last night they asked me to stop. They said if I could stand it they could. So I stopped. In the evening [seven] people in the neighborhood called. . . .

Dec. 5th. P.M. While I was writing last night a pet deer came bounding along and walked right into the house. Of course that made me stop writing and I did not get an opportunity to take it up again last night. The deer is very tame and just as graceful as you can imagine. It is about six months old now. They caught it early last spring. It runs with the cattle now. . . .

The man who caught it has only one limb and walks with a crutch. He gets around almost as well as any one. Monday he went out hunting. In the evening he came in with two deer, three rabbits, and a sage hen, all on one horse beside himself. . . .

MRS. J. B. ANSON TO FRANK MOORE

Fort Bridger, Wyo., Dec. 7, 1889.

Friend Moore I received your very welcome letter and was so pleased to hear from you and to know that you were still doing your work for Christianity. Our S. School is not progressing very fast. Will you please state what supply you refer to as we never received any Bibles nor Hymn Books until we send to the Board of Publication for them. They sent us 1 doz Bibles and dozen 1/2 hymn Books, and I would be very much pleased to hear from you and to know if you sent any to me Bibles and hymn Books as I understood that you would. . . . P.S. Our School progressed very nicely all Summer and Fall but the winter is so severe and we live so far apart that it very difficult for us to meet Every Sunday.

Woodstock, Ill., Dec. 8, 1889.

. . . Frank what do you think of Rev. John Barrow's recent sermon on the Westminster Confession of Faith? He said, "It must be revised. That if it was said we are responsible for Adam's transgression we could all prove an Alibi. If it is claimed that Adam was our representative we can show that we didn't vote for him, and damnation without representation is unamerican and unjust." This is very strong language, and coming from one so prominent in that body it will certainly set people to thinking. If we remember that a revision of that time honored Confession is not a change in the Bible but of the work of man, and that all it proves is that we are wiser today than yesterday we shall have no occasion to be disturbed by it.

I have no doubt myself that changes will occur as the ages go by in the interpretation men will place upon some parts of the Bible but that will not affect its essential truth. It bears the impress of Divinity. It is just adapted to the wants of man. The fact that it has such flexibility stamps it as of divine origin. Judging it by its works we find it worthy of our attention and regard. Always doing good, and never evil, it challenges our admiration and our love. Like the Psalmist we can say "Oh how love I thy law, it is my meditation all the night." "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." I do not think you can prepare yourself more effectually for your work than by treasuring its simplicity and directness and especially by becoming really and truly imbued with its spirit. . . .

DIARY

Beaver Creek, Wyo., Dec. 9, 1889.

Went up in the timber with Mr. King. It snowed very hard. At first I got very cold about my feet as the snow was very deep and got up over my knees. Shot a jack rabbit's head off. Polished buffalo horns in the evening.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Swan, Wyo., Dec. 11, 1889.

. . . I wrote you last from Brush Creek I think. At that place we did not organize a school. So last Sat. I rode a few miles and stayed again at the foot of Bennett's Peak. Sat. was a very bad day. It rained in the morning very hard. That turned to a very damp snow. Later one hard storm after another swept the valley making it a very bad day to be out.

I did not attempt to travel, but Sunday morning I got a good early start for Beaver Creek to visit that school if I could do nothing else.

First I had the Platte River to cross. I tried to find a place to ford. Failing in that I selected a deep place where the ice was thick. Hercules like a good little fellow followed me, thinking I suppose that where I could go was safe for him. Nothing more than some loud cracks occurred and we were over.

Back a short distance from the river was a bank. Near this a fence. In going through a pair of bars I scared up what I have not before seen, a mountain lion. It was only about half grown but a graceful fellow. I jumped on Hercules and started up the ravine after him as fast as the pony could run, up hill, over sage brush and badger holes, entirely forgetting that it was Sunday. I caught sight of it once more but it soon hid itself in the rocks.

I rode on over the mountain. A cold wind blew from the west which I faced. The Snowy Range glistened in the light of the sun. The horse's hoofs kept a dull thud thud to the time of my rising spirit, for no one can take such a ride on a clear, beautiful, cold morning here without such a sense of exhilaration as banishes all care. Quicker and quicker grew the pace of the faithful pony. Now he would bound over bushes, now jump side wise away from some dangerous hole. At times the road bed was solid granite worn smooth from rain, and at other places the horse's hoofs would cling close to the side of some steep place. Ten miles of such riding brought me to the school house. As I rode along near it and saw where here on one hill a team loaded with people drove toward the school house and yonder a party of young people were crossing the field afoot it did seem that S. S. work in Wyo. was not entirely a failure. . . .

I found a good number of people were present, 24. Some were out of the neighborhood and others sick. But this school organized since I came back I have great hopes will be a blessing to Platte Valley. . . .

DIARY

Swan, Wyo., Dec. 15, 1889.

. . . Organized S. S. at Swan. Miss Carrie Wolfe Supt. Carried organ over from Mr. Ordway's. Rainy. 15 present. 4 miles.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Saratoga, Wyo., Dec. 16, 1889.

. . . I see the fruit of my labor now and then. Here I met the editors

of the Saratoga paper. As I have done work in the Platte valley as well as in other parts they are glad to make my acquaintance. They wish items from this part of Wyo. to put in their paper.

As I become known in different parts of the Territory I find it less difficult to proceed with work. I shall ride to Fort Steele tomorrow, leave Hercules, go to Rawlins, attend to some things there, perhaps help them in singing practice for Christmas, come back here Sat., help the S. S. here, then return to Rawlins and rest.

Last Friday I heard from a S. S. that I organized at Burnt Fork last 4th of July. It is still prospering. Today I heard from La Grange again. That school is running all right. Not many weeks ago I heard from one at North Fork near Lander which is also doing nicely.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Dec. 17, 1889.

Returned from Saratoga to Rawlins. Rode 30 miles in 5 hours. Caught a freight. 15 miles.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Woodstock, Ill., Dec. 20, 1889.

I am just in receipt of your letter of the 18th enclosing draft for \$25.00 for which please accept my hearty thanks. I am sure you will say you have had evidence of my love for you before you ever showed your appreciation in a pecuniary way. Of course my regard for you is not and can not be estimated in dollars and cents. Yet I am glad to see that you have responded to my call for aid so cheerfully and so promptly. It is worth more to me than ten times the amount would be if it came grudgingly.

. . . Frank I hope you will daily strive to teach and preach the unvarnished uncompromising truth. I believe you will, and yet we all need to guard against the weakening influences of a worldly time serving age. Harrison's appointment of Judge Brewer of Kansas to the Supreme Court of the U. S. is another triumph for the liquor power. And so the conflict deepens. Let us do our part all these ways.

TO MARY MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., Dec. 20, 1889.

I received your letter of Dec. 16 last night. It made good time coming through. I am in Rawlins now and don't know but that I will stay in for some time. I had expected to go to Saratoga tomorrow but if it con-

tinues to storm I shall not as it is very cold now. The Presbyterians wish to have me help them here on some Christmas music, so I shall have something to do even if I do not go from Rawlins. Rooms are very hard to find here in Rawlins. Mr. Dunlap said that if I was to help in the church they should not have me pay my board and room rent, so I room at Mr. Dunlap's.

I left my pony at Fort Steele and expect to ride him back to Saratoga if it is not too cold tomorrow A.M. I shall secure a lot at Saratoga, also, if I go. I heard from Steamboat Springs and they are too high, \$250 for a lot now. At Saratoga only \$50 and prospect for a R. R. sooner than at Steamboat. I am sure it would be a paying investment. I am becoming more enthusiastic than ever about the future of Wyoming. I wish Charley was so he could come here and secure property. . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., Dec. 21, 1889.

. . . It means lots of study to be a minister worthy the name. I feel so inefficient even for my present work. Yet I believe God is blessing not only me but the work. . . . I expect to go to Laramie Tuesday evening. I have given up any more country trips for some time. It is too cold to try it more with safety. On Friday the Snake River stage was held up and about \$400 taken. One man lost about \$50. I have been very fortunate about all my travels. But no one can be too careful. Both the Snake River line and the Lander line I have traveled on and both have been bothered in that respect. . . .

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Dec. 23, 1889.

Drilled children and prepared for Christmas. Went to Fort Steele looking for lost grip.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Dec. 24, 1889.

Christmas tree.

DIARY

Rawlins, Wyo., Dec. 25, 1889.

Dinner at Mrs. Bennett's.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Dec. 28, 1889.

Arrived at Laramie. Secured a room at Mrs. Blake's. Got my trunks up.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Woodstock, Ill., Dec. 29, 1889.

. . . The weather is still warm and the roads very muddy, although it is some colder today. This was temperance day in the churches here, and I spoke in the Presbyterian and Baptist churches to the Sunday School Scholars and used my plates to illustrate the effects of Alcohol on the liver and stomach.

All seemed very much interested. I will enclose in this the article I wrote for the Lever of Chicago on Dwight L. Moody and Prohibition. Please tell me what you think of the logic employed. A number here including the Pres. and Cong. Ministers say it is unanswerable. Of course it would be natural for me to think so.

. . . I hope you will be greatly prospered in your work. The secret of success in such a work is entire consecration, unwavering perseverance, tireless energy, using always vim and vigor, and so securing victory.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Dec. 31, 1889.

Last of '89. Read in Greek history . . . [and in] Stellar Worlds by Mitchell. Wrote letters. Unpacked my books. Old year is passing. Almost gone. I would like to live it again. It came in with me in Wyo. It goes out with me still here. Have seen a good many sides of life during the last year.

TO ALICE MOORE

Laramie, Wyo., Jan. 1, 1890.

. . . I am short [of cash] and no mistake as I have since my return sent Father \$50. Of course you won't mention this but it looks dubious. What is a person to do? I can't refuse Father but to me it now looks utterly fruitless to send money for him to get started in a business in which I don't believe there is a cent. It would be much better if Father would go home for expenses are not so large there. . . .

I don't think I am real selfish. I know I am some, but a man of my age and in my work needs a home. I am getting to be a crusty old

bachelor. I go out on a long disagreeable trip and come back to what? A room. But what is a room? Not a *home*. . . .

Here I am complaining and have not sent one quarter as much money home as you have. But I do not mean to complain of the fact that I sent the money but that it does not seem to do any good. Well I try to remember that "All things work together for good."

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Jan. 1, 1890.

Made New Year's calls with Mr. Barr. In the evening I went home and wrote letters. After which I read in Hopkins' Evidences.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Jan. 3, 1890.

Up early. Breakfast at restaurant. Got mail, read. Decided not to go to Saratoga. Wrote letters in P.M. Sent for songbooks, S. S. notes, etc. Preparing for meetings. . . .

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Jan. 5, 1890.

United with church in A.M. S. S. after. Young people's meeting in evening. Church service after that.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Jan. 7, 1890.

. . . Wrote letters. 6 calls. "An agnostic is a man who says he knows nothing and then gets mad if you believe him."

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Jan. 10, 1890.

Sick. La Grippe.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Jan. 14, 1890.

Changed doctors.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Highland Park, Ill., Jan. 15, 1890.

. . . The greatest drawback to [this] town is the aristocracy and its attendant evils, dancing, card playing, clubs to which only those of "our

set" are invited, and a general air of assumed superiority over the common people. Just before dinner I had a set to with one of the upper ten, Mrs. Goodrich, a member of the Presbyterian Church here who was talking very glibly about a Club dance which she attended last night. It gave me a good opportunity to comb her down on the aristocratic side of her head, and call her attention to some facts which she evidently was not familiar with. I love to be popular but this is the very worst world I ever was in to be so. However, as "it is better to be right than to be president" and poor if it must be at the expense of manhood, I ought to be content. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Laramie, Wyo., Jan. 23, 1890.

I received your letter of Sunday today and it did me so much good. I am much better. Two weeks today since I was taken sick. Two weeks tomorrow since I went to bed and have not been up. Doctor says I can sit up in a day or two. Until today I haven't eaten anything but milk. How I hate it. I ate an egg and toast today and will soon be quite strong. Oh I never knew how weak a strong man can get. My arms and hands are nothing but skin and bones and I can almost hear the bones rattle. But I am better. I am not out of my head any more and don't call for mother as I did. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Laramie, Wyo., Jan. 29, 1890.

. . . I am up and have been for three days though so weak that I can hardly hold myself up. I was pretty sick and no mistake. The Dr. did not tell me what the fever was until I got out. Then he told me it was typhoid in its nature and I came pretty nearly having a good six weeks' run. . . . When I came to Laramie I weighed with my large coat, usual clothes, etc., 174 lbs. . . . Today I weighed with just the same clothes and coat 148. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Laramie, Wyo., Feb. 2, 1890.

. . . One thing I hate to speak of . . . is the condition of my finance. You may remember how much I told you I had hoped to lay aside toward the Chicago [Seminary] fund. This sickness has eaten up everything so I am no nearer than when I saw you. . . .

If I do not gain strength faster soon I shall go home for a couple of

months yet. It would be cheaper than staying here. It costs not less than \$35 a month for me to live here. I could go home for \$25. Two months off would make it cheaper to go home. . . .

Sometimes I fear that I "ran before I was sent" in this work. Results are so discouraging. Now I think there are only three schools that I have organized out of fifteen that are alive. Think of the hundreds of miles of travel it will take to reorganize them and reorganizing is much harder than the first attempt. There is no concealing the fact that I do get awfully discouraged. . . . I guess every letter I have written you so far since I got up has been thoroughly saturated with the blues so I will close before any more leaks out. . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Laramie, Wyo., Feb. 4, 1890.

I start for home Wed. A.M. the 5th. Don't know when I will get there as I have to stop in Omaha to see about my ticket. I hope however to get home Sat. Don't worry about my trip. I shall take a sleeper when necessary and eat what I need. I hate to give up again but my health is about all I have and I am not going into bankruptcy on that score, if possible. . . .

PLATEAU

No letters have been found dealing with the period from February 4 to mid-April, 1890, and diary entries are infrequent and meager in content. In this period Frank Moore returned to Ionia, Michigan, visited his family and friends, collected material for sermons, and regained his health. On April 15 he was back in Laramie, Wyoming, attending a meeting of the Presbytery.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Apr. 15, 1890.

Unpacked trunk. Wrote letters. Made out report on S. S. work. Sent for supplies. Went to train and met delegates to Presbytery. Took supper with delegates. Went to church and heard Mr. Huntington preach. Communion after. Very nice service. Visited Mr. Field after. He was in Theodore Cuyler's church for three years as assistant pastor.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Apr. 17, 1890.

Presbytery met at 9:30. Gave my report and it was again received and approved and recommendation to place same on file adopted. Mr. Persons made motion that Presbytery recommend my reappointment but as I was commissioned for summer it was not passed. It shows the feeling toward me though. . . . Rev. Field preached in the evening on woman suffrage.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Apr. 18, 1890.

Got up early and went down to train with delegates. After went back and Mr. Troub and I spent the A.M. at Mr. Barr's. We outlined our work for the first month. Went over and played croquet at Dr. Hayford's. . . . I assorted my books and found that I have a large addition to my library. . . .

George Bailey Troub joined Frank Moore in the Sunday School missionary enterprise during the summer recess from seminary in 1890. He was born at Honey Brook, Pennsylvania, on February 20, 1863. He attended Lafayette College in 1889; McCormick Theological Seminary, 1889-90; Princeton Theological Seminary, 1890-92; and was ordained in the Presbytery of Chester in 1892. He was pastor at Petersburg, Bethel, and Shaver's Creek, Pennsylvania, 1893-94. Subsequently, he occupied the position of stated supply in several towns and cities of Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, and Indiana until his death in Indianapolis on August 29, 1907.

TO MARY MOORE

Rawlins, Wyo., Apr. 21, 1890.

I left Laramie at 10 o'clock and got here at two. . . . I found many friends here as usual. Mr. Chamberlain I found on the cars and had a pleasant ride. . . . I saw four antelope this afternoon from the train. The winter has been terrible here. On [Little] Snake River the loss of cattle was fully 50% and some 75%. One man had 135 horses and lost all but three. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Saratoga, Wyo., Apr. 23, 1890.

I have just seen Hercules. He knows me and is in good condition. He has not had his coat brushed since I left him and I got enough hair off to make a hair mattress. . . . 3 P.M. Apr. 24. . . . Hercules is one of the best horses you ever saw. Just as good-natured and kind and smart as a horse should be. He was not wild to ride but came along just like a gentleman. . . . We will have a sing here tomorrow and I will teach these young people some new songs. . . . Apr. 25, 5:30 P.M. Wild, rough, cold, tough. Such is the Platte valley at present. Drunkenness profanity no end. . . .

DIARY

Near Saratoga, Wyo., Apr. 26, 1890.

Rode over to Mr. John Allen's ranch. Called at Mr. Bullock's on way. Studied in P.M. Went up and helped brand calves at George Allen's. Went up on mt. and rehearsed, etc. Beautiful day. Read Christian Science and Putnam's views of it. Very pleasant time. Listened to Mr. Allen tell stories in P.M.

DIARY

Saratoga, Wyo., Apr. 27, 1890.

Pleasant morning. Went to school house early and cleaned it out. Built fire. 22 present. Spoke from Daniel 3rd chapter. Organized school. Mrs. Crosheron Supt., Mrs. R. A. Smiley, Secretary. Collected \$3. Sold two Testaments, 1 Bible. Dinner at John Allen's. Rode 12 miles to Saratoga. Visited S. S. and assisted in singing. Addressed school. Church in the eve. in Episcopal church, 32 present. Pretty tired. 14 miles.

Fenimore Chatterton, post trader at Fort Fred Steele, surveyed and laid out the eastern portion of the town site of Saratoga in 1886 and named the town after Saratoga Springs, New York. Soon the town with its some 400 hot springs became a health resort and supply center. The stationery of the Saratoga Hot Springs Hotel, William H. Cadwell, proprietor, carried the following advertising in 1889: "These waters contain Iron, Potassium, Lime, Soda, Magnesia, Chloride of Sodium and Sulphur, and are a positive cure for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood. A certain specific for Rheumatism."

DIARY

Saratoga, Wyo., Apr. 29, 1890.

Wrote letters a short time in the A.M. Went out and kept tally when they were branding cattle. Throw cattle and one horse holds head, the other the hind feet. Burn with hot branding irons. Came to Saratoga Springs. . . . Went over to Mr. Hess' in the even. and sang. 20 out to the sing and had a good time. 6 miles. 2 calls.

DIARY

Near Saratoga, Wyo., May 3, 1890.

Up early. Went out on hills east after antelope. Rode to P.O. to mail letters. Went down ridge near antelope hollow. Saw large eagle. Shot at antelope. Called all along up creek telling time for S. S. P.M. Went to Bear Creek. Coming back shot at antelope. He quickly ran off. Rode hard back to get away from storm. 20 miles. 12 calls.

DIARY

Near Saratoga, Wyo., May 6, 1890.

Hunted all day. Went up Beaver about two miles. Tied horses and climbed mt. on foot. Snow deep. Climbing hard. View on top grand.

Found no deer. Rode to divide south. North Park boundary in view. Beautiful white. Saw antelope could not get near them. Shot at coyote. 20 miles.

DIARY

Beaver Creek, Wyo., May 8, 1890.

Drove pony for a time and then got on him and rode over here to Mr. Barcas'. He is an old timer. Came west in '63. His children have never heard a sermon. Saw monstrous robe he killed. Bear weighed nearly eight hundred lbs.

DIARY

Beaver Creek, Wyo., May 9, 1890.

Came from Mr. Barcas' to P.O. Received letters from home. Bought road cart. Pony drove nicely. Made out my report. 7 miles.

DIARY

Beaver Creek, Wyo., May 11, 1890.

S. S. at Beaver Creek reorganized. 27 present. Spoke from 3 Philip-pians, 8:10. Sang afterward. Mr. Collins' to dinner. Drove to Mr. Platt's. Sang in the evening. 7 miles. 2 calls.

TO CORAL LEIGH

North Park, Colo., May 12, 1890.

Yesterday was so busy that I did not get time to give you a Sunday letter. We held a service at Collins, reorganized the Sabbath School, had a good time.

I am now on my way to Laramie. I left Mr. King's where I stayed last night at 7:30. I am driving [a two-wheeled cart] now. Hercules goes finely. This has been a day's drive which required all of his Herculean strength. I have driven about 35 miles. After leaving Beaver Creek I drove over the divide to Bear Creek. It was cold. Up in the range I could see it snowing. A raw wind came from the west. From Bear Creek to Big Creek is five miles. Big Creek cattle ranch is one of the largest ranches in Wyo. The winter has been cold here. Dead cattle lie all around. At Big Creek I had to get up out of the seat of the cart, hold my saddle bags and valise, and drive in. Water is very high all around. While I am writing there are five or six old timers here telling of all of the murder tales they can recall. It is very refreshing diet. This has been a tough country. Wh!

From Big Creek the road ran up over a high mt. It was a long hard pull. Rough, rocky, steep. Aspen trees, pine, and brush all around. The wind moaned through the trees. Far above the crags the eagle soared. Way up he seemed breasting the strong west wind. Once on top snow banks were found. Poor little Hercules had to climb steep hills to get around them some of which were fifteen or twenty feet deep. Now we start down west. Half snowy peaks stood in stern boldness. What cold blasts have hit upon these rocks. Down the winding cañon we ran, hurrying along the edge of the steep, dodging badger holes, driving around snow drifts, splashing through water melted from the snow, down, down to the river once more. Now a ford again. Here a little cabin, abandoned. Way up the valley a ranch. High mountains on both sides, a cabin with two rooms, a corral, a barn. Too high to raise anything but grass. Here a man and his wife live with no neighbors but the bear, elk, and deer. The post office 12 miles away. Here I had a very pleasant call, a good dinner. The wife, a little, slender, fair, pretty woman. The husband, stout, ruddy, profane, a fluent talker, an ex-cowboy. Here they live, exist.

Dinner over Hercules and I again started. We had got off the road about 2 miles. So we back tracked. Up, up once more. Streams grow swifter. As we cross from side to side of the cañon the fierce rush of the water is truly frightful. Moaning wind, bare trees, red rocks, deep drifts of snow, now and then a flurry of snow, cold wind. What could be more dismal?

Up, up still. More snow, at last a park. Cabins here and there. Snow still in the corral. Ice water in abundance. What can people do who live in such place? At last we come to the line between Colorado and Wyo. Now we are in Big Creek Park, Wyo., now in North Park, Colo. More high streams to ford. A cabin and barns to one side of the road. To these we drive. This is the ranch which belongs to Mr. Hill. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

North of Rock Creek, Wyo.,
May 23, 1890.

If you have received the map yet you can look on the portion just north of Laramie and find my road. Draw a line almost directly north of Laramie to a point on the Laramie River due east of Rock Creek and you will then have the point where Mr. Troub and I so unexpectedly met. Six miles east of Cooper station which is on the R. R. is a very large ranch where I stayed night before last. There is a ranch which is 8 miles

wide and 20 miles long comprising more than 100,000 acres. It is owned by an English syndicate. Mr. McGill, where Mr. Troub and I were last night, is a representative in the Wyoming legislature. He has no neighbors nearer than twelve miles.

John McGill (July 17, 1846-March 15, 1918) was born in Scotland, migrated to Canada at the age of twenty, and arrived in Wyoming in 1868. In 1875 he established the Kite Ranch in Albany County. From then until 1915, when he sold out, he was one of the leading ranchers in southern Wyoming. He was a Republican in politics and a member of the first State Senate elected in 1890. In his last years he lived in Laramie where he served as a director of the Albany County National Bank.

From Mr. McGill's ranch we can see Elk Mt. directly west. Centennial Peak south west. The mountains in Colorado south. The Black Hills between Laramie and Cheyenne, Seminoe Mts. north west, and Laramie Peak north east. It is a fine view.

From this point I came north west to the stage road which you see running north from Rock Creek. I have faced few such strong cold winds as this has been this morning. This stage station would make you feel home sick I fear. . . . There is just a door between the two houses. Hercules eats on one side of a board partition. I will soon eat on the other. Dinner now ready in the dining car.

Mountain Home, Wyo., May 23, 1890. To resume and continue. Dinner over I hitched up and was so fortunate as to get away from the wind. I entered a portion of the country between two ranges of mountains so the wind was broken. Once a passing cloud dashed hail and rain at Hercules and I saw antelope run away at sight of us, unoffending as they might know us to be. The road rose steadily. Up and down, winding around. At the right Laramie Peak looms up. His sides still are white with snow. A ranch to the right, the first for ten miles. Here I stopped for a short time, then on again. Hercules gets tired, still up. Mountain Home at last. Forty miles today.

Beaver on La Bonte, Wyo., May 26, 1890. Monday A.M. finds this letter still unfinished. Saturday I left Mountain Home and after a short drive over comparatively smooth roads we took a turn to the left and plunged into a winding cañon. From this point the descent was very rapid. Vegetation changed quickly. Up at the top of the cañon snow drifts were right by the side of the road. Soon these were far behind and the trees grew greener, flowers thicker, and grass taller. Rocks

loomed upon the sides. Now we seemed to just cling to the side of the mountain. Rocks above, the stream dashing below. Just the width of the road between. Now on the left is a perpendicular wall. We seem to be going directly into the side of the mountain. But as we advance the way grows clearer and an opening appears. The stream which at the top had been small is now an angry, surging rush of water. This is the head waters of the La Bonte. On through such scenes of disorder and confusion we, Hercules and I, still go.

La Bonte Creek which flows into the North Platte River takes its name from La Bonté, son of a French father and Kentucky mother, who hunted and trapped on the North Platte and its tributaries in the 1820's and 30's.

Twelve miles from Mountain Home is a ranch which pretends to be a road ranch. A man keeps it whose wife left him about a year ago. Dirt, grease, Wh! Fearful, but it costs as much as a fine meal in the McKinnon.

After dinner I sat down to talk with the cowboys and ranchmen who had stopped. I found very pleasant fellows. Here I met men who knew Mr. Thayer's people. I am here forty miles from their place. Once more we travel. A tire is loose on my cart, a bolt has broken, a strap on the bridle gives away, and Hercules can see the buggy following him. He starts, he leaps, tries to kick, tries to run even after his long drive. Fortunately we were going up hill and he could not run far. He is all right but a little fearful at times.

Again looking on the map you can see the La Prele. Here I staid over Sunday. We are just in sight of Moss Agate Hill. It is a round hill covered with very curious stones. I found a blacksmith shop here and am getting my cart repaired. From here I go to Boxelder Creek across the hills to Mr. Thayer's ranch. I do not know whether they are at home or not. Yesterday I attended a Baptist S. S. here and had a very pleasant time at the school. It is beautiful weather here.

Thayer's Ranch, May 27, 1890. Will you get tired of my long letter? However it does not take you nearly so long to read this as it did me to make the trips I describe. How I wish you could be with me some of the time.

From the La Prele I crossed the divide between that stream and Boxelder. It was a tough bit of road. We had to go up just as steep a place as Hercules could pull. But we made it. After crossing that divide we came down on to this stream. I forded it and forgot to pick my valise

up and you see some of the effects of our bath on the corner of this sheet of paper. Just before we got to Mr. Thayer's place here we drove down a long road on the side of the mt. in a cañon. The descent is about a thousand feet.

Isaac H. Thayer was married in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1855 and at later dates lived in Beloit, Wisconsin, and in Ionia, Michigan. In 1886 or 1887 he moved with his family to Wyoming. Isaac and his son, Walter H., filed on two homesteads located respectively twenty and eight miles south of Glenrock. They stocked these ranches with black cattle shipped from Michigan. Isaac's diary, kept from April through September 1888, recounts the hiring of neighbors to help build houses, barns, fences, and corrals.

Isaac Thayer died in 1891 or '92. Walter Thayer married an English girl, Rosa Wilkins, in 1893 and by her had three daughters, Minnie, Mabel, and Alice. Walter's sister, Jennie, whose name appears several times in this narrative, died in the late 1940's in Chicago.

I found Walter and Mr. Thayer here and they seemed glad to see me. Mrs. Thayer and Jennie have not yet reached here. I was never very much acquainted with these people in Mich. but it seems good to see Michigan people. Today we went up to the upper ranch in Boxelder Park. I helped drive the cattle that they were taking up. We killed a rattlesnake. Up there at the ranch it is much colder than down here. Vegetation is much behind this down here. We had mountain grouse for dinner. We ate off from tin plates, drank from tin cups, and used iron knives and forks. Up on the divide we could see the Big Horn Mountains. This is an awful dirty place for Mrs. Thayer and Jennie to come to. You have no idea how dirty things do become when men do the work. Some men I mean.

A terrible thing happened here not long ago. A man, a saloon keeper and proprietor of a dance hall at Casper, got jealous of a girl and got her to take a ride with him. As soon as he got away from every one he pulled a six-shooter and told her that she had to go with him. He took her off in the mountains during a storm and kept her there with nothing to eat except raw jack rabbit and sage chicken for four or five days. They had no shelter except the saddle blankets. At last he got her to a cabin and told her he was going to cut her nose off and dig an eye out. He did cut her nose off and then told her that he guessed no man would want her and would not dig out the eye. Then he left with a stolen horse, two six-shooters, and a Winchester. Of course the woman was not what

she should have been but if this man is caught he will in all probability be hung.

The complete story of this atrocity, perpetrated by "Dogae" Lee upon his "best girl", Lou Polk, who was his partner in operating the dance house in Casper, is related by A. J. Mokler in his History of Natrona County Wyoming, 275-79 and 426-29. According to Mokler, Dogae Lee escaped from the Territory and was never apprehended. Lou Polk returned to Casper and operated the dance house as sole proprietor. "Her word was law in the establishment" which featured booze, gambling, and women. "Men who went to the place for a night's entertainment were often robbed and then laughed at and kicked out; they were jeered at if they did not spend money lavishly, and even murder was committed, until finally the decent people of the town threatened to burn the place down if the authorities could not or did not quell the nightly disturbances." Lou Polk eventually moved west, living for a time in Fallon, Nevada. She returned to Casper in 1907 and died there in that year, aged forty.

I am real well. You would hardly know me I am so tanned. I do not know exactly how far I will get this week. I hope to get to Lander by the last of next week so I can get my mail.

Did I tell you about my flower scheme? Miss Gates, a young lady in Laramie, a student in the University, told me if I would gather flowers now and then that she would give me a press that I could carry in my grip, and when I came back in the fall she would mount my flowers for me. So I am gathering some of Wyoming's flowers which I shall greatly prize. . . .

DIARY

Thayer's Ranch, near Glenrock, Wyo.,
May 28, 1890.

At 9 o'clock drove Hercules to Glenrock. Wrote letters to Mother and the rest. Glenrock a little burg. Wooden buildings, no paint.

DIARY

Thayer's Ranch, May 29, 1890.

Got all ready to go and drove to Glenrock. Got tire set on buggy. Found that Mrs. Thayer and Jennie would be along tomorrow. Came back, appointed meeting. To cure rattlesnake bite on horse use carbolic acid in the crude. 18 mi.

DIARY

Thayer's Ranch, May 30, 1890.

Mr. Thayer and Walter went to Glenrock and I staid to keep off the cattle. Prepared talk on Prodigal Son. Mrs. Thayer and Jennie came. Seemed good to see home faces.

DIARY

Thayer's Ranch, June 1, 1890.

Rode to Glenrock. Sunday School at Episcopal Church. Our meeting did not materialize.

DIARY

Thayer's Ranch, June 4, 1890.

Got saddle in A.M. and rode up to Boxelder cañon in P.M. Very windy. Snow some. Most beautiful to look at. Walls straight up and down. Crags all colors. Jennie and I hitched the horses and walked over to the jumping off place. Falls far below. Rolled down rocks. Eagle's nest. Rocks over our heads. Snow on main range. Rode old Rob. 14 miles.

DIARY

Casper, Wyo., June 5, 1890.

Left Thayer's at 8 o'clock. Got to Glenrock and took dinner with Mr. Prescott. Sang after dinner for a little time. Started on at 3:30. Got wet between there and Casper. . . .

TO CORAL LEIGH

Casper, Wyo., June 5, 1890.

It is late and I am tired, but I am going to write a little to you nevertheless. I have had an experience here today that I never have had before. I was caught in a storm and got awful wet. I got off from the road that I intended to get on to and when I did find a ranch the man [a Mr. Stroud] would not keep me over night. This is the first time that I have been refused shelter since I have been in Wyo. Poor little Hercules had pulled me a long way and I hated to drive him on after dark so. But it had to be done. The roads were so muddy that it took us an hour and a quarter to go four miles and a half. But all bad roads and tough experiences come to an end and now we are both comfortable. Since four o'clock I have driven thirty miles.

Casper is a town of about three hundred inhabitants. It is the county

seat of Natrona County, a new county cut off from Carbon County. Also the end of the North Western R. R. in Wyo. While I write four fellows are playing cards here in the room. They looked very much astonished when I told them that I never played cards. They asked me to join the game. . . . Here is the place where the man lived who cut the girl's nose off that I wrote of. . . .

Casper was named for Lieutenant Casper Collins who was killed by Indians in the Platte Bridge fight in 1865. It was settled in 1888 as a terminus town of a branch of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. The U. S. Census gives its population as 544 in 1890. In that year the first oil gusher was drilled on the near-by Salt Creek field.

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Lacon, Ill., June 8, 1890.

Your last letter from Glen Rock of June 5th was received last night. You may be assured it did me good, although I do not feel that I deserve the flattering words you wrote concerning our home and its effects upon you. As I look back to the time when we were all together, the consciousness of imperfection, of mistakes made, of a wrong spirit often manifested, and sundry and diverse other blunders perpetrated, and then think of what our children have done and are doing for themselves and others, I feel greatly humiliated, and at the same time profoundly grateful. One of the Revolutionary patriots, in speaking of the claim made by England that the Colonies had grown by her fostering care, exclaimed in righteous indignation, "They grow by your fostering care! They grew by your neglect." So to too great an extent to make the reflection comfortable, I fear a similar statement might be made concerning our own home life and training. At the same time, I am conscious that your Ma's faithfulness is worthy of all praise, and my own desire has been to have our home life helpful and inspiring and always safe and wholesome, but I have failed often of reaching my ideal.

I do not believe many families can be found where greater freedom has been enjoyed or where more happiness has been experienced, and that too without resort to cards or the dance or to any other form of questionable amusement or indulgence.

Your account of that cañon was read with delight. I should enjoy seeing it very much indeed. Our journey up the Lehigh Valley was a feast to us both I am sure. That must have eclipsed what we saw by a large majority. I wish you had a camera with you so that you could

preserve some of the gorgeous views for future reference and with which you could delight your friends. Nothing however should divert your attention from your main work. I want you to be able to show the fruit of your labors, not primarily for your personal credit, but because of the great need of definite results in that line, and because it is due the society in whose employ you are. I am glad to hear you speak so cheerfully and courageously. These qualities are essential to the highest success. When you get to Lander you will find so much Mail it will take some time to devour it. Write even if you have to write briefly. Direct to Havana, Illinois.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Casper, Wyo., June 9, 1890.

... And now I am fifty miles west of where I was when I wrote you last. Still I have many miles to go before I can hear from you and home. How long it seems.

Tonight I took my Bible and ran through the reference from that passage in John 7:17. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." Those passages are the sun that dispells the mists of skepticism. How plain it is! ...

Ervay, June 10, 1890. This morning I came from Oil City to this place once more. I had the honor of talking with the state geologist of South Dakota who has been prospecting here. I also saw the little horse that that woman rode when she had her nose cut off. I also met a man from Boxelder Creek, a neighbor of Mr. Thayer's, who is up here over a hundred miles away hunting horses. ...

This is a beautiful place. I tried to describe it before but I could not. I wish you could see it. I shall have a long ride to Lander still, about a hundred miles I am told. It is a "mighty" lonesome road with a "powerful" lot of sand and a "heap" of bad water. I recall so many incidences of my former trip over that road as I am about to start once more. ...

Corrant Creek, Wyo., June 11, 1890. Locality I know not exactly where. I know that it is a sort of an oasis in the desert but farther I have not many definite ideas. I have driven about forty miles today. I am tired. Hercules is still more so. I sit on a box watching Hercules while he eats his supper. So far as I know there is not a human being within twenty five miles of me. You may wonder where I am and why I am so far away. This morning I found that by coming on this road from Mr. Ervay's the distance to Lander would be but 80 miles. There is about sixty miles of the way, however, where there is no stopping place. A

gentle man who had been over the road told me how I could find a deserted ranch so here I am. I have driven 25 miles since I saw a person. I found a fireplace in the cabin, a place for a bunk, an old coffee pot, some old plates left by the ranchman, and I am just making myself at home. This is a wild desolate place. Sage brush, alkali, and sand about describe most of this country. Immediately by me, however, are great reefs of rocks. One directly in front of me is tipped up in a great fan shape. Behind to the north the Rattlesnake Hills bound the horizon. To my left a great hill of red sand rocks is standing almost on its side. The ground is white with alkali around. What awful water! Bah! It makes me sick. There is no denying the fact that I am lonesome. The owls hoot dismally in the distance. Night hawks cry mournfully. Silence elsewhere. It makes one feel alone. Yet I am not alone. What a blessing to know that there is "one who sticketh closer than a brother."

Early this morning I came up on a divide where I could see the Wind River and Owl Creek Mountains. They are white with snow. Fremont's Peak looms up highest of all in the Wind River range. I have driven almost directly toward them all day. Tonight they seem almost as far away still.

Lander, Wyo., June 13, 1890. I will add just a word before the mail goes. Yesterday I drove in here nearly fifty miles and got my mail. I had twelve letters. Your 11 and 12 were here. You may be sure I was glad to get them. I will not attempt to write more now as the mail goes soon. But I am here safely . . . and find old friends have not entirely forgotten my former visit. I am real well but burned black as you can imagine.

GEORGE B. TROUB TO FRANK MOORE

Boxelder Park, Wyo., June 16, 1890.

I struck Boxelder last Friday evening. I was entertained on the aforesaid eve. by your friends the Thayers. Miss Jennie is at home, and she is a darling black eyed damsel of a daisy. She seems to be very much "stuck on your shape." Please excuse slang. You see there are scarcely enough words in the English language to describe the situation. No wonder you stayed around there for a week. I don't blame you a particle, and if it had been me I would have been tempted to stay a month, or even perhaps the remainder of the summer. After spending the evening in such pleasant company, I "hit the trail" for Boxelder Park the next morning. It was hard tearing myself away however. I felt my heart

strings stretching and then something broke inside, but I think I am about straightened out again.

I held services here last Sabbath in a vacant house and succeeded in organizing a Sabbath School. It was very delicate and gingerly work, however, and in looking over the field I almost wonder how I accomplished it. The first thing I did was to stir up their enthusiasm to a white heat by a sermon. Then I talked Sabbath School for awhile and the thing was done. Simple enough wasn't it? If their enthusiasm does not ooze out too rapidly the school will be a brilliant success.

You see they have no school-house as yet and that of course is a great draw-back. There is a nice large room in a vacant house which is centrally located which they are going to use. I have made arrangement to have some lumber brought there by Tuesday of this week and I have got a man (carpenter) to make some seats so that by next Sabbath things will be in very good shape. From here I expect to work up Deer and Muddy creeks, go to Glen Rock, thence to Casper, thence to Buffalo. You see I am almost afraid to risk it across the country from Glen Rock to Buffalo, and I hear there is a good bridge at Casper and a road from there. . . .

How are you getting along with your *Botanical* collection? My! The girls you have on a string is simply terrific. I met Burman in Douglas. Poor fellow he seems to have one foot in the grave. I would not be surprised if the S. S. convention would about finish him. . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Lander, Wyo., June 17, 1890.

. . . Last Sabbath I spoke in the Methodist Episcopal church in the morning, at North Fork in P.M. and visited their S. S. there, and conducted a song service here in Lander in the evening. I find many friends here in Lander and also that I have quite a reputation here as a singer.

Mr. Cage the Methodist minister here kindly offered me a place with him at his room so I am sharing his room. I board at the Lander hotel. My pony looks finely for having driven so far. He is a faithful little horse. . . .

The Reverend Gustavus A. Cage (1857-September 15, 1923) was born in Nashville, Tennessee, and died in Denver, Colorado. He moved with his parents to Greeley, Colorado, in 1872, graduated from the Greeley high school, studied for three years at the University of Colorado, and attended the Theological School at Vanderbilt University,

Nashville. He then entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He served several years in California. In 1890 he transferred to the Colorado Conference and started his work in Lander.

The Indians have made a small village out here in front of our house. They stick poles in the ground and fix the sticks all around all leaning at the top. Finally it is covered with canvass. They have a sun dance tomorrow. I would like to see it. I am pretty well. Will write soon again.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Dallas, Wyo., June 22, 1890.

It is almost time to start for church but I will begin a letter. It is a beautiful morning. Birds are singing gaily. The sun is bright. The scene from here is lovely. Great masses of red, yellow, and gray rocks tower up all around. In the distance is snow. . . .

Evening. The Sabbath is nearly done. It is after church now. This has been one of the busy Sabbaths. I preached at Dallas at 10:30 and organized a S. S. then drove 16 miles to North Fork, helped them elect their officers, preached again there from the same text. After that I drove again to Lander and preached here in the evening. At Dallas there were about 25 people present. At North Fork 35 to 40, and here near 100. I used for a text Psalms 17:15, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." Such days are pretty full.

I feel so anxious to get to study once more. There is really power in preaching and I want that power. The ability to move men is grand if used for truth and the right. Sometimes I feel so illy prepared for work at present that I shall be glad when the time comes that I can have more preparation. This work for the Master is a grand work and I am glad to have chosen it. . . .

Oh such scenes of wretchedness as one sees now and then in calling through a neighborhood. We, the Methodist minister and I, went to one place where there was only one room, and that about 8 by 12 feet. The poles of which it was built were not covered on the inside. There was not a chair in the house. The woman asked us to sit down. Where, I did not know. I found a box and Mr. Cage found a box. There were five children. Not one of them but looked bright, but scarcely enough clothes to cover them. There was not a bed in the house. Old deer skins spread on the floor answered for chairs for the little folks during the day and with some ragged blankets added it all made a bed, I suppose. The people passed the winter across the range where it was so bad this

year and lost nearly all. Why just over the mts. west one family had to eat their dogs last winter to keep alive. . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Lander, Wyo., June 23, 1890.

. . . It is still hot and dry here. The hills are parched. Cattle can find but little food. People are driving all the stock they can into the mountains. . . . Sat. night the Methodist minister and I stopped with Mr. Mike Murphy, one of the oil men. He is a jolly old miner of the mountains who has been all the way from British Columbia to Mexico. He took us out to the oil wells. They have three of them all chained and bottled to keep the oil from flowing. He opened three of them and let them run for a time. The pressure of gass and oil is tremendous. There are oil lakes there which contain in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand barrels of oil. Mr. Murphy treated us finely. He had his cook make ice cream for us and we enjoyed it very much. Mr. Murphy is an intelligent man. He came across the plains 30 years ago.

TO MERRITT MOORE

Lander, Wyo., June 28, 1890.

We are one of you now. We are a State. Yesterday at 4 o'clock the bill passed the Senate. We heard of it by telegraph last night. I helped make a racket firing off an anvil. Men acted like little boys firing off guns, firecrackers, waving flags, throwing up hats, shooting off sky-rockets, and all such demonstrations. . . . Really we feel pretty good over the fact that we are no longer a territory. We like independence. I feel proud of the fact that I was in the future great state of Wyoming when she passed from a territory to a state.

The official date of the admission into the Union of the forty-fourth state was July 10, 1890. Wyoming was the first state to provide a constitutional guarantee of equal rights for women. In so doing, the policy which had been in force in territorial days was continued.

I anticipate great things from Wyoming. It is inexhaustible in mineral wealth. Last week I went to the oil wells here. They are very promising. Oil, coal, tin, copper, gold, silver, iron, lead, soda, gass, glass-sand, timber, water, power, scenery, climate, asbestos, all of these things in great quantity. These developed ought to make things lively it seems to me. The agricultural interests grow greater every year. Wyoming has before her a great future. There must still be great improvement in the

morale of her citizens to make her a good community to live in but it will come. I am glad my work tends to lift rather than degenerate. I find needy fields almost every time I enquire about new territory. I hope to aid some of these. I hope to organize three or four S. S. in the next three weeks.

I hope to hear from you soon. I still keep real well. My pony is one of the nicest little horses you ever saw. He is tough as a pine knot. I would like to have you see him. I hope you are well. Let me hear from you often.

P.S. You asked if I was alone. Yes, I am. Mr. [George B.] Van Dyke, one of the young men who is helping in this work, is in North Park, Colorado. Mr. Troub is up toward Buffalo. I am soon to leave for a couple of mining camps at South Pass and Atlantic City. These places are up on the continental divide. There is a good lot of farming land near Lander that can be irrigated. It is mountainous here though. Six miles from here is the foot of the Wind River range. People here are from New York, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia, Texas, Maine, Kansas, Nebraska, California, Connecticut, and some states besides. You never saw such a place for people to get mixed up. . . . One school, the only one I organized up here when I was here before, is progressing finely. . . . I think the work more promising than ever before. . . .

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Easton, Ill., July 3, 1890.

Your letter of rejoicing over Statehood was received last night. . . . I, too, rejoice at the admission of Wyoming. It marks an era in the world's progress. A few years ago the admission of a State with equal suffrage would have been an impossibility. Idaho was also admitted yesterday. It makes one's head whirl to think of the rapid changes that are taking place all over the land.

I also rejoice with you in the fact that you are permitted to have a part in the development of that country. Remember that to rear a living monument in the shape of christian institutions is by far more valuable and more enduring than marble, even though it be piled mountain high. Some recent writer in speaking of patriotism said, broad acres, fertile fields, extensive mountain ranges, and magnificent scenery do not constitute a state, but men inspired with noble thoughts, and a government based upon a righteous principle. Patriotism is loyalty to that principle. . . .

Frank, remember that "gas" is spelled with one s instead of two. I should like to see your pony but you better.

TO MARY MOORE

Lander, Wyo., July 3, 1890.

. . . I will tell you a little more about my work now. I expect to be around Lander for three weeks yet. . . . I would have gone to Atlantic City and South Pass today if I had not found that all of those people will be here for the 4th. I expect to work those places and by that time the water I hope will be low enough for me to go to the Big Horn Basin. . . .

I have not had as good success as I had hoped. I have organized but two schools this summer. However, I have set in motion causes to organize more than that. And I have visited and assisted some beside. This school at North Fork is getting along nicely. I think it has had a wonderful influence on some of the people. One young man I believe has become a Christian through that influence. It is a thoroughly different atmosphere up there now anyway. I hope things will all come around here after a while.

I have two men helping me. Mr. Troub from the McCormick Seminary is the one who came first. He has gone north to Buffalo. He is a fine fellow and a good worker. Mr. Van Dyke is from Princeton Seminary. He has been at work in North Park, Colorado, and is now up in the Medicine Bow Mountains, I think. I do not hear from him so often but I think he is doing good work. . . .

Sunday. I am at Honorable Mike Murphy's again, the oil man. He is a splendid host and has treated me finely. He is a Catholic but we have had some very pleasant talks on religion. He is very liberal. He has told me a lot about his mining experiences. He has made three or four fortunes of from five to twenty thousand but like so many old miners he has not much now.

I have just heard that the Indian Agent, his brother, and a small party, are to go to the Yellowstone this summer. I could go with them and drive my pony on my cart, I think. I would not need to lose more than three or four weeks by that means. Write me what you think of it. . . .

John Fosher was the Indian agent and his brother, Abe, was a stockman and rancher. According to information furnished the editor by W. L. Marion of Lander, the Foshers had moved to Wyoming from Indiana.

TO MARY MOORE

Lander, Wyo., July 4, 1890.

. . . I am pretty busy now a days accomplishing little. Last week Monday I went to Atlantic City. On Wed. I organized a S. S. there. Thurs. I went to South Pass and then back to Dallas. I received mail which has put me in a quandry. I don't know exactly what to do now.

All of Wyoming is in our Presbytery. I had planned for the occupation of the whole field. I sent Mr. Troub up to Buffalo expecting that he would work part of the field and I would finish it after I went through the Big Horn Basin. Mr. Troub went up there and found a Presbyterian missionary working around Sundance, and that another was at Sheridan. That left no work for him and he has gone to the Big Horn Basin.

There is not work enough for us both there and I do not know where we will go. It takes a long time to travel these barren plains to the south again. What would you think of my spending a little time to go to the Yellowstone Park now as work drags? I do not know how I am to blame for the turn affairs have taken but I feel badly to think Mr. Troub has had so hard a trip for nothing.

Mr. Van Dyke, the other missionary, is very poor about writing. I have written a number of letters asking about his work and have received just one letter in reply. I wrote him quite a pointed letter Sat. asking about ten questions which demand immediate answer. We may be able to get straightened around. So far as I know we have been able to organize but eight S. S's. this summer so far. I do not know how many more we can organize still. . . .

George Bergen Westcott Van Dyke (Sept. 3, 1865-Apr. 3, 1928) attended the College of New Jersey, 1888; Princeton Theological Seminary, 1889-92; and was ordained evangelist Presbytery of Monmouth, 1892. He occupied positions as pastor or stated supply in towns of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and from 1912 until his death was pastor in Moosic, Pennsylvania.

TO CORAL LEIGH

Atlantic City, Wyo., July 9, 1890.

. . . Last Monday I came up here. This is up on top of the Wind River Mts., sixteen miles from South Pass. Gold has made Atlantic. Mines are all around here. The hills have been dug all up. Scarcely one of them but has a hole of some kind in it.

Atlantic City was founded in 1868 by miners from near-by South Pass City. In its heyday in the 1870's it had a population of some 2000, an opera house, and a beer garden where miners squandered their hard-won gains.

I went into two mines the other day. One of them is five hundred feet under ground, . . . the other 180 ft. I have some quartz that I obtained in each mine. I hope to organize a Sabbath S. here this evening. It is a difficult matter in such a place but I hope to accomplish it. People are so mixed up, Catholics, skeptics, all together.

I wish you could see this place. On leaving the Little Popo Agie at Dallas one drives along a mountain road through Red Cañon. On the right the main range of the Wind River looms up. On the left great masses of red rock stand with ledges or shelves extending along parallel. Back of the red rock is white sand and lime stone. Above still some scrub cedars try to obtain a living with very poor results. The road constantly rises. At the extreme right of the cañon is Mr. Tweed's ranch. . . .

The black slaty rock shows that we are approaching a mining region. Holes appear at intervals along the road side. Stakes are stuck in the ground where miners have located claims. There is a deserted mill, there a prospector's cabin, yonder a big ditch which carries water for hydraulic force in placer mining.

But as I went I wondered where the town was built. A sharp turn through a little pass between two hills brought Hercules and me right onto the town. Do you remember pictures of Leadville during the great excitement? Well that is something what Atlantic looks like. Not so many people but the rough appearance of the buildings, the rocky hills in the distance, the roughly dressed people, all these things reminded me of what I had read.

There is a dilapidated looking row of buildings on the right of the street. Saloons have done most of the business, I should judge. "The Atlantic House" first is noticed. Years have washed the paint almost out. "Red Cloud" stands next. That is a saloon. To the left a few scattering log buildings stand. Rock runs through the gulch. On west in the street stands an old stone building in which is the Post Office. Rocky hills surround the town.

People in a mining camp are as different a formation from ranchers or any other villagers as anything you can imagine. There I met an old miner, a '49er, but he did not have a daughter Clementine that I saw.

But he is one of those fellows who have mined from California to the Isthmus of Panama. Another man has mined in almost every state of South America, Central America, Mexico, and the United States. Two brothers, twins, are here who used to sail. They have been in Africa, Australia, Asia, Japan, and are now on top of the Rocky Mts. Such are some of the characters one meets. You do not wonder that this is a queer place for S. S. work, do you? It is a hard place to get a footing. One miner gave me a nice little gold chunk which he "retorted" for me. He burned it to purify it and let the mercury evaporate.

South Pass, Wyo., July 10, 1890. I have unbridled Hercules to let him eat grass and will write some more on this same sheet of paper. Last night I succeeded in organizing a S. S. in Atlantic. I do not know how it will succeed but I hope for the best. Today is very cool. The wind blows hard.

Lander, Wyo., July 12, 1890. I heard from Mr. Troub that the Buffalo country has been worked by some other Presbyterian missionaries. I do not know how they come to go there. That is in our Presbytery and we expected to do the work. Now I do not know what I will do. This part of the state is well worked. . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Lander, Wyo., July 18, 1890.

I am having one of the best rests I have had this summer. I am at Mr. [John] McGlaughlin's near Lander. He is the man who went to the Park and wanted me to go with him last summer. When I was here before I stopped with him once or twice. I came over here Monday and they insisted on my stopping with them as I was going to rest most of the week. Hercules has fine feed, and I do nothing but what I want to. I feel like another fellow. The people are New Yorkers from near the foot of Lake Ontario. They have a farm here with fair buildings on it and a very pleasant location. We have been having a few showers of rain which has made it much pleasanter. This room is pleasantly furnished and is very homelike. The people seem to like me and regard me as an old friend. Today is my [twenty-fourth] birthday and I hear they have some sort of preparation for a birthday dinner.

My coat was in a sad plight and Mrs. McGlaughlin mended it all up the lining, pockets, sleeves, and cleaned some grease off from it. I feel very fortunate in possessing such friends.

What do we have to eat here? You might want to know. Peas, beet-greens, lettuce, codfish, corn bread, wheat bread, coffee, and whipped

cream, onions, new potatoes, lots of nice kinds of cake. . . . We have all of the nicest kind of buttermilk to drink we want. In the parlor is an organ and the people like singing. Mr. McGlaughlin's family consists of himself, and wife (Edith), and little boy. . . .

The student that I sent to Buffalo had a hard time of it. It was Mr. Troub. I sent him there expecting he would have work for all summer. He found the field occupied and went over the Big Horn Mts. to the Big Horn Basin. On the way over he got lost. He was in the mts. five days. I do not know what he ate or how he fared only that he got out at last. Pretty hard, wasn't it, for an eastern man. . . .

MERRITT MOORE TO FRANK MOORE

Lincoln, Ill., July 18, 1890.

Today marks another epoch in your life. How time flies. It seems but as yesterday when you were a little rollicking mischievous boy hunting for a job and rejoicing over the fact that you had found one. I have not time to write a long letter tonight, but I write a word to assure you that you are remembered, that whatever causes you joy or sorrow will produce a corresponding effect upon me. All of your successes will thrill me with delight as doubtless they will you. My greatest desire as I believe it is yours is that you may grow into the highest type of a christian manhood, one that will mold by its influence everywhere, and be an inspiration to all with whom you may come in contact. I do not need to urge you to greater effort in this line as I feel confident it is your daily desire to grow wiser and better, and that you are making the most of your time and ability to succeed.

Frank, do you not know what a joy it is to me to feel that our children have never caused us anxiety, and that they are and have been making the best use of their time and ability, and that all except Howard are engaged in an honorable and useful calling.

The possibilities of one's life loom up before me at times so as to be almost overwhelming. It is a grand thing to live, a grand privilege to have a part in this busy world of activity and of thought. It is a joy to be permitted to lighten life's burdens as opportunity presents itself to us. The more of sunshine we bring to those about us the more brightness will come into our own lives. In watering others we are ourselves blessed. This is the Divine law and a blessed law it is.

I hope Frank you may have many a happy return of this your natal day.

DIARY

Lander, Wyo., July 19, 1890.

Up early and went to [Shoshone] Agency. Called on my way over at Mr. Ranny's. Got to Agency at 11 o'clock. Took dinner at Mr. Lane's. Met Mr. and Mrs. Ware and Mr. Brower at dinner. Called on the agent Mr. [John] Fosher. Called on Elmer Hawk. Saw old Washakie. Fine looking old Indian. Asked an Indian how many children Washakie had. "Whole lot of it." Saw buffalo head dress. Indians dressed up warm in hot weather. Liquor sellers many. Met Indians on way back . . . 28 miles, 9 calls.

Edward L. Ranny operated a ranch about two miles northwest of Lander. He sold the ranch and went to California in 1902.

Albert D. Lane, originally a resident of Sackets Harbor, New York, was a pioneer merchant and banker in Fremont County, Wyoming.

Washakie (c. 1804- Feb. 15, 1900) was chief of the eastern Shoshones from the 1840's until his death. He consistently cooperated with the white invaders to win peace and in 1868 a permanent home for his tribe on the 2,778,400 acre Shoshone Reservation. He accomplished this in a bloody era which spelled defeat and disaster for his enemies, the warlike Arapahoes, Sioux, and Cheyennes. As ruler of his tribe he was a respected, benevolent patriarch. The United States Army valued his friendship and until his death waived age limitation and physical requirements to permit him periodically to re-enlist as a scout.

DIARY

Lander, Wyo., July 28, 1890.

Got ready and went down town. Settled up and got ready to start north. Met Mr. Cook and Mr. Vandercook going to the [Yellowstone] Park. Made arrangements to go too. Got all things necessary. . . .

On this journey through Yellowstone Park Frank Moore rode in a two-wheeled cart drawn by his horse, Hercules, and carried most of the baggage of Mr. Cook and Mr. Vandercook who rode bicycles.

DIARY

Wind River, Wyo., July 29, 1890.

Left Mr. McGlaughlin's at 10:30. Was well loaded with camping outfit. Reached Post at 3:00 P.M. Took dinner at Mr. Lane's where

I finished packing up. Drove up to Big Wind River. Camped and slept out for the first time. Slept well. No fish. 35 miles.

DIARY

Dry Creek, Wyo., July 30, 1890.

Drove over from Wind River to the Mail Camp. Miserable road. Desert. Bad to ride over. No water. Went to Dry Creek. 40 miles.

DIARY

Owl Creek, Wyo., July 31, 1890.

Went up Owl Creek. Fearful hill. Hard to climb. About 2000 feet climb. Beautiful climb.

DIARY

Near Embar, Wyo.,
Aug. 1, 1890.

Big Horn Mts. east. Owl Mts. west. Slept finely. I got breakfast partly this A.M. Fed pony hay. Good prospect of feed and game country ahead. At ranch of Western Union Cattle Co. Left Embar at 6 o'clock, went up Prospect Hill. . . . Camped in Prospect Gulch. . . . This company manages about 150,000 head of cattle from Texas to Wyoming. 22 mi.

The name, Embar, was derived from the M — cattle brand of Captain Robert A. Torrey who during the Spanish American War recruited and organized troops for the Rough Riders.

DIARY

On Greybull River, Wyo.,
Aug. 2, 1890.

Left L. V. ranch at early hour and crossed the divide between there and Gooseberry Creek. Reached Greybull at 2 o'clock. Fished. 28 miles.

DIARY

Arland, Wyo., Aug. 3, 1890.

Spent day in resting, etc. In P.M. went to S. S.

Arland, located between Cody and Thermopolis on Meeteetse Creek, was founded in 1884 as a mercantile and amusement center by two former ranchers, a Frenchman named Victor Arland, and his partner,

John F. Corbett. It consisted only of a post office, store, small hotel, saloon, and dancehall. Because of its central location in the cattle country of the western Big Horn Basin, it became a popular cowboy rendezvous where gambling and dancing went on every night. In a quarrel over a girl named Rose Williams, Vic Arland killed Andy "Big Nose" Jackson and soon afterward was killed while playing poker by one of Jackson's friends. After Arland's death the town of Arland declined. It ceased to exist altogether in 1896 when its buildings were moved a few miles down the creek to the new cowboy Mecca, Meeteetse.

DIARY

Near the Stinking Water, Wyo.,
Aug. 4, 1890.

Left Arland at 7 o'clock. Had high mt. to climb. Fine view of Cedar Mt. west. Beautiful cave in Meeteetse Creek cañon. Dinner at Frost's. Beautiful mounted animals there. Wolves, wild cats, owls, and mountain lion. Drove over fine roads to Stinking Water. . . . 40 mi.

DIARY

Dead Indian Hill, Wyo.,
Aug. 5, 1890.

Left Frenchman's for Chapman's late. Dinner at Chapman's. Stocked up. Started for Dead Indian hill. Had no road and had to follow trail. . . . Passed a beautiful view of red hill against green mt. Had a fearful climb. Saw a gray wolf. Camp tonight is in a beautiful place. Carried hay for pony on cart. 18 mi.

DIARY

North Fork of Clark's Fork,
Wyo., Aug. 6, 1890.

This is the day of difficulties. Immediately after breaking camp we began to ascend Dead Indian hill. Arrived at the top of that hill the scenery was magnificent. Tied both wheels and went down. Crossed Clark's Fork all right. . . . Met horse outfit. In cañon on side hill cart, horse, and all toppled over on backs. Nothing broken. 16 mi.

DIARY

En route to Yellowstone Park,
Aug. 7, 1890.

Broke camp in this pretty camp ground at good season. . . . At noon

we went duck hunting. I killed two. Had to build bridge out into sedge to get them. Index Peak presented itself. Beautiful meadows ran along the valley meeting the timber which climbed the mt. side. Great mts. north. Brown stone front on every hand. Vast fields of snow on mt. 20 mi.

DIARY

En route to Yellowstone Park,
Aug. 8, 1890.

Early in the morn. I sit on a mass of rock with the roar of falls in my ears. On all sides are great mts. . . . Directly below me the forest of pine and aspen lies. . . . Just at my side a pine struggles to get life from a crevice in the rock. A beautiful stream murmurs at the left over which is our camp. But greatest in wonder and grandeur is the peak west which so much resembles the Matterhorn. The base is heavily timbered. Gradually that disappears and brown rock presents itself. The sides are jagged. The north slope halfway up is covered with snow. . . . 40 mi.

DIARY

Yellowstone Park, Aug. 9, 1890.

Noon at Yellowstone River. In the Park at last. Early last night we reached Soda Butte Station and camped $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles below on East Fork of Yellowstone. We had a warm shelter from the wind and slept well. This morning I caught five trout, one a fine fellow of perhaps $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. The cyclers left me early for Cinnabar and I am alone at this camp. Yellowstone River came all unexpectedly. Along the east side is a road right above the bank. The bridge is an old toll bridge. Scenery has been pretty but not so grand as it has been. . . . [Afternoon.] Reached the Gardner River. Great descent. Hot springs below. See the formation and hotel. Beautiful falls. Bad mt. road to climb down. Rain begins. Get supplies at P.O. Go to hotel. Make supper off from canned peas, succotash, and crackers. 38 mi.

TO MARY MOORE

Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyo.,
Aug. 10, 1890.

. . . I am well and so is the pony although we are tired. Mr. Cook, the Evanston Professor, is a very interesting man with whom to travel. We have had a fine time. We have also seen some of the finest scenery

in the world. The great points of interest are still farther up. These springs are wonderful for their extent. . . . The white, gray, pink, and different coloring is fine.

The Evanston professor was Charles Sumner Cook, B.S., Dartmouth College, 1879, and Professor of Physics at Northwestern University 1887-1892.

The hotel here is large. It will accomodate 300 guests. It looks funny to see the broadcloth, silk hats, silk dresses upon top of the mountains. It is a very aristocratic resort. Only very rich people have so far been the principal tourists. Comparatively few people live near enough to come in private conveyance. So I feel good to think I am one of the favored few.

So far the trip has cost me but about 60c a day. We have had a storm and the rain drove us in to this hotel for over Sunday. But Mr. Cook insists on paying this bill as I have done so much toward their crossing the mts. . . .

I am very tired as you must know when I tell you that we have traveled since we left Lander 316 miles in 11 days. We have slept in doors once on the trip. But I am well and enjoying this hugely. . . .

TO WALTER HOWARD MOORE

Upper Geyser Basin, Wyo.,
Aug. 17, 1890.

I caught Mr. Troub Monday and we are going back together. This week we have visited Yellowstone Cañon and Falls, Yellowstone Lake, Norris Geyser Basin, Lower Geyser or Firehole Basin, Upper Geyser Basin, and are now on Firehole River. . . .

The trip has been a fine one. We are fixed for all kinds of weather. It has frozen ice here this week and has rained but we have been pretty comfortable. We camp where noon or night overtakes us and have our meals when we can. . . .

DIARY

Elk Park, Yellowstone Park,
Aug. 18, 1890.

Up early and went to Upper [Geyser] Basin. Got supplies and saw Old Faithful play. Cold this A.M. Went over and saw Giantess, Beehive, Lioness and Cubs, Sponge. Lion growled fearfully. Saw Cavity

play not very much. Saw Oblong and went to crater of Giant. Saw Grotto still and in operation. Saw Riverside play. Saw formation of Splendid and Comet. Passed down to Excelsior. Camped a little below. Saw her play from a distance. Tremendous amount of steam. Walked around crater. Saw Prism Lake. Beautiful coloring. Drove to Lower Basin and got supplies. Started for Norris. . . . Camped at Elk Park. . . .

DIARY

Specimen Creek, Yellowstone Park,
Aug. 21, 1890.

Froze ice here. Up early here and got started for Yellowstone River. Passed over big hill at Yancey's. . . . Fished in Yellowstone River at noon. Troub caught a big fellow for dinner. Rained a little here. Hailed afterward. Got up Specimen Creek late for camp. Went off from road and camped under some tall firs. Went to river and I caught a fine trout for supper. Dark and dreary. Had last fine view of Electric Peak today. 25 miles.

The western historian, Philip A. Rollins, in a letter to the editor written February 14, 1941 from Princeton, New Jersey, had this to say about Yancey and his ranch: "The spot to which reference is made was the ranch of 'Uncle' John Yancey, with whom I frequently used to stay and who broke the game laws more frequently than anybody residing near the Yellowstone National Park, and whose annual consumption of Bourbon whiskey was almost equivalent to the water flow of Old Faithful Geyser."

Owen Wister, author of *The Virginian*, while on a hunting trip in Yellowstone Park in August 1891, stopped at John Yancey's. Yancey immediately upon meeting Wister proposed a drink. This was the preliminary to a "very pleasant evening" for the guest, his host, and "two old reprobates" who joined the party. With Yancey's help Wister procured the services of a guide for mountain sheep hunting. Wister described Yancey as an "old man with his long gray hair above his ears." Fanny Kemble Wister, *Owen Wister Out West* (Chicago, 1958) 126 and 129.

TO ALICE MOORE

Near North Fork of

Clark's Fork, Wyo., Aug. 24, 1890.

. . . If I tell you a little of my every day routine you may see how time

goes with me. We wake up in the morning about sunrise. We have with I think one exception found frost on the ground. The first thing to do is feed the horses. Then I take the grub box and go at breakfast. This is a simple meal. Canned corn, tomatoes, or something of the kind and "flap jacks" which I am becoming adept at making. We sit on the ground and eat off from our tin plates.

Breakfast over we pack up. We take up our bed. This is a fine affair. Two blankets, two overcoats, and a rubber coat, a saddle blanket, and a tarpaulin. The latter is a heavy canvass cloth large enough to put on the ground and folded right up over the rest of the clothes. We can keep warm most of the time but when the frost strikes through about morning we are ready to get up and exercise.

The things packed, we start. Then it is travel till noon. We see sights as we go. Noon time is spent in unpacking and getting dinner, eating, and packing up again. Then travel till dark, get supper and go to bed. You see I have not had much time to write while in the Park. I am sorry it has been so but I have not forgotten the grand and the beautiful I have seen, I assure you. I would not take a great deal for the trip.

Since I left Lander four weeks ago next Friday I have traveled about five hundred and fifty miles. Part of this has been over the hardest roads I was ever on. My pony too is pretty tired but is standing the trip wonderfully. In three days I hope to be at Otto and begin work again.

We had beans boiled, boiled onions, baking powder biscuits, and mountain trout for dinner. . . . My present surroundings are magnificent. Great rocky mts., snowy mts., and wooded slopes. The flies and gnats are terrible here on the horses though. It is beginning to rain and our tent is not pitched so I must close. . . .

DIARY

Greybull, Wyo., Aug. 27, 1890.

Drove to Frenchman's and could not get oats. Camped on top hill. Drove to bridge and got oats. Drove on out to camp on hill. Dry camp and not very good feed. Mr. Troub got lost from us and went wrong way. Reached us about 10 o'clock. Again we resume our weary march across the desert. Our horses have had no water since last night. Road not very good for pony. He is pretty tired. Saw antelope and tried to stalk it. Could not. Camped for noon on dry creek, water very alkali. Pretty hot. Still on in P.M. At last at night we reached Greybull. Had pretty hard day. Almost sick. Baked biscuits in oven.

DIARY

Greybull River, Wyo., Aug. 28, 1890.

Broke camp at 4 o'clock. Not well. Drove over the river after leaving our friends and went to Mr. Brown's. . . . He gave us a lot of vegetables. Went down and camped in his cabin and took a bath in river. Washed out clothes. Made biscuits and baked them in oven. Cooked potatoes, cabbage, onions, and bacon. Had fine meal and good rest.

Frank Moore and George Troub separated from Messrs. Cook and Vandercook at this point and continued to Lander in their two-wheeled carts, drawn by their horses, Hercules and King.

DIARY

Otto, Wyo., Aug. 29, 1890.

Up in good season and broke camp quite early. Passed down river to Mr. Horner's and got milk. Drove on down the river and finally got to Mr. Wood's, Otto. There I received letters from home and many I had looked for. Camped in his yard.

DIARY

Otto, Wyo., Aug. 31, 1890.

Organized a S. S. at Otto. 25 present. Good meeting. Warm today. Wrote letters in A.M. Took drive with Mr. Wood.

DIARY

Near Owl Creek, Wyo., Sept. 1, 1890.

We are about ready to start. We got up before the first faint flush in the east. Beautiful moon light. Got breakfast and wrote card to Mother. Started [from Otto] at 7 o'clock and drove toward Big Horn River. Very dreary drive for 20 miles through bad lands. Did not see a living thing. Dinner at Big Horn River. King sick. Looks badly. Pretty hard outlook for 110 miles still. Big Horn a large river and not a very great fall, 7 feet to a mile. Drove on toward Owl Creek. Shot sage hen. Got to camp at 8 o'clock. Still King goes but he is about used up. In night had to get up and see about horses. Pretty nearly sick.

DIARY

En route to Lander, Wyo.,
Sept. 2, 1890.

Out in the desert. Dinner away from water. Hercules still awful tired but we hope to get him along. Cooking chicken with potatoes and dumpling. Have cooked cakes. Have beets. Pretty fair meal for campers. In P.M. saw round up. Horses so tired that we camped for night at bend in river just before we turned to go up hill. Cold at night. Wind blew hard from north. Coyote made night hideous.

DIARY

En route to Lander, Wyo.,
Sept. 3, 1890.

Up early and started for Owl Creek. On way picked up pair of buffalo horns. Got to Owl Creek at noon. Bought oats of an old fellow who was too stingy to trust a fellow for flour. In pretty hard fix. Could not get anything to eat and all out of grub. Started for Lander just the same. On way met Mr. Brower who kindly fixed up our grub box. Climbed mt. and got to Red Cañon for camp. Coyotes again.

The travelers reached Lander on September 5. Shortly thereafter George Troub departed for Laramie. Frank Moore remained in Lander and vicinity for a few more days. He had arrived at the decision that he must resume his education if he were ever to be in a position to make his mark in the world. Preparing to leave Wyoming and go east, he sold his cart for \$25.00, bought a horse, Diogenes, for \$17.50 and a saddle for \$22.50. Then, riding Hercules and leading Diogenes, who served as a pack horse, he started the 160 mile trip to Thayer's ranch near Glenrock, Wyoming.

TO MARY MOORE

Beaver Creek Stage Station, Wyo.,
Sept. 16, 1890.

. . . I am on my way out of this country at last. I left Lander yesterday and staid last night at Mr. Hall's. . . . Mr. Hall has just been elected Representative for this district. He is a cattle and horse man. He has a great deal of stock here. A few weeks ago he discovered a mine of gold only about ten miles from Lander. The piece of ore that he has would assay about \$20,000 to the ton. Pretty good for an accident wasn't it?

TO MARY MOORE

Muskrat Station, Rattlesnake Hills,
Wyo., Sept. 17, 1890.

I am now about 65 miles east of Lander. I have had a fearfully hard trip again. Water is fearfully scarce, the road dusty and no feed, absolutely, for horses. This noon I got the first good feed my ponies have had for a whole day and I have ridden them fearfully hard. It is the hardest thing I have to do to drive horses without feed and water as I have to do over this desert. Just think of a man with any humanity about him starting from Ionia to Kalamazoo and know that water could be found twice on the way and that strong enough with alkali to cut a man's throat and nearly demolish his digestive organs. Not be sure of feed and find the reality worse than the anticipation. I feel like a criminal to treat faithful ponies so and if it would help matters at all I would sue myself for cruelty to animals.

Ervay, Wyo., Sept. 19, 1890. Once more I start in on this disconnected epistle. I expected to push right on through but when I got there my ponies were so tired and I was so tired and nearly sick from the bad water that it took little urging from Mr. Ervay's people to detain me. This you know is in the Rattlesnake Mts. where I have been twice before. The people are very cordial. Mr. Ervay is going to hitch up this morning and take me on a tour of inspection of the country. We expect to visit the oil springs, gass springs, and his newly opened coal mine. The weather is getting decidedly cold again. I wear flannels again.

DIARY

Ervay, Wyo., Sept. 19, 1890.

Up just in time for breakfast. A.M. went to the coal bank with Mr. Ervay. Went down in his mine 70 feet. Angle of 35 ft. Mr. Ervay is pretty well fixed if the sale goes through of the oil property. It would bring him 40 to 50 thousand.

Jake Ervay and his wife, Martha Collins Ervay, traveled by covered wagon to Wyoming from Texas in 1881. Jake was employed by Boney Earnest on the Pick Ranch which now lies under the waters of Pathfinder Reservoir. In 1882 he settled permanently on a homestead at the foot of the Rattlesnake Mountains.

DIARY

Oil City, Wyo., Sept. 20, 1890.

. . . Left for Oil City. Rode by derricks of the Moffat Co. . . . Saw three deer. Mts. beautiful with the foliage just turned by frost. Took dinner with the men camped in the Moffat cabin. Arrived at Oil City late in P.M. . . . 20 mi.

DIARY

D. L. Ranch, Wyo., Sept. 22, 1890.

Left Mr. Aggers' at 4:25 o'clock. Rode to D. L. Ranch. Saw two men camped by gate. Afterward learned that they were travelers clear from the Pacific Coast. . . . Old Uncle Macpherson is a fine old gentleman. Listened with great interest to his stories of life in the far west. Indians and his false teeth. Old man and bear. Got wet. There is a Bible on the desk here. In front written, "Please handle carefully." Cowboys rough at jokes. Whipping each other with belt full of cartridges. Scared boy about whipping. 12 mi.

DIARY

En route to Glenrock, Wyo.,
Sept. 23, 1890.

Asked if I wanted work on a roundup. Taken for a ranchman from the Big Horn. . . . Left Uncle Mac's at 7 o'clock. Talked a little while with travelers from the Pacific. Saw the soldiers who are going to Washakie. Stopped at Wentworth Hotel. 30 mi.

DIARY

Thayer's Ranch near Glenrock, Wyo.,
Sept. 24, 1890.

. . . Got off at 7:30. Caught up with the fellows who have ridden through from the coast. Rode with them most of the forenoon. Rode on ahead of them into Glenrock at 1 o'clock. Pretty sick when I got in. . . . Kept getting sicker and sicker. . . . Got to Mr. Thayer's at 4 o'clock. 40 mi.

DIARY

Thayer's Ranch, Wyo., Sept. 26, 1890.

In A.M. went up to Boxelder Cañon with Mr. Canfield, a lawyer from Detroit, Mich. We had quite a fine drive. Went over to Kimball's ranch and drove back to dinner. In P.M. went to quarry. Walked over the

Stinchfield claim with Mr. Stinchfield, Mr. Crafts, Thayer, and Lawyer Canfield. Saw the steam drill work. Jennie came in eve. 12 mi.

DIARY

Thayer's Ranch, Wyo., Sept. 27, 1890.

In A.M. went to Kimball's ranch again. Did not find Crafts there. Came back to Thayer's via upper road. P.M. got saddles and Jennie and took a ride up little cañon. Left horses and climbed rocks. Rolled stones down. Scared ponies. Went up on mt. on east of cañon. Back at 7:30. 22 mi.

DIARY

Thayer's Ranch, Wyo., Sept. 29, 1890.

Up this morning early, 4:45. Fed Hercules and am ready to start soon. Up and away at 6:20. Rode over beautiful road. Down past S. D. Ranch to Inez at 8:20. . . . Got Hercules' shoes off. . . . Sold Diogenes for \$15.00 to Mr. Crafts, a good fellow to give a pony to. . . . 24 mi.

DIARY

Douglas, Wyo., Sept. 30, 1890.

. . . Off at last for Douglas. Have paper for Mr. Stinchfield to file at Douglas. . . . Rode to Glenrock with Mr. Thayer. Hot today. Got on train and found Mrs. Norton on the cars. Had a pleasant ride down. . . .

DIARY

Wendover, Wyo., Oct. 1, 1890.

In A.M. started on four horse coach for Wendover. A lady and her daughter, a traveling man and myself in the coach. . . . Rode up on top part of the way. . . .

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Oct. 2, 1890.

Left Wendover . . . at 8 o'clock. Rode to Cheyenne. Late getting in. . . . To Laramie at 5:30. Went to prayer meeting. Got lots of mail. 170 mi.

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Oct. 3, 1890.

Over to Mr. Barr's in A.M. Packed up books. . . .

DIARY

Laramie, Wyo., Oct. 5, 1890

Went to church in A.M. Sang solo. Taught class in S. S. Called at Dr. Hayford's. Young people's meeting in eve. Took walk after church. Did not get to bed until late.

DIARY

Cheyenne, Wyo., Oct. 6, 1890.

Up early in A.M. . . . Tried to sell saddle. Could not sell it. Called at different places and left at 4:45 P.M. Got to Cheyenne all right. Have to pay excess baggage. Went up and called on Mr. Field. . . . Barr has resigned at Laramie. . . . Field says I can get work here in vacation if I want it.

George W. Barr's term of service at Laramie was from June 1889 to January 1891. According to Historical Sketch of the Presbytery of Pueblo, compiled and published by M. H. MacLeod, Stated Clerk, Pueblo, Colorado, 1906, he was received into Pueblo Presbytery on May 28, 1896 and was dismissed April 2, 1899. His name last appears in the General Assembly Minutes in 1898 as living in Denver, Colorado, in the Presbytery without charge.

DIARY

Denver, Colo., Oct. 7, 1890.

Up early and took train for Denver. Spent day in looking over town. Procured half fare over the Burlington. . . .

FRUSTRATION

Frank Moore, aged twenty-four, arrived in Ann Arbor on October 15, 1890, and matriculated as a freshman at the University of Michigan. From meager entries in his diary this much can be gathered about his short undergraduate career: He rented a room at 1 Elm Street and boarded at Hill's place. His subjects were first year German, English, and Rhetoric, English History, Political Economy, and second year Philosophy. He was active in the Choral Union and Prohibition Club.

On December 7 Frank transferred his allegiance from Presbyterianism by joining the Congregational Church. His family, originally Congregationalists, had joined the Presbyterian Church when the Congregational Church of Ionia, Michigan, burned and was not replaced. The change was motivated in part by Frank's desire to return to his ancestral church, but even more by his belief that the Presbyterian Church was too authoritarian. In a letter to Frank at a later date Merritt Moore expressed his reaction to this move in his usual forceful manner:

Galesburg, Ill., May 22, 1891.

. . . In every denomination there is much to commend and much to deplore. I am glad you are in the Congregational Church rather than the Presbyterian. The former is liberal without being loose, and there is far less ecclesiastical control than in most denominations. The world needs more of Christ and less of Creed. Some people and some churches spend so much time upon creeds they have very little time left for practical Christian work. . . .

Frank, who entered the University with funds so slender that he could not see his way through the first year, was soon to receive a crippling financial blow. Merritt Moore was at that time selling maps and blackboards to schools in various Illinois towns and country districts. On November 9, 1890, he asked Frank for a loan with which to buy a horse and buggy, and Frank responded by sending \$125.00. Merritt then borrowed more money from another source and purchased a handsome horse for \$100.00, as well as a harness, buggy, lap robe, and whip, all

new, for sixty-five dollars. Merritt assured Frank that the loan would be repaid rapidly from sales which the improved means of transportation would facilitate. This promise was not fulfilled in spite of Merritt's strenuous efforts to do so. By February 14, 1891 Merritt had reduced the debt to seventy-five dollars, but Frank was already at the end of his financial resources.

Frank meanwhile had been living on a boardinghouse diet which he described as a combination of grease and sour bread, and his digestive system, never strong, could not withstand the fare. He was frequently ill, and the Indian club exercises which he took to improve his health availed not at all. Under these circumstances the following note received from Merritt in February 1891 could scarcely have had the desired uplifting effect:

. . . If the whole of wealth is this, to grow and grow in soul, to know and ever seek to know, then you may count yourself as having increased in riches even if your stock of money is less. . . .

As time went on, it became clear to Frank Moore that he could not hope to continue his work at the University and that he must seek employment. Merritt, whose good intentions exceeded his resources, wrote as follows:

Rushville, Ill., Jan. 27, 1891.

It is my purpose and aim to earn enough to keep you in the University for the next 2 years at least and I believe I can do it. Your success is my success. Your interests are mine. Anything I have or can get honorably will be at your disposal always. So I feel toward all the children. There is no virtue in this. It is simply my plain duty. It is also my high privilege and joy. It is enough compensation for me to know that you appreciate your privileges and improve them.

In spite of these sentiments money was not forthcoming, and early in March Frank accepted a call to a dual pastorate in the Congregational churches of Cannonsburg and Bostwick Lake, Michigan. He left the University before having obtained credit for any of his academic courses and entered upon his new assignment on April 1, 1891. Merritt made the following observations on this change of events:

Rushville, Ill., Mar. 4, 1891.

Here with find Express Order for five dollars. Your letter was received to-night. Also the one you sent the 1st of the week. Of course

Frank I want you to act upon your own judgment relative to going to Cannonsburg. It would be my choice by far to have you remain in the University for another year at least, and I think you will realize hereafter as you do not now your need of a more thorough preparation than you now have. It is no easy matter to prepare two sermons a week and have them edifying to the congregation.

The broader the culture, the easier it is to meet the demands which are now made upon religious teachers. I speak from experience as I have felt crippled all my life because of my meager preparation. However, as you have decided to go there "take up thy manhood and show what is in thee. The day and the hour of thy opportunity are at hand."

It is true that many have begun preaching with much less preparation than you now have and have succeeded. You will succeed of course but I am anxious to have you full of all worth and wisdom with a stock of information and discipline of mind which will enable you to be ready for every good word and work. . . .

The books of which you speak are a good investment. I shall be able to send you more money soon. I have a stock of maps now paid for which will enable me to have some money released as soon as a sale is effected.

Further advice was forthcoming from the vigorous pen of Merritt who ardently coveted for his son the kind of life and success which he himself had failed to attain:

Macomb, Ill., Apr. 25, 1891.

Frank, I want to call your attention to the spelling of one word in your last letter, the word mental, not mentle, as you have it. You may think this too small a matter to mention, but you know life is made up of little things. The whiter the page the more conspicuous will a blot appear.

In your work you will doubtless be interrupted more or less necessarily but so far as possible I hope you will have regular hours for work and conscientiously and persistently pursue your studies. If, however, you are broken in upon, take it patiently and cheerfully. Sometimes an impatient look or word will destroy to a great extent your influence for good.

Another thing Frank you will permit me to mention that is relative to your salary. Try to have it understood at the outset that it will be for the good of all to have it met promptly and in a business like way. Then on your part be sure that nothing in this line is left at loose ends. Be a

man in your business relations as well as in all others. I have every reason to believe you have adhered to these principles thus far and that you will continue to do so but I trust it will do no harm to remind you of them. While I say this, I would urge you to always bear in mind the truth that you should do nothing for money alone. There are multitudes of instances where you will be called upon to do things without money and without price. The best pay you will ever get will be for services rendered to the poor, the sick, the helpless, the neglected ones of the earth, where you receive no pecuniary reward whatever.

Remember that one of the evidences Christ gave of the fact of his divine mission was that "to the poor the gospel is preached." I want

"Your life a ceaseless protest

And your voice a Baptist's cry

To be true to the truth and faithful

Though the world is arrayed for the lie."

You may think this letter is as useless as "carrying coals to Newcastle," but I write it simply "to stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance." I want you to make up in some measure what I have failed to do, and what possibly I might have accomplished had I got "headed right" when at your age.

I have just finished paying Mr. Cushman twenty one dollars and will soon send you some more. I think I can finish paying you within the next month at least. Will that be satisfactory?

On May 7 Merritt did pay in full the balance of Frank's loan. This money made it possible for Frank to buy a horse and buggy for use in his work in the parish.

The Moore family papers carry very little information about the Bostwick Lake-Cannonsburg period. A salary of fifty dollars a month enabled Frank to marry on July 9, 1891 Coral E. Leigh of Ionia, Michigan, to whom he had been engaged since high school days. The couple, destined to spend a long and happy life together, lived not very happily at Bostwick Lake. The salary was scarcely sufficient to make ends meet, and Frank's health, already undermined, steadily declined. On May 3, 1892 Frank Moore was ordained as a Congregational minister. In December of that same year he resigned his pastorate and decided to go west to try to regain his health. He took his wife, Coral, to Ionia to live with her father and to wait for his recovery.

On December 16, 1892 he left Ionia for Coal Creek, Colorado. He took with him a letter signed by four officers and trustees of the Cannons-

burg congregation recommending him to anyone who might "need his services as an upright, Christian gentleman, one well worthy of all confidence." In Coal Creek, then a tough mining town of some 3,000 inhabitants, he presented his credentials to a Mr. Williams, a deacon of the Coal Creek Congregational Church, with the result that he procured employment as a supply minister. His salary, which was determined by the size of the Sunday offerings, defrayed part of his expenses. Meanwhile, to rebuild his health, he walked four or five miles a day and rode horseback whenever possible. Under this regimen he improved rapidly and was able to report on February 1 that he felt stronger than he had in two years. That the hotel in which he stayed was hardly ideal for rest and recuperation, the following passages will testify:

TO CORAL MOORE

Coal Creek, Colo., Jan. 22, 1893.

. . . Last night there was a fight in the saloon two doors from the hotel here. It is an Italian saloon and a terrible hole too. A young Welshman got hit over the head with a billiard cue. A great crowd of people, three hundred I guess, gathered out in front. Last night was pay night and the saloons were just full. Many of the men here in the hotel were full. I went to bed early but all night long we could hear them coming in singing and yelling like demons. One man tried to get into my door, so drunk that he couldn't tell which room to get into. Of course here in the hotel I see the worst side of life. . . .

TO WALTER HOWARD MOORE

Coal Creek, Colo., Jan. 31, 1893.

. . . This hotel is at present filled full of theatrical performers and an Indian show. A regulation Kickapoo Indian Medicine Show. I eat at the same table with three noble red men whose long black locks fall in a beautiful wave from the noble brow of the dusky sons of the plains. One Indian is over six feet tall and carries himself straight as an arrow. He has the shambles of a native I tell you and is as stought [stout] as a lion. Two are Cheyennes and one is a Sioux. . . .

TO WALTER HOWARD MOORE

Coal Creek, Colo., Feb. 2, 1893.

. . . I get more disgusted with these theatrical performers every day. There is a young lady with them here so affected. Bah! If I was compelled to live with such a woman around I would be about frantic! . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Coal Creek, Colo., Feb. 4, 1893.

. . . These theatrical men make me sick at the stomach. Bah! What a disagreeable man a snobbish English man is who is an actor!!! As I write a great big Indian six feet 3 inches in height sits eyeing me from across the room. . . .

Frank's mother, in spite of her strait-laced principles, opposed the kind of bigotry which she had encountered all too frequently in Merritt's attitudes and felt called upon to admonish her son for his intolerance:

Ionia, Michigan, Feb. 22, 1893.

. . . You wrote about those theatrical fellows at Coal Creek filling you with disgust and it set me thinking how Christ would look upon such folks and how difficult it is for the best of Christians not to suffer disgust at the sin to extend also to sinners. Mrs. Kellogg said that one of the professors at Ann Arbor used to repeat over and over to his class when lecturing, "Beware of disgusts."

On February 11, 1893 Frank Moore left Coal Creek for an uneventful assignment as supply minister at Rico, Colorado. The problem of reconciling Merritt Moore's stern injunction to preach the "unvarnished truth," whatever the cost, with the need to hold his congregation was always present. That he recognized, but had not resolved this dilemma is indicated in the following excerpt from a letter to his mother:

Rico, Colo., Feb. 28, 1893.

. . . I feel so incompetent to fill the place of guide to these people. In the west here many people seem to think that a different system of morals will do. And then it is hard to be able to preach the truth and still attract the people. . . .

PROGRESS

In late April, 1893, Frank Moore took a position under the Presbyterian Board in the Big Horn Basin, Wyoming, as circuit rider for the towns of Warren, Hyattville, Shell, and Otto. In June his wife, Coral, journeyed west to join him.

The Big Horn Basin extends some 100 miles from east to west and 80 miles from north to south. It is almost completely hemmed in by mountains: the Absarokas on the west, the Beartooth and Pryor ranges on the north, the Big Horns on the east, and the Owl Creek Mountains on the south. Cloud Peak in the 120 mile-long Big Horns rises to an elevation of 13,165 feet. The Basin's interior includes grazing land, hill ranges, fertile land along creeks and rivers suitable with the aid of irrigation for farming, and barren, sculptured badlands in which fossil remains from nearly all geologic epochs can be found. The area is drained by the Big Horn River and its many tributaries. The river enters the Basin from the south through Wind River Canyon in the Owl Creek Mountains and flows northward through the Big Horn Canyon into the Yellowstone River in Montana.

The first known inhabitants of the Basin were the Crow Indians who were eventually dislodged by rival tribes: the Shoshone and Nez Percé from the west; the Ute and Gros Ventre from the south; the Cheyenne, Sioux, and Arapaho from the east; and the Flatheads and Blackfeet from the north. In the nineteenth century the area passed through a fur trading era, the most productive period of which was the 1820's through the 1840's, and a gold mining period which started in the late 1860's and continued thereafter in a desultory manner. Stocking of the Basin with cattle took place from 1879 to 1884. In this period large outfits, many of them English, Scotch, and German owned, staked out claims to vast blocks of the range. Beginning in the mid-1880's granger farmers began moving in. They settled on fertile land along the streams, fenced and irrigated the land, farmed, and raised small herds of livestock. Sheepmen, also, entered the Basin with their flocks. In the 1890's the big cattle ranchers, who at the outset had been masters of the entire area,

were finding themselves in severe competition with these two interests. The Frank Moores in their mission on the Big Horn were in contact with all elements, but chiefly with the granger farmers.

CORAL MOORE TO WILLIAM WALLACE LEIGH

Thayer's Ranch, near Glenrock, Wyo.,
June 11, 1893.

Frank and I are once more enjoying each other's society. I expected to go on the stage Friday morning when lo and behold! who should appear but my husband. You may be sure we were glad to see each other. Frank came with a buggy and two horses which he had borrowed. The horses had to have a rest before going back so we came out here to stay till tomorrow. We shall start on our journey Tuesday morning and it will take us about a week as it is 175 miles to Hyattville. But I think we shall enjoy it.

William Wallace Leigh (Oct. 7, 1837-1907) was the son of William and Eunice (Waters) Leigh. He was born in Sandy Creek, New York, and moved to Michigan where he lived in Burlington and Ionia and practiced his trade as a carpenter. He married Marietta (Smith) Leigh on August 27, 1863. Two children were born to this union, Bert and Coral E. Leigh.

Frank is much better and looks brown and healthy. I think it is wise that he came to this climate. It is beautiful here so bright and sunshiny and yet with a brisk breeze. This ranch is surrounded with low mountains and is a beautiful place. We are having a nice visit with Walter Thayer and his mother. This air makes me so sleepy I could fall asleep standing up. They tell me I'm just getting acclimated.

We are not sure, but I think we shall go to house keeping in Hyattville and shall send for the goods as soon as we can afford it. There is so much to write that I feel perfectly helpless. I wish I could see you today and know how you are. I often think of my Father so many miles away. It seems as if I'd been gone for months.

Everything looks promising for us, much more than it did when we were writing. You may be sure Frank was pleased that I came when I did and declares we shall never be separated again. It will be a little while before we can get all our plans arranged as it takes so long to do things out here. I'm anxious to see the different places where Frank preaches. . . .

Otto, Wyo., July 4, 1893.

You have had very many of my thoughts if you haven't of my letters. And now you ought to see my surroundings! Frank and I are in the canvas bed-room, a little room made of white cloth inside another room. We are sitting on the bed for want of a chair and just the other side of the canvas is a woman lying on the couch resting after the dissipations of the Fourth. A man lounging on the steps, and a woman with a five week old baby whose merits have been discussed until everyone is worn out. . . .

Well, Frank and I went to the celebration this morning down in a grove of cotton wood trees on the shore of the Greybull River. It is half a mile from Otto and quite a pretty place. There was a lemonade and ice cream stand, patriotic songs, and speeches by the two ministers. Then we were invited to eat picnic dinner with Mr. Gould's people. They live about five miles from Otto and she, and I think her husband, are christians. They are Baptists and have a leaning toward our church. Six nice little children, I guess they're nice, at least they behaved themselves. They made it real pleasant for us. This afternoon [there] have been horse-races, a foot-race, and a sack-race, and tonight is to be the dance. Frank and I will be relieved when it is over, and yet it hasn't been so bad as I had feared.

If I could but tell you all I'd like to! Perhaps Frank has written some of it. We have a home which is a great pleasure and rest to us. Our two back rooms are the pleasantest in a long way for us unless we could walk in and see all of you. . . .

This is the day after the Fourth and I see that this letter is a most disjointed affair. I'll try now to begin at the beginning and let you know of our affairs.

My trip from Ionia to Casper was very pleasant and full of interest but my camping experience was even more interesting. To begin with I was most delighted to see my husband and he has been the kindest and most considerate fellow that ever lived and taken the best care of me and made things just as easy as circumstances would permit. Well, in Casper we laid out part of our worldly possessions for a frying-pan, two plates, and two knives and forks, with a small stock of eatables. I also invested in a large sun hat. Behold us on a Tuesday morning started for the Big Horn, a team composed of one small ambitious horse and another large and very lazy one, a buggy of moderate size in which was stowed one large trunk, two pails, three satchels, two umbrellas, one

water keg, one bundle of camp bedding, one band box and fifty other things. Perched high upon the wagon seat is a forlorn looking damsel in a huge hat and gossamer and by her side a stalwart youth in overalls and a cowboy hat. The wind blew a gale, the dust flew, and for miles was a beautiful landscape of sagebrush. To say I was miserable is but faintly expressing it but as there seemed little use in making a fuss I refrained.

Well, night came after a while and we camped in a little gulch that was real pretty. I began to feel more reconciled to my condition. Frank hobbled the ponies and turned them out to "rustle" and then we built a little camp fire and got supper, tea, partly green, partly sage, owing to a plentiful sprinkling of brush; tomatoes with like seasoning; bread and potted ham; appetites like cannibals.

After we had eaten the last crumb and washed the dishes in the fryingpan the sleeping problem arose. I was resolved not to sleep on the ground for I'd heard most dreadful tales of rattle snakes curling up beside you. But the buggy was small, and the youth six feet tall, and the damsel of goodly proportions. But some how they managed to stow themselves in that vehicle. In the morning I felt angular and care worn but very soon I liked the pure air and learned to accommodate myself to the place allowed.

We made pleasant visits at Mr. Aggers' at Oil City and Mr. Ervay's. At the former place I had my first horseback ride and I've had one since. I've learned to gallop and am set up over the accomplishment. You don't know how I enjoy it. We're going to get a pony for me soon. Frank has bought him a tough little fellow, Billy, and thinks a great deal of him.

To return to our trip. Once we travelled all day seeing no one and one day we drove forty-six miles. In two days we counted forty-eight varieties of flowers, some of them very beautiful. I wish I could tell you all about it but it would take too long.

We reached Hyattville at the end of a week and skirmished around and found our two rooms. We will live there till we decide whether we will take land or not. A doctor occupies the front room. The house is made of boards placed horizontally and the cracks filled with mud. The walls and ceiling are covered with very dirty cheese cloth. I had a great time cleaning up for I had nothing to clean with. But it began to seem quite home like when I came away. Frank made a bedstead and table, we borrowed a box stove, and a neighbor bakes bread for us. I have a

new tin pan, 35 cents, and use the tin Frank had for a hectograph for a platter.

I did my washing before I came away and had over six dozen pieces. I borrowed everything to wash with. Our neighbors are Mr. Hyatt who lives two houses away. His wife was a christian back in Virginia. He keeps a store with the saloon in the back of it. We rent of him. He has been very kind in many things and charges fair prices for everything. Across the street is another saloon and on the other side of us is a dance hall in course of construction. There are just three people in the place that make any profession of religion and they would be called backsliders in Michigan. But people are real kind to us and twenty three came to hear Frank preach.

Samuel H. Hyatt was born in North Carolina in 1838 and was raised and educated in Georgia. He served in the Confederate army, fought at Shiloh, Vicksburg, and in other historic battles. He was wounded four times and ended the war as a colonel. In 1886 he moved from Buffalo, Wyoming, to the site of present Hyattville which was then called Paintrock because of its location near a cliff inscribed with Indian pictographs. The town site of Hyattville was laid out in 1887. Samuel Hyatt opened a store and postoffice and became the first postmaster in the Big Horn Basin. In 1890 he married his fourth wife, Elizabeth Calhoun Hyatt. In 1900 his store was destroyed by fire, and he turned his attention to ranching and the livestock business.

Last Thursday I came over to Otto with the mail in response to an invitation from Mrs. Winslow. It is forty-five miles from Hyattville. I passed the spot and saw the blood stains where two rustlers were murdered last spring. Mrs. Winslow keeps the hotel here. She has three boys, a husband, and a little girl to take care of. They're almost too lazy to feed themselves. She works enough for three women and gets small thanks for it. It is here I occupy the "canvas" bedroom. Mrs. Winslow is a christian woman but has no time for reading or meditation. It isn't such a very pleasant place to be but I've gained much knowledge. I'm on very good terms with a gambler or two, the saloon keeper, and a Mormon, besides rustlers and old drunkards.

Frank came over from Shell Monday and will preach here Sunday. This is the place that is so split up between Methodism and Presbyterians but we're not going to squabble and I think will get along first-rate. I'm not at all discouraged. Frank is really much better than he was and I think he's well suited for this work.

How I would like to see you every one. I don't dare think much about it or I could get homesick. I send just quantities of love to every one of you. I thank you Alice for your nice letter. I never appreciated my friends more than I do now. Frank wants me to go for a walk so good bye. Frank sends his love. I think he could get homesick without half trying.

CORAL MOORE TO MARY MOORE

Hyattville, Wyo., July 30, 1893.

. . . Now I'm not going to tell you much about any other place than Hyattville in this letter. Firstly I hardly think we shall take up land, for if we take a homestead we have to live on it five years and it is expensive getting started, building a house, getting water on the land, etc., and irrigating is very hard work, and I think Frank hasn't the strength to spare. In taking up a desert claim a certain amount per acre has to be laid out on it a year, amounting in all to perhaps a hundred dollars. These are the only two kinds of claims that can now be taken up, and the only way they could be made of profit would be to move on one and stay the rest of one's natural life, and that we are scarcely prepared to do. I'm not disappointed as I'm afraid it would mix up business for Frank and make it much harder for him. However, I've found out this since he went away this time and it may not be his decision.

Then I'm thinking of teaching a little. At Warren they would like me to take the school. I may apply for the one here at Hyattville. It runs three months and they pay \$60 a month. However, I may not get one if I do apply.

The dance-hall has not been built and my next door neighbor on that side is as kind as can be and I like her very much. Her husband, Mr. Tom Gebhart, edits the Paint Rock Record. They are young people. She is about my age. I stay there nights when Frank is gone and visit her about fifty times a day. I've borrowed everything she has and even have my eyes on her cat to catch the mice in my cellar. They are not christian people but are inclined towards things good and she and I are going to try to start a Sunday School soon.

Frank isn't here any Sunday you know, except just the one night when he preaches. Now I'm afraid from my letter you thought I was very uncomfortable and possibly unhappy. I think Frank and I were never happier since we were married. In some ways our little separations are good for us as long as they're not long ones. And our comforts at home are increasing gradually.

I'm going to describe our surroundings minutely. The same dirty

cheese cloth is on the wall, but if we conclude to stay here I shall improve on that. We have the wall garnished with dresses, cloaks, hats, pants, coats, my saddle (I've rented a fine easy-riding one), a map of Wyoming, a picture of Stanley, two piles of papers, saddlebags, a looking glass, and various other things. There is a little and big shelf on the wall. On the big shelf is a row of books and on the little one a clock, a picture, and a piece of petrified wood. This room, our sitting room bedroom and diningroom, has two windows which I have garnished with curtains made from an old gown, not such bad looking curtains either. In one corner is our beautiful bedstead on which is a straw tick borrowed from Mrs. Hyatt, some blankets borrowed from Mrs. Hunsinger, and some sheets borrowed from Mrs. Morgan. My traveling pillow answers all such needs as we dote on being strait. At the foot of the bed is Frank's trunk filled with winter clothing, the till of which answers for his secretary. At the head of the bed on one side is my trunk containing summer clothing. The till is the dresser. In another corner is my dining table. It is spread with my single tablecloth which through some mistake got in with my clothes. When it becomes soiled I take it off and wash it and put it back on. In the centre of the table sits the silver butterdish in state. The table is further adorned with a small tin pail as a sugar bowl, a salt shaker, some plates borrowed of Mrs. Gebhart, and our two knives and forks, also a tin cup and such tin pail covers as I've been able to scrape. Now if you think we have nothing to eat you're mistaken for we decided we'd have that if it broke us up in business. Tomatoes 35c a can, starch 20c a package, rice 12½c a lb. Well, two boxes and one chair complete the furnishing of this room. The chair Frank made for me recently and it is a wonderful piece of work. But I assure you I appreciate it fully.

And now the kitchen. The walls there are rough boards. There is one window and a door. In one corner is the little box stove. We have heard of a stove at Shell and intend to look at it. There are five shelves of various sizes in different places which are very useful. Then behind the door is a chip box and a clothes bag. . . . Frank has just made me a sort of a kitchen table which I prize most highly and over it he placed a tiny box with two shelves for my dishes. There is a trap door into a cellar about as big as a dry goods box. Outside my door, which is the back door, hangs my mop and a beautiful chip pile stretches itself. But beyond is the Paint Rock River and then the grand old mountains rise. . . .

Frank has bought a pretty little gray pony for me. I had to have one

or stay at home. We paid \$30. She is a very easy rider and you can't get much of a horse cheaper than that. We've named her Queen and we feel well satisfied with both our horses. Frank will ride Billy about two times and take Queen the third.

Frank does need his books but we are going to get him at least one new one in a week or two. Now that we are getting settled he is able to study quite a little and we intend to send for the books as soon as we can.

I'm wearing my wash dresses quite a little and my plaid. I shall wear my velvet to ride in but intend after awhile to have a habit as it would be much more comfortable and graceful. The rest of my clothes I've put away and shall take them out as I need them. You must be most dead by this time, but I've so much I'd like to tell you. . . .

CORAL MOORE TO MARY MOORE

Hyattville, Wyo., Aug. 5, 1893.

. . . Frank couldn't get time to write as fully as he'd like so I'll try to tell you all the events. I can't understand why you don't get our letters for I'm quite sure we've written at least once a week since coming here and sometimes oftener. But the mails are not to be relied upon. There's as much as ever to write and where to begin I don't know.

Frank came home and surprised me this week as he had intended remaining at Warren till Sunday. But he thought he could rest enough better at home to pay him for the extra ride. But he went to Warren this morning and then will ride twenty-two miles and preach here in the evening. I stay at Mrs. Gebhart's nights when Frank is gone and don't get a bit lonely days for I find so many things I want to do.

I wash and iron when Frank is gone so as not to have it around when he is home. I've borrowed things to wash with from Mrs. Gebhart but expect to have some of my own before long. I don't mind the washing when I am here alone and it is hard to get any one to do it. We get our water to wash from the river. Frank carries it the night before he goes away. We get splendid drinking water at Mr. Gebhart's.

As for things to eat, I think we live the best we have since we kept house. We have vegetables by the quantity and so many have gardens that we have had very little occasion to buy. We have had new potatoes, beets, corn, peas, string beans, lettuce, onions, radishes, etc. Last night a lady of Warren sent us a great sack of vegetables by the mail. . . . We have one addition to our furniture, a little box with some shelves in for books. This is nailed on the wall and helps us to look intellectual. . . .

You mustn't trouble yourselves about newspapers for us. We are getting along very nicely. We have some Cosmopolitans and Christian Unions, kindly lent us, and of course the Golden Rule comes in right along. In a week or two we are going to send either for a new book for Frank or subscribe for some good paper. We've already sent for some sample copies of the leading magazines. And it is causing us to read some standard works we have such as Gerkie's Hours with the Bible.

This is Frank's circuit. Sunday at 10:30 A.M. services at Warren, then ride twenty-two miles and at 8:00 P.M. services at Hyattville. The following Sunday services at Shell, twenty-five miles from Hyattville, then back to Hyattville, and the third Sunday services at Otto, forty-five miles from Hyattville. The circuit is about a hundred miles, but coming home between times makes more riding. Frank says, however, that he can rest enough better to pay for the extra ride. He preaches in little log school houses. His congregations average about twenty persons and the work is in a hopeful state everywhere except Otto. There is conflict in that place between the Methodists and Presbyterians and the former have rather the best of it.

We are trying to plan for the work in the Seminary and after the first quarter's salary has settled nearly all our bills I think we can begin to plan in good earnest.

We are much interested in a young man here, Mr. [Charles] Gwenup, by name. He is twenty-two years old and drives the stage between Otto and Hyattville forty-five miles one day, and back the next, every day in the week except Tuesday. He has better inclinations than most of the young men out here and has been very kind to us in many ways. We've had him here for supper twice, in spite of my lack of dishes. On such occasions I eat with a jackknife and use tin pail covers. He was here last night to supper and spent the evening. You see there is absolutely no place for a man to go here except to the saloon, and you can't imagine how they gamble here all night long. I don't think the saloon across the road has been closed for a week.

There is a freedom and lack of conventionality about this life that quite suits the savage instincts of Frank and myself. However, we try to restrain ourselves somewhat. But I believe we've worried less than at any previous time since our marriage. If I have little, I have but few things to do, and can write and read and follow such pursuits as I desire. . . .

Dear, dear! It almost makes me homesick when I read your good letters and think of you all at home. There's a queer little feeling comes

over me which I have to try hard to shake off. Wouldn't I like to see you all? But I am sure it is all for the best just as it is. . . .

I have all the clothes I need and more too. I have not had on my black dress, tan dress, or green waist since I came. I intend to dazzle the natives with them next winter. I think of nothing that we need very badly at present. Perhaps this fall we'll have a little box of things sent. We thank you just the same for your kind thoughtfulness. . . .

Tell the boys not to be discouraged in writing for their brother (and sister) will surely respond after awhile and if you only knew what those letters mean to us. I've raked all the chips up in the back yard so it looks quite fine, and the house really begins to have a home like air. How wordy I am. You'll be all worn out. . . .

FRANK MOORE TO THE MOORE FAMILY

Hyattville, Wyo., Aug. 16, 1893.

I suppose you would like to hear about Coral's long ride. We got up real early the day we went to Shell Creek. Left home at quarter to five. It was a beautiful morning, cool and fine air. Our trail lay along at the foot of the Big Horn range in the Bad Lands almost all of the way. We followed the trail that used to be an Indian trail; now it is used by the mail carrier and other horsemen. No wagon can go over it it is so rough and climbs such steep pitches and clings to the steep sides of so many hills. I wish I could take you over such a ride as we had. We went past such wonderful badland hills all yellow and red and crimson; others soot colored as if the smoke of countless chimneys had dropped its color and cinders down. Other hills were furrowed and scarred by the long continued exposure to wind and rain. When we had got 12½ miles on our way we stopped at a stream and rested. The water was good for our horses but not fit for us to drink. Coral was by that time getting somewhat tired but we thought that she had stood the first half of the distance real well. Farther on we passed a sulphur spring. It is not good to drink but smells quite like the Yellowstone Park. . . .

At 11 o'clock we arrived at Mr. Austin's place. It was a very pleasant place to arrive at after a twenty six mile ride. Coral was of course very sore and lame but recovered soon and enjoyed riding as much as ever again. We staid at Shell Creek almost a week. We called some. I went fishing and caught a few fine trout; we went up Horse Creek Cañon, a wonderfully grand wild gash in the mountain's side. I preached there Sunday to about twenty four people in the little log school house. There were at that service twenty people horse back, twenty saddle horses, and

not a wheeled vehicle. Coral made the acquaintance of the finest lady I think there is in the whole Basin, Mrs. Austin. She is a perfect lady, has a refined home, and made it very pleasant indeed for Coral. Their house is like the rest of them here built of logs but the rooms are large and comfortable, and a huge fireplace invites us to the sitting room. They have the floor carpeted and pictures on the walls. A double door with curtains connects the front room with the dining room. Take it all through I think it is the finest place to stop at in the whole country. . . .

Russell H. Austin was born in Michigan in 1830. He served in the United States Army from 1848 to 1853. He then entered upon a career as trapper, hunter, and prospector which took him to Colorado, Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming. In 1868 he was living near the site of Lander and was selling butter at one dollar a pound and potatoes at twenty-five cents a pound to miners. He engaged in the livestock business in Rawlins and in 1882 purchased \$15,000 worth of cattle, all of which he lost in one year. In 1887 this restless wanderer settled permanently on a homestead near the present site of Shell in the Big Horn Basin. There he erected fine buildings, planted an orchard, farmed extensively, and raised livestock. In 1879 he had married Lydia P. Sweney, a native of Ohio and widow of one Grigg Sweney. Mrs. Austin had three children by her first husband, Grace, Robert, and Harold, the "Hal" of this narrative.

FRANK MOORE TO ALICE MOORE

Hyattville, Wyo., Aug. 23, 1893.

. . . I went to Otto last Saturday, my forty five miles trip. I rode the entire distance in a day on Billy. Sunday I preached and Monday I made some calls and came half way home. Yesterday I came the rest of the way home and surprised my better half for she did not expect me for a week this time. While I was gone I saw a flock of wild geese. They flew up right near me. They spend their summer in this region. I also saw a coyote and fourteen or fifteen antelope. In this way I am constantly reminded that the land in which we dwell is new indeed. Bear tracks are also numerous but none are brave enough to meet a white man.

We are real happy in our little poor two rooms here and if it were not so far from friends and home folks would be perfectly satisfied with our life here. I believe we can do good here too in some ways. We are going to read some Milton's Paradise Lost with a young man here this evening. He is a man who at one time was a school teacher, was principal

of a high school in Ohio, but had to come west for his health. He got into bad company and at times had drunk and gambled very heavily. We have been trying to revive some of his old aspirations by inviting him in, and reading such works as Milton, and giving him wholesome literature. I think we have done some good already. This man at one time was at school at Ypsilanti.

Coral continues to be the best wife anyone ever had and we are happier in this far away home than we would be in a palace with that which makes this a home lacking. . . .

Yes there are log school houses at each of the places where I preach. Some of them are quite neat. At Hyattville it is pretty much inclined to get dirty from the mud falling from the roof. There is not a church building in the whole Big Horn country. . . .

FRANK MOORE TO WALTER HOWARD MOORE

Hyattville, Wyo., Oct. 1, 1893.

. . . I am alone. Coral is over to our next neighbors, Mr. Gebhart's, where they have a bran new boy. Coral keeps the menfolks fed now while they have no help. . . .

I preached to nine people here this morning. Big congregation wasn't it? Expect to preach again this evening.

Coral and I with Dave Hunsinger, a young well-educated man here, have been digging away at Paradise Lost. That is a magnificent poem. It just lifts us up. I am also reading Pope's Essay on Man. We are just finishing Ben Hur, so you see we are making some progress. . . .

There is a man here who used to be a class mate of Dan Bradley of Grand Rapids. His name is Anthony. I am going up into the mountains with him hunting. He is the one who gave us the half of a deer this week. He left the heads of some deer and elk up there on the mountain and thinks there will be some bear there and we are going up to set a trap for them. We may hunt some elk and deer also. It will in all probability be cold up there for the snow is quite deep now but we can so much the better hunt by the tracks. . . . On my last trip to Shell I saw four coyotes, three antelope, and one rattlesnake. . . .

FRANK MOORE TO WALTER HOWARD MOORE

Otto, Wyo., Oct. 10, 1893.

I preached last Sabbath morning. I came over to attend a quarterly meeting of our Methodist brethren. The presiding Elder did not get

there so they asked me to preach in his place. I had more freedom than usual and the people said that I did them good.

I have had a strange experience here. Finding all in turmoil and strife, we have been able to see some of the contention passing away. Two people here now are about to become reconciled and I have been able to be the go between. Ticklish business this but I have been clear so far myself. These two women are both christians and have not spoken since last New Year's. Considerable excitement is afloat now because I have announced to preach on "Gossip" October 22. I am loaded heavily for it and expect to tell the scandalous truth.

I go home tomorrow. Ride 45 miles on the stage. Hard day's ride but I am getting toughened for all such. It is storming on the mountains all around us tonight. Snowing hard but it has not come into the valley yet.

I have been hunting and killed a deer!!! A Mr. Anthony went with me. I mean I went with him. We went up on the Big Horn range into the snow. Went around back of the black mountain I wrote you of that leans against the first range. Waded snow four and six inches deep for about twelve miles. Saw three bands of elk. Two in one flock, one in another flock, and five or six in the other. Couldn't get a shot at them. Saw a deer alone and couldn't get that. Rode over rocks and down timber, up and down the mountain side, saw the tracks of mountain lion, a lynx, and at last saw two deer together. Rode on alone after them. Saw a young doe up on a side hill. Got off and fired. Ran up the hill and saw blood, followed it along and came up with the poor deer lying gasping, dieing, looking so pitiously at me, shot through the heart. Of course I was exultant and packed the deer proudly into camp through the snow on my pony. I have saved the skin and will make a rug of it, but I am no hunter. I feel too sorry for the hunted timid deer and elk. Their life is a hard one. Born to be killed and eaten.

While we were up, it snowed both nights on our bed. We had no tent. The first night it snowed about four inches. Boo but it was cold getting up in the morning and washing in the ice cold stream as it dashed over the cold gray rocks. I went up Monday and came down Wednesday October 4. When I came down I left cold drifted snow and in two hours was on dry dusty road in the valley. I saw a large silver tip bear that was killed just a few miles from our camp. . . .

CORAL MOORE TO MARY MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Nov. 15, 1893.

. . . School commences soon now and I am to teach. There will be twelve or fifteen pupils. I feel a little shaky as it is all an unknown field to me. . . .

We enjoy our new home so much and think we may stay here until next fall if nothing happens. Mrs. Austin is such a fine lady and many are the chats we have. . . .

By the way, it's just as I predicted, and I set the fashion. My clothes are in constant demand for patterns, and I haven't had on my black or tan dress or my green waist!

Frank is going to take the Homiletic Review for a year; isn't that nice. We are trying to establish a S. S. library here and we would be thankful if you would name some books that you think would be enjoyed by these young people and not beyond them.

By the way, Frank had a letter from the Congregational Home Missionary Superintendent of Wyoming asking him to consider the second Congregational church of Cheyenne; but we don't want to change at present anyhow. We don't even know how the man heard of him. The ground is covered with snow tonight and it is quite cold but our fire-place gives a cheery blaze. . . .

FRANK MOORE TO JOHN MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Nov. 16, 1893.

. . . This evening I wish you were with us. We sit by a great fire which paints a healthy glow on our cheeks and both of us are writing home. These pleasant days at home are doubly appreciated after my long rides. If it gets too bad this winter of course some appointments will have to be missed. . . .

About the first of January I will begin to get the ball rolling toward your appointment here next summer. Of course it is uncertain but if it is possible we will get the place for you. In the meantime your best preparation is to get as thorough a knowledge of the Bible as you can. When I look at the mostly scattering knowledge I had of it when I started in S. S. work and how little I had of that scattering knowledge, I think that the best preparation one can have is familiarity with that book of books in all its lines.

Take such comprehensive lines of study as the Normal Outlines, Legion of Honor Series, or something similar. Learn the purpose of the various books. Get the important facts of the Pentateuch, then the

history that follows. Get the grand scope of the messianic prophecies. Be able to give as good an outline of the New Testament as if you were to be examined in school. Learn the history of the early church in the Acts and the development of christian doctrine in the epistles of Paul, the practical work of James, and the charity and love of John. Now don't think I know all I outline here, for I do not, but I have just prepared a sermon on "A Comprehensive View of the Bible" so for the time being I am full of suggestions.

Following this could come a study of prayer, faith, the grand doctrine of justification by faith of Romans, providence, love, etc. And when you are chuck full of these thoughts, and many more following in their wake, I will risk your being able to preach the gospel. Theodore Cuyler says that the requisites for the ministry are "the gift of speech, good health, the requisite mental furniture, the leading of the Holy Spirit, and an intense longing for labor in the Lord's vineyard." As for the speech, although you have not been tried very much yet, I am sure, judging from your graduation oration and leading young people's meetings, that you can develope more than ordinary power in that line. As for mental furniture you have a splendid start. The latter two you alone can tell.

And now one word about the future. It is needless to say that I have a very strong desire to see you enter the ministry. I can see the need of earnest, live men, and even though the way may seem blocked at present, I believe you are cut out for this work.

You are young. Next fall you will be no older than I was when I began S. S. work. Unlike myself at your age, you do not expect to get married soon. Although it worked all right in our case, still as I look at it now, it was a great risk to run which I would not advise every one to attempt. I mean the waiting and preparation in the meantime, so to speak.

So even if the way does not open next year nor the next, do not give up your purpose. For if our plans carry, as Coral intimated in her letter, after I have had a year in Chicago which we intend shall be next year, we aim to give you a lift. . . .

CORAL MOORE TO ALICE AND JOHN MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Dec. 9, 1893.

. . . School will not commence till after the holidays and I'm real glad as I'm not quite ready. I shall have two or three young men in school who believe in studying 'rithmetic. The school house is a mile and three quarters from Mrs. Austin's. I shall ride my pony.

Our Literary was organized Wednesday night with Frank as President. He is usually home on that night. Twenty seven were present and we had a real nice time. We sang Who Built the Ark. I say *we* for *I* sang. A person don't know his capabilities till he reaches the Big Horn Basin.

And I've had one ride in a bob-sleigh! There are several inches of snow and it is snowing now. I'm afraid there will be but few at S. S. tomorrow. The attendance has kept up pretty well with an average of eleven or twelve. . . .

Frank's work is prospering as well as it can in such a vast territory. We do so hope there will be some help in the spring. Did he write you that he was offered the pastorate of the second Congregational church in Cheyenne and also a charge in South Dakota? But we think any change at present would be unwise. The people seem to think a great deal of him and his congregations are good. Of course we can't expect so large an attendance this winter. I'd like to write you about many of the people, but there seems so much to write. A letter from Mr. Currens came today, urging Frank to stay in this field several years, but I believe his highest interest, and that of the cause, demand further study even if he returns to take up the work. What do you think?

By the way, if you have an opportunity to get hold of any real readable book that is suitable, just speak for it for our S. S. library. It may be there are some such in the Presbyterian library in Ionia that are laid aside. Dear me, you'll think I'm just a bundle of requests, and I guess I am.

Did we write you that Frank has subscribed for the Homiletic Review? And some one in Omaha sends us the Interior. These, with the Golden Rule and the Outlook which Mrs. Austin has, supply us pretty well. There are also great files of Century's, Harper's, and Scribner's, and many good books. . . .

All the people out here are republicans and it's just about as much as your popularity is worth to stick up for Cleveland. But to be a prophet, oh ignominious estate! Frank is doing some work in the temperance line however. I'm glad they have a live man in the Baptist church for it seems as if they've been afflicted with dead ones enough. . . .

P.S. I've struggled through Arithmetic as far as compound interest! . . .

FRANK MOORE TO JAMES BUTLER

Shell, Wyo., Dec. 11, 1893.

. . . I am digging away as usual. Have just finished reading The

Virginians by Thackeray. Read occasionally some of Plutarch's Lives, Carlisle, Bayard Taylor, and some of J. Holland. Have just begun Ridpath's History of the United States. Find it all very profitable. I also have subscribed for the Homiletic Review. The November number is very good. Am just writing a sermon on man as the result of the three forces, will, heredity, and circumstances. I try to show how the gospel deals with each.

Tomorrow I go to Otto, 30 miles way. Quite a cold ride with the mercury around zero every night. We are both well. Coral sends love to your wife and says tell her that life in the west has some fine things in spite of isolation, bedbugs, and bad lands. . . .

FRANK MOORE TO JOHN MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Dec. 12, 1893.

. . . I went to Otto last week on Thursday. Had to ford the Big Horn River and the ice was bad. I had to ride out on the ice, then jump off about 2 feet into the water. If I did not have one of the best ponies in the country I couldn't get over such places but Billy will go where I send him.

I preached Saturday night seven miles below Otto in the Gould school house. Sunday A.M. I preached at Otto on "I know whom I have believed."

Sunday night Mr. Thompson preached and I had more of an opportunity to see what sort of a congregation it was to work on. Twenty four people. An old Methodist on the front seat, narrow, bigoted, the most active christian here. There on the other side the tobacco soaked Presbyterian elder, the afore said at sword's points. Yonder on a bench a little girl trying on a pair of grandma's glasses and making two small boys laugh. There behind them two fellows with their girls, one "girl" a grass widow twenty years old. Opposite them the ex-saloon keeper of the place. On the two back seats eight boys who laugh boisterously and whom later I had to speak to about order. Some others not very noticeable any way. It is hard to speak in a little log school house to such a congregation, especially as part are Mormons and part out and out infidels.

I came home yesterday thirty-five miles, crossed the river on the ice, had no dinner, came from one inch of snow into eight, and did it in 7½ hours. . . .

Shell, Wyo., Jan. 9, 1894.

. . . I just found out why we lost that letter from you. We did not get one. Three weeks passed without our hearing from home. But one of the stages got lost between Casper and Lost Cabin. It had been gone eight days at last accounts and the driver had not been heard from. A searching party is out to find trace of him. A fearful storm was on at the time. A stage was also lost on the Rawlins-Lander route, the one I had such a hard ride over. Several passengers were on that stage. In here we are all right and comfortable but I would not like to ride over the road that this letter has to go at this time of the year. So if you do not hear from us regularly do not worry for we shall write regularly but the mail may get lost.

We have been having some pretty cold weather but it has been still cold. The thermometer has been down to 21 below zero. I did not go to Otto last week as it was so cold. The paper said that the thermometer there last Saturday was 30 below. We are nearer the mountain and so it is warmer.

Coral began her school Monday with six scholars, five girls and a little boy. I hate to see her ride away these cold days but she seems to get along all right. She rides within a quarter of a mile of the school house and there puts her horse in Mr. Lampman's barn and walks the rest of the way. It is a poor excuse for a school house that she is in. Just benches with no backs and two old rickety tables. There is plenty of ventilation around the wall and the cracks in the door and windows.

Last Sabbath I preached at the lower school house six miles below here in the A.M. and up here in the P.M. There were nine at each place. Not a very encouraging outlook. We would have had more but several were at a Sunday dinner party. I tell you it is up hill business to get anything done here.

. . . I get pumped so dry that it seems as if I couldn't think of another fresh thought, for you see it is over eight months now since I heard a speaker except Mr. Thompson, the Methodist Episcopal preacher at Otto. He is a good man but he spells souls "soales" and his preaching corresponds. But then we expect to see Chicago next fall and then for laying in a supply of knowledge and seeds which will be just what I want when I get out to work again. . . .

Those who enjoy irony will delight in Frank Moore's condescension toward the Reverend Thompson's spelling.

Shell, Wyo., Jan. 19, 1894.

I sit by the fire this evening and so does Coral. She is writing on a debate for the Literary Society. By the way our Literary Society has revived and is very successful. We are proud of it. We are in a fair way of making it a permanent thing, I guess. We hope to.

This week Coral is leader on the affirmative of this question: Resolved that the intellectual development of woman during the past hundred years has been greater than that of man. I am unfortunately not on her side. Was chosen by the other leader. She has written a fine debate. I am proud of her.

Our cold weather still hangs on. This is the hardest winter they have had for years here. We have now had snow on the ground continually since the first of December.

I have made a few trips around that have been very hard. A week ago Monday I rode about twenty four miles across a barren strip of country without seeing a person or animal and no road broken to speak of. It was a terribly hard ride. The snow was half way to the pony's knees and crusted under. I have a very stout pony or I could not have made it. When I got half way over I could hardly see the landmarks on account of clouds and the road was all drifted out of sight. If a storm had struck me I would have been in a bad place but fortunately the clouds lifted and I got along all right. Last week I did not meet my appointment at Otto on account of badly drifted roads. I preached last Sunday here. Preached a sermon from Mark, "Having eyes see ye not? Having ears hear ye not?" I tried to show from the facts that we see but little of the beauties of nature about us, that we see or realize but little of what we owe to Christianity, and then showed what great men have said of religion and what it has done for mankind in missions, philanthropy, etc.

I have been interrupted so many times that I can not write very consecutively but will make another attempt this P.M. Callers have been in, and this A.M. I took Coral up to school. She has had a hard lot of weather. The thermometer has been up to freezing but four or five days since she began her school, and time and time again it has been down to 15 and 20 below zero. It was 26 below this A.M. But the wind seldom if ever blows here and that makes it pleasanter.

Our Literary Society has been a great thing for us this winter. We have been the gainers if no one else has. A man told me the other day that if it had not been for us the society would have died long ago. We

manage to keep things stirred up anyway. Literary tomorrow night, a church social Friday night, preaching next Sabbath, etc. It keeps me going to do all but we think we are gaining ground. There are so many little things to worry and bother all the time that our work is not all smooth sailing. So much opposition to Christianity on the part of some who profess to be Christian. Some people do not try to keep Sunday at all who profess to be Christians, and lots of other worries, but then, why should I complain! . . .

I neglected to speak about those stages. It turned out that the one between Casper and Lost Cabin got in all right but the driver ran away with the team, left the mail in a deserted sheep camp, and skipped to Nebraska. The other after being lost for a long time in the snows of Crook's Gap at last found a ranch. None were seriously frosted. . . .

CORAL MOORE TO MARY MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Mar. 3, 1894.

. . . This afternoon the wind is blowing and helping to dispose of what little snow there is left. It has been going rapidly the last few days and begins to seem quite spring like. I think we took our last sleigh ride last night.

The past week has been a very busy one. We went five miles Tuesday evening to practice a dialogue. On Wednesday evening Literary met and the dialogue was delivered with great effect. There were nine ladies and girls in it. We represented a school-committee and proceeded to examine a young girl who had applied for the village school. I was Mrs. Blunt, the deacon's wife, and was impressively arrayed in cap, spectacles, curls in front of my ears, and a large white kerchief. The debate was also decided in our favor. I came home quite triumphant.

Last night we held the first church social ever held on Shell Creek. About fifty were present and we had a pleasant time. It is a very difficult thing to entertain a company where dancing has been the sole amusement and I came home tired out. They raised about forty-five dollars toward Frank's salary which was remarkably well I think. . . . The people will hardly hear a suggestion of his leaving the field and declare there has never been any one here before so well liked and are sure there will never be again. But I still think if another man can be found who can fill the place well it would be best for us to go to Chicago. What do you think?

Sunday. School will be out in five weeks now. It will seem rather nice to have my liberty again although I've enjoyed this school better

than any previous one. We have had new desks put in the school house which is a great improvement. Frank rustled around and got money pledged for the lumber and then secured a man to make the seats, and behold! You would not recognize the place.

Yesterday I got out my summer hat, a broad brimmed straw, and made some alterations in it thinking soon to wear it. What is my chagrin this morning to find an inch or two of fresh snow. But it won't last long I'm sure.

. . . The S. S. has run all winter in spite of the discouraging remarks. For I was warned that it would be impossible to keep it up during the cold weather. I have had no help from others teaching. Mrs. Austin was there one Sunday and with that exception there has been no assistance. Sometimes I've been inclined to grumble and find fault, but God has been making it a great blessing to me. The attendance has varied from nineteen to six.

Frank is improving in another way too. He has been paying more attention to writing his sermons lately and his last two ones were fine. He is gaining better forms of expression, and his sermons are vivid. Best of all, I think, he is growing nearer the Master. He has shaved off his whiskers and begins to seem like the old Frank. His health is excellent at present, and mine, ditto. In fact, in many respects, this has been the happiest year of my life, although I do get powerful homesick. . . .

FRANK MOORE TO ALICE MOORE

McDonald's Ferry, Wyo., Mar. 14, 1894.

I am away from home, flooded out. Last Friday I crossed the Big Horn River on the ice which was then getting rather bad, and now between me and home is a boiling, turbulent stream of muddy water. Great cakes of ice float down and in places gorge high. I preached at Otto Sabbath and had splendid services. Another made a stand for Christ. Preached in the district below Otto Monday evening. Water was rushing all around the school house about four inches deep but fifteen got there and we had a good service. Three or four will join the Church there the next time I go over.

This A.M. when I found I could not get over the river in the old ford I thought I would come down here as this is a better crossing. I rode about 25 miles and when I got here find the river too high to ford. So here I am! All that I feel bad about is that Coral will worry about me. I am only twenty one miles from home here but it will be some time before I can get home.

Friday, Mar. 16, 1894. You see I am still on this letter. I am now on the Stinking Water. Yesterday morning the river was so high that I decided not to risk it so I left McDonald's and came over here to hold a service next Sabbath. Before I left I saw some men wash gold out of sand taken from a well they were cleaning out. It is not known how much there is there. . . . I got here on the river about 2 P.M. Made arrangements to hold a service in Mr. Godfrey's house on Sabbath. Rode down the creek this A.M. calling. Met a bachelor a way down who is a Christian man. Said he was glad to know services were to be held. Visited a family below and took dinner with them. They are people who have been living in Kansas and Dakota. Have lost seven crops in those dry lands. Went from their place out on the uplands and found a young man herding sheep whom I knew on Shell Creek. It looked nice to see the two thousand sheep all together.

Here are thousands of acres of land yet untaken. It is as level as a floor for miles. Great stretches of salt sage land which can easily be irrigated. There are but few settlers here now but soon this will be a very thickly settled country. I am not far from the Montana line, only about 18 miles.

This is a very nice family I am stopping with. The lady is the daughter of the woman who died in January, the one Coral was with.

I am forty four miles from home. Can see where Shell Creek comes down from the mountain from here. The Big Horn cañon is just a few miles to the north from here. That is one of the deepest and grandest cañons in the west. About a mile deep in places, and forty five miles long. I am now only about one hundred miles from Billings, Montana. Quite near the cars! I feel first rate.

March 23rd. Here I am at home again. Had a good service, 30 present. No service ever held there before. Came home Monday and Tuesday. Crossed Big Horn Tuesday all right. Awful glad to get home. Pleasant weather. Lots of blue birds and robins. Received lots of letters from home. One from you, one from Mother, and John and Howard. You are awful good folks to write so often.

Can not take time for much of a letter as I have studying that can not be put off. No mail yesterday. Blizzard I guess.

CORAL MOORE TO ALICE MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Mar. 25, 1894.

. . . As usual I don't know where to commence for there are so many things I want to say. Perhaps the most prominent thought in my mind

is that Wednesday is the last day of school. We teach calendar months here, and I've lost three days. It is nearly fourteen weeks since school commenced. It has been in many respects the pleasantest school I've ever taught; there have been but nine pupils in attendance most of the time. Two have prepared historical papers for the last day covering the work passed over this term. One has written up the history of Wyoming, another tells of the wild animals of Wyoming, and there is also a story of a horse named Belle. I'm really quite proud of the productions. There is to be singing, recitations, etc., and a dialogue which includes the whole school. I shall be somewhat relieved when it is over. But think of the wealth! \$180, and we haven't touched a cent of it and don't intend to. So much for school. I'm going to revel in sunshine, washing, mending, idleness, and reading, and enjoy myself to my heart's content for a few weeks now.

. . . Frank preached such a good sermon to-day on the cost of the Christian life. It was so stirring and full of life and made one feel that the cost was much but the reward was of exceeding value.

Sunday visiting is one of the greatest drawbacks here. Those who do not care to attend service go visiting and keep those at home who would like to attend. But we are far from discouraged. One must not expect to see results too quickly for these people have been away from Christian influence for years. Frank is real brave and doesn't begin to have so many despondent days as he used to. Sometimes I wonder whether his health would stand the work in Chicago. He is much better but isn't rugged. What do you think?

CORAL MOORE TO MARY MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Apr. 21, 1894.

. . . Frank very much wanted to write, but he was home but one day and had many things to attend to. Our ponies got away about two weeks ago, and he has spent all the time he could spare looking them up. He found Queen last week on her old range and very likely will get Billy this trip. Frank rode 125 miles the last time he was away, six days, and came in looking brown as a berry. He is real well almost all the time. He went to Warren yesterday and will not be back before Wednesday next week. I'm rather inclined to get lonely without him now that school is out. I'm really a very idle person. I never had so little to do in my life but before long I'm going to make some visits.

We attended a wedding Thursday. Frank performed the ceremony. It would all have seemed very incongruous to you. There were two

little rooms in the house, one with a gypsum floor. The wall was decorated with deer and antelope heads, pictures cut from papers, etc. The floor was bare. There were two or three chairs and trunks and a board covered with cloth supplied further seats. But the bride was arrayed in light blue brilliantine trimmed in white silk lace, and the dinner was excellent. Turkey, etc., apricots, brides cake, and many other good things, and Frank came home happy with a five-dollar bill in his pocket.

Perhaps Frank wrote you about our ride the day after school closed. We were looking for the horses and rode six or seven miles from home. The scenery was fine. We seemed to be right at the base of the Shell Creek mountains. These mountains are fine, I think. They rise so abruptly and are so gray and seamed. We rode on an old Indian trail and saw tepee poles near and came to a pile of rocks they had set up as a signal. The hills were covered with rocks formed of small shells. The shells can be very plainly seen yet. And we saw eight deer. The horses were as excited as we and dashed after them. We saw them three different times. They are the first I have seen.

We took dinner with a quaint old lady, styled Grandma Lampman. She showed us innumerable bedquilts and blankets her mother had woven and gave me half a dozen butter pats in token of her friendship.

FRANK MOORE TO MARY MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Apr. 29, 1894.

. . . I rode about two hundred and forty miles in two weeks, preached six times, and made about twenty five calls. I made out my yearly report, in the meantime married a couple and felt pretty good when I got through with it all. So you see I am well. In fact I have not been so well for years as I am now.

One day when I was hunting horses I rode ten miles and back, driving in a bunch of range horses on the way back, helped a man brand two colts, helped set out some fruit trees, and then rode ten miles after 5 o'clock. I got Billy and he was just as fat as he could be. He was about forty miles from here when I found him. Queen was forty-five. An open range has its disadvantages.

Our weather is just beautiful. We find wild flowers now, violets, yellow and blue, and a flowering moss that grows all over the plains.

. . . Coral and I think in many respects that this has been the best year of our lives. I have been here now about a year. I have preached 84 times and ridden about 4000 miles. I feel so dissatisfied with the results but seed sowing requires faith I know.

Our service was very pleasant today at Shell. About 24 there and all seemed quite homelike. I preached from Isaiah, 28:16: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation."

Sometimes I think that as I have such good health here and the people seem desirous to have us stay that the best course would be to just get a little plot of ground, say forty acres, and make a home here and stay with this new land. Land could be had now cheaper than ever again and it would be possible for us now to get it. But then I think that perhaps we can serve our Master best by fitting ourselves better for his work and the Seminary idea comes again. We both have grown here in a way that no school could instruct us but we need the inspiration of other Christian workers and the mental discipline that comes from directed study.

You remember I wrote about getting some men to sign the pledge at Hyattville. One of them, a boy of 21, told me last Wednesday that if I had not come here he would be gambling yet and possibly drinking by this time. He did not drink then but gambled hard. Both he and Dave Hunsinger, the educated fellow I wrote of, have stuck to it, so I feel pretty good about that. . . .

CORAL MOORE TO THE MOORE FAMILY

Shell, Wyo., June 30, 1894.

. . . I'll sit in my homelike room and try to answer all the letters you've written for the past two months.

We were away from home seven weeks, but at the [Thermopolis] Springs but four. Frank made some appointments going and coming. . . . We are both feeling better for the trip, however, the rest as well as the baths doing Frank much good.

On our way home we stopped at Warren and I visited every family in the place coming away enriched by an elk skin, which we intend to have tanned for a rug, two pairs of deer horns, two pairs of antelope horns, and a pair of steer horns. We also stopped at Hyattville. A great many settlers are coming into the Basin and Hyattville looked like quite a village with its numerous tents.

It seemed very pleasant to see Shell Creek again. The crops are very good and things in that line are prosperous but there's no money in the country. Mrs. Austin has cleaned house and made everything look very fresh and pretty without any expenditure. She has excellent taste and our welcome was so hearty that it seemed quite like coming home. (I for-

got to say that we are property holders. The school house in Hyattville was sold at auction, and Frank bought it for \$20. They will build a new school house, but in the meantime there would have been no place for services). . . .

FRANK MOORE TO MARY MOORE

Shell, Wyo., July 24, 1894.

. . . Coral and I just got home yesterday from a trip to Hyattville and Warren. We were so glad to hear from you at home. We went to meet Dr. [Robert] Coltman at Hyattville. He is Pastor at Large in the state. We failed to make connections so I preached at Hyattville and then went to Warren. We put in some of the worst nights you can imagine fighting bed bugs and mosquitoes. We didn't sleep good but one night while we were gone. We drove 100 miles while away. Yesterday we drove thirty four miles in six hours and in the afternoon I drove 8 miles farther. So today both of us and Billy and Queen are tired enough.

I expect to go to Hyattville tomorrow. Shall go horseback. Then I will go with Dr. Coltman to Warren and Otto. I shall lay out the field to him so he may know what kind of a man to get as my successor. In all probability this will be my last round. This has been a very unsatisfactory field in many respects. So large that I had to spread myself too far, and it has made me very thin in more ways than one. . . .

FRANK MOORE TO MARY MOORE

Hyattville, Wyo., July 26, 1894.

I came over here yesterday. Mr. Coltman will be here tomorrow. I shall take him to Shell Saturday and back here Monday. Then on to Otto, etc. I received a letter from Dr. [T. C.] Kirkwood in which he took for granted that I was to return to this field when I got through school next spring.

Today I have been having a long talk with one of those young men who signed the pledge last fall. He has broken it three times this summer and I was almost in despair of him but after our talk today I have more hopes again. He is a very bright man in many ways, but weak. The forces of evil are strong here. Oh if I could only get him to rest on the Strong Arm instead of trusting to himself.

Shell Creek Falls, Wyo., Aug. 15, 1894.

In your wildest flights of imagination you could never follow us to this place nor can I write so you can have even the faintest conception of the beauty and surpassing grandeur of this scene in which we are. We, Coral and I, sit under the shadow of a gigantic boulder from the sides of which grow the most delicate of ferns. Before us is the rushing roaring cascade of Shell Creek. I can tell you of the falls but how can you know of the roar or appreciate the beauty of the spray as it is thrown into the air to be wafted now east now west by the shifting wind.

Our party consists of four, Coral, Miss Thompson, Hal [Austin], and myself. We started for a three day trip to Shell Creek cañon yesterday and were going to make the attempt of reaching this place. One after another told us when we started that it would be simply impossible to reach this place the trail was so bad, but we have with us two of the pluckiest women that ever traveled in a pack train, and after some Alpine climbing and dangerous fording here we are! (*veni, vidi, vici*). Put the first person plural there when read.

Last night we camped in one of the prettiest of places. A grove of cedar trees interspersed with cotton woods, spruce, and pines on the bank of Shell Creek was our temporary home. We made a tent for the ladies by setting two poles up and then put a ridge pole from the crotch to a tree. The girls slept splendidly there and Hal and I turned in outside under a couple of blankets and a tarpaulin. The roar of the creek lulled us to sleep and we rested finely.

This morning Hal and I were up while the stars were still shining. The weather is fine and up here at about six thousand feet altitude we were rather cold this A.M. After breakfast Hal and I went out to explore and just a little way from our camp we found way up the sides of the granite wall a cave. We climbed up toward it as far as we could and then returned for the girls. There we found Oregon grapes, red currents, and gooseberries ripe. When the four of us were up looking at the cave we looked across the creek up the sides of the cañon and there saw the falls of a little stream. To get there the girls had to jump from rock to rock and at last walk a log over the rushing water. That really introduced us to our day's rambles which have taken us into places where no woman and possibly no man has preceded us. We climbed up the bed of the stream, scrambling over rocks and fallen timber, up gravelly slides where our pathway was marked by falling stones, and at last we reached the falls. They were simply beautiful. Great boulders and solid walls of

granite were holding up the side of the mountain and over these a little stream was trickling and leaping in a series of cascades. When we had climbed up to the foot of the highest fall where the water leaped thirty or more feet we stopped to rest. Just then the sun which had been tardy in rising sent his slanting beams through the mist and a rainbow with a shadow appeared against the brown granite rock. . . .

From the falls there the view of Shell Creek mountains was grand. Lofty crags pushed their heads up above the pine and spruce forest and above all shines the bright sun from a sky of matchless blue.

About nine o'clock we started for Shell Creek falls just below our camp. We boys went over the creek leaving the girls to rest on a high bluff overlooking Shell Creek. . . . There are plenty of signs of deer, elk, mountain sheep, and bear here but we have not been so fortunate (or unfortunate) as to see one of them.

I can not begin to tell you of Shell Creek rapids and cascades. We have made a thorough exploration of these beauties. We have climbed over the great smooth granite boulders and stood by the side of the water as it made its brave leaps of ten, twenty, and thirty feet. We have looked into caverns damp and moss lined. We have reached way over and seen the water rush through a natural arch at an angle of about forty five degrees and seen where the water twenty five feet away dashed pell mell against a solid barrier only to pick up renewed energy and make a bold leap of fifty feet and land upon jagged and smooth boulders below. And lastly we have half climbed, half slid, lowering ourselves by bushes and trees down the steep sides of the cañon until we find ourselves by the foot of the lower and largest cascade. . . .

August 17. And now we are at home. In the quiet of our room we can scarcely realize that all the past is real. Those rapid fords where the rocks were large and slippery, the treacherous trail along the cañon wall, and the never resting water at the falls, all now seem a dream. We can hardly forget however that some of those experiences were real. . . .

I will try to tell you of the remainder of our trip. We left the rocks by the falls where we wrote before and went below about a hundred yards where we had a fine view of the largest cascade. Hal was sketching the fall and we sat down under the overhanging rock and rested in the cool of its shade. I settled myself around on the smooth granite floor where I could see the foaming water and abandoned myself to its influence. All sorts of pictures floated before my eyes. Combinations of falls and people floated dreamily before my eyes. I could see you home folks perched upon those gigantic boulders looking at the beautiful

scene, the rocks, the falling water, the overhanging hemlocks and pines, the granite walls and towering wooded heights on either side, and at last the whole melted into a real dream and, lulled by the roar, I slept. Coral slept for a while also with a stone for a bed and pillow, and then we started for camp.

We got there about three o'clock and had a huge dinner of trout, potatoes and corn roasted in the ashes, wild goose berries and currents, with bread and butter. Then we climbed the south wall of the cañon and drank in the sunset, looked over the jagged wall at the river below, built a monument of stone and hung a flag from the top as a memorial of our trip.

Returning to camp we built a large fire, the evenings up there were quite cool, and then we sang. As the moon again climbed the eastern sky and silvered the heights about us we went to our rest but feeling that one of the most perfect days in all our lives was closing. Not an accident happened to us, not a jar of any kind disturbed our pleasure. . . .

We came home tired out of course for we had ridden about thirty miles and walked and climbed fully twenty further all in three days. I am so glad now that Coral could see such a grand sight. It may be we will never again have such an opportunity, and then we are the first people who have ever made a thorough exploration of those falls.

The Moores moved to Chicago in the fall of 1894 and lived there until Frank's graduation from The Chicago Theological Seminary in 1897. The remaining letters in this volume deal with Frank's work in the Big Horn Basin where he returned alone in May 1896 for a three month's summer assignment, once again under the Presbyterian Board.

Frank Moore's grade average at the Chicago Theological Seminary was 88 plus in 1894-95; 79 in 1895-96; and 85 in 1896-97. He earned his highest grade, a 97, in History of Israel and, ironically, one of his lowest, a 75, in Missions. In his senior year at the Seminary he was elected class president.

TO CORAL MOORE

Otto, Wyo., May 20, 1896.

. . . I rode here with the mail carrier who offered to pack me over and back for nothing. When I got in sight of Otto I found several buildings of quite respectable proportions. Painted roofs and clap-boarded sides some of them. A pretty little Methodist Episcopal church and two saloons. . . .

[I preached to] 25 in the school house. Just the same little house. Just the same crowd. Just the same smoky camps.

The Baptist preacher has come in here and taken all of our members that were Baptists. He is coming in again in two weeks and will preach a sermon on baptism! He will locate here. And so it goes. I shall report favorably on turning Otto over to the vandals. Such proceedings as the Baptists have carried on here are called in ordinary language dirty business. But I shall not fight. I am here for a far different purpose. . . .

TO CORAL MOORE

Hyattville, Wyo., May 21, 1896.

Your good letter and Howard's of the 14 and 15 came this A.M. I got them out of the Shell Creek mail. I am going to preach here this evening and am just ready to start out calling. It is nice and pleasant this A.M. The sun shines and the air is still and over the mountains some big fleecy clouds hang. Paint Rock rushes along musically and the birds sing. How pleasant it was to hear from you and Mother and the rest. I just love you more than you can know and the courage I have to work grows when I think of your love.

Things are encouraging in many ways. I find one fact here that helps me and that is that all people seem to have confidence in me. This all over the Basin. I hope to be able to start from that basis and go right on now with my work. I shall be able to organize a S. S. here I think and get it well started. To do this I must go now and see the people. I feel pretty good over this. A S. S. at Shell, and here, and by staying last Sunday at Warren I got that one on its feet, so I am much encouraged.

Friday, P.M. I am once more here at Shell. Preached last night at Hyattville to a good congregation, 35. Collected \$1.45 for S. S. supplies. Will organize a S. S. there one week from next Sunday. Got up at 4:30 this A.M. and rode across the hills to Shell by noon.

Saturday, A.M. . . . I am just off for a trip to let people know I am here. It is a beautiful morning. The birds are singing from every tree top and the air is so fresh and pure. I am real well and rested and ready for work. I feel that God is very near me this morning. How good it is that we may work for Him. Orrin Gould said that something I said once in a sermon first set him thinking seriously. How full of hope and courage it makes me when I know that words like those did not fall in vain. I will work with greater faith and faithfulness. I am just off for the lower creek. Shall preach there tomorrow P.M. and up here in the

A.M. Evening. It is about bed time. I have ridden about twenty five miles and made eighteen calls. I have made three appointments for tomorrow for 10:30 A.M., 3:30 P.M., and 7:30 P.M. at Horse Creek, Central, and Lower school houses. . . .

Sabbath Morning, May 24th. It is a beautiful morning. I have been up a little while. Have been preparing the outline of the S. S. lesson that we will use this morning. Now I will just speak to you for a few minutes before breakfast. The birds are singing this morning from all about. Wrens, robins, mourning doves, and others. All seem so joyous this Sabbath morning. I am glad and rejoice too that life and health are given me and that an opportunity is offered me to work. How I do long to help these people and lead them to Christ. I feel so weak when it comes to really pointing one toward the way of life. . . .

Monday Morning. Yesterday A.M. I taught S. S. class at Horse Creek S. S. and preached. Counting children there were 22 there. At 3:30 I rode into the lane by the Central school and had a congregation of two little girls and nine boys and young men. I just talked to them and used the blackboard. I don't know whether I can hold services all of the time, there or whether it would be best to go on to the lower school house. I went down there and in the evening had a congregation of twenty two. There we organized a S. S. and I preached again. Collected \$1.10 for supplies and sent Mrs. Peck in as Superintendent. One thing is noticeable there. When I used to go there they didn't seem to care whether I came or not. Now they are anxious for regular services.

Shell Creek was getting up quite high yesterday. I forded it four times and had no trouble. It was bright moon light as I left the school house so I got on Tony and came home. He started off on a high lope and just hit the high places. The wind blew and moaned. Clouds flew along the valley and piled against the mountain. The moon sailed for a time in a clear ocean of blue, then buried her face in fleecy clouds. It rained a little for a time, then quieted down, and up toward Bald Mountain I saw a beautiful lunar rainbow. Dismal and lone seemed the road as I approached Shell Creek crossing and the rushing water roared sullenly as I came within sound of the ford. Into the muddy torrent Tony hesitated to go but I urged him onward and crossed in safety. The water piled up against his shoulder and hit the saddle skirts but I did not get wet. Then on through a grove of trees and a thicket of willows, on through sage brush and greasé wood so high that it hit the stirrups, on over the bad land flat and across the muddy irrigation ditch, on past the point of road where our sleigh once collapsed, and around the hill into Beaver Creek

valley. Across that muddy little stream and over the hill from Lovelands, and just as I looked down into Horse Creek valley the moon came out clear and beautiful, and I was at home.

I unsaddled Tony and turned him in the field, came in the house, made my bed and was asleep before you could count ten. So another Sabbath ended. Of course after 28 miles of riding, three sermons and a S. S. class, I am somewhat tired, but healthy and hearty and fit for more work. I can see things I said that ought to have been unsaid, but I am not going to let myself get blue of course. Today I shall rest, press flowers, get my mail, write letters, and be ready for study tomorrow.

I received a letter from Mr. [illeg.] this mail. My commission is under way and Reid and Coltman have endorsed it for the summer at the rate of \$1,000 per year and deduct any raised here. . . .

TO MARY MOORE

Shell, Wyo., June 1, 1896.

. . . I was unable to go to Hyattville last Saturday and so missed an appointment. Instead I went to the S. S. up here and helped them out. Only six were present. Talk about discouragement!! It is a good thing that I have had a long apprenticeship in small congregations. I am learning to use my influence with congregations of one and two and make it felt every day of the week. In coming back here again I find that the influence we exerted was more outside the regular religious services we held than in them. As Mrs. Austin says, "The influence of a minister in the country in whom the people have confidence is the greatest help here."

TO CORAL MOORE

Hyattville, Wyo., June 3, 1896.

. . . Undoubtedly next Monday there will be a new town laid out on the Big Horn just above the mouth of Greybull. It is a good place for a town and perhaps will knock Otto out. For \$10 one can get a lot. A \$10,000 store will go in soon. All these changes are of a nature to keep us stirred up. The Baptist minister is in here now and is sailing about from one place to another. I think he will leave Shell though. . . .

I am learning to look at our work out here differently. While we may not get a foothold here in any of these places, as Otto for instance, we may be able to implant Christian seed and help develop the kingdom. While others may come along and supplant our church, we may have

been able to keep the people from drifting away from God. The Kingdom is what we want to see grow.

Thursday, P.M. I have made twelve calls since I wrote the above and now it is 3 o'clock. I am just getting a money order for \$18 which I will send you for your expenses. I struck a traveling barber the other day and paid .50 for an awful piece of work! I shall get along financially all right now I am sure. George [Sabin] said he would send \$30 more from Montana when he got there so I guess we will get straightened around all right.

George H. Sabin was born October 22, 1872 in Maine and lived in Nebraska until the age of sixteen. He then punched cattle in the Black Hills of South Dakota for four years. In 1892 he began working in Wyoming for Colonel Torrey's Embar Cattle Company. In 1898, when the Spanish American War started, he became chief packer with Colonel Torrey's Rough Riders. The following year, in partnership with Torrey, he organized the Shell Creek Cattle Company and became its manager. Sabin's reputation for business acumen and public spiritedness were at that time unsurpassed throughout the Big Horn Basin.

On the night of April 3, 1909, in the region between Worland and Thermopolis, Wyoming, a sheepman named Joe Allemand, his camp mover, Joseph Emge, and his shepherd, Jules Lazier, were shot and killed by a band of raiders who then burned their bodies and wagons and slaughtered many of their sheep. The raiders, among whom was George Sabin, were cattlemen who believed that sheep ruined the range for cattle. The grand jury at Basin, Wyoming, spurred to action by the Wyoming Woolgrowers' Association, returned true bills against Sabin and six other men. Sabin pleaded guilty of murder in the second degree and was sentenced for a term of from twenty to twenty-six years. At the Rawlins penitentiary he was soon made a "trusty" and on December 17, 1913, while working on a public highway in the Big Horn Basin among friends, made his escape and was never again seen by prison officials. It is conjectured that he made his way to South America.

Frank Moore was pastor of the First Congregational Church, Cheyenne, when this crime was committed. The editor, then aged eight, clearly recalls his father's shocked concern over the plight of a highly-regarded friend.

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell, Wyo., June 6, 1896.

. . . Did I write you that at Hyattville we put Mrs. Newell in as Superintendent of the S. S. I think a great change can be seen in Hyattville from the fact that more children are there.

What do you think? Old Mrs. Hollywood was at church night before last. Mrs. Jack Hollywood is sick. The old disease contracted when she lived the life she did before she was married has been pulling her down and she will not live long. She heard that the old lady had been to church. "My," she said, "The world must be coming to an end." "Why?" asked Mrs. Newell. "Because," she said, "the old lady has been to church. We never knew her to go before, not for fifteen years, and how she has cursed the ministers!" She, Mrs. Jack Hollywood, is in a very critical condition. No one to take care of her but one of the boys. . . .

I rode down here last evening and on the way down forded the Nowood at Bonanza. It is down a great deal. . . . I am writing under difficulties. Margaret is sitting on my knee and I am leaning against a corral fence watching branding irons heat. Mr. Austin is about to brand some calves and I am helping him. Now the work begins.

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell, Wyo., June 8, 1896.

. . . How can I tell you about this day. I am way off up here at Mr. Copman's. I rode over the same road we came out on. Up Red Cañon and our first camp for dinner around the red hills, past the great wall of the Big Horns to Mr. Hunt's ranch. There I staid to dinner and for several hours in sight of those magnificent crags. Hudson Falls I could see in the distance and that awful road and point we rounded going up the mountain. Then on toward this place, down a winding mountain road. I stopped to pick a flour sack of cedar boughs for a pillow. Saw some "hoodoo" looking rocks, one with a half human face with a sardonic grin on it. Saw great beds of lava in all sorts of contortions. Rode through Beaver Creek under beautiful trees, aspen, pine, birch, and cedar. Climbed a divide and looked over another valley caused by another fork of Beaver Creek. There in a grove of cottonwoods hidden beneath the hill was a cabin.

I rode in, knocked at the door and was asked to come in by a very sweet faced lady. A curly headed little girl sat in a rocking chair, two other girls were there, and a grandmother. The usual furniture of a one roomed log cabin was there. Home made chairs and table and bed

steads, a fire place, a gun or two on the wall, one solitary oil painting over the fire place, a mantle filled with photographs and specimens of rock, a corner partitioned off with curtains for a wardrobe and a trunk or two. I found people who had come in there just about the time we left. They were from Kansas, before that, Illinois. When they found out who I was they were very cordial. . . .

TO CORAL MOORE

Hyattville, Wyo., June 14, 1896.

. . . I sit by the lower school house waiting for the congregation to come. It is early still. Tony is eating on the hill just above me. A warm day is ending with a cool breeze. I preached at Horse Creek this A.M. Mrs. Austin and I drove up in the buggy. . . . Congregation was small in spite of the long hard riding last week. I am learning lessons though. Small congregations are not to be despised. Perhaps seed can be deeper planted when but few are there. All inquire after you. They seem to want you more than they do me. Mr. Whaley said, "We don't care about you but Mrs. Moore we want to teach 6 months' school for us this winter."

At Central school 23 present. Preached as well as I knew how and am now down here. Not tired much. Will get no supper this evening but it does me good to fast once in a while. . . .

TO CORAL MOORE

Otto, Wyo., June 22, 1896.

It is Monday morning and the sun has just peeped up over the Big Horn Mountains. I have been up and picketed Tony over in some good grass and now before the folks get up I am going to have a little talk with you. Yesterday I preached three times. Twice here in Otto and at the Gould school house. There were forty present in the A.M., twenty five in P.M., and forty five in the evening. I preached in the Methodist Episcopal church. That seems to be for the use of the public. Mr. Woods is a member of our church and a trustee of the M. E. So he says we will go on using that when I come over. . . .

I just figured up my accounts. I have had but little to spend but am short .84. For the life of me I can not tell where that has gone. I have at present .77 but people are good and trust me. I owe in the Basin now but a little though, something like \$2.50 beside my board. Pretty good for so long a run I think.

Orrin Gould has come out splendidly. He superintends the S. S. in

their district and is anxious that we shall organize a Christian Endeavor here. The Gold Rule I sent him set him thinking. We shall try to organize a Society on my next trip over. . . .

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell, Wyo., June 24, 1896.

One of the most discouraging experiences I have yet had is on hand. In the first place I am just tired out from long and hard rides and short nights and bed bugs and visiting and sermons without anything to study with and no trunk and no clothes and no letter from Dr. Coltman and a rainy day and—and!! To cap the climax our finances are about to run short. A letter from the Board yesterday informs me that my salary is to be at the rate of \$800 per year instead of \$1000. That will make but \$266.66 for my four months work instead of \$333.33. That means that John's salary will be at the rate of but \$800 per year. Now what are we going to do about it all?

To make bad matters worse I have had to get another horse. Poor little Tony did first rate for a little fellow but his legs were too short and I saw that if I kept him I would have to buy another. So yesterday I traded him off. I have a big rangy horse that is the only real saddle horse I ever owned. He is a very easy rider and I think will do the work all right. In stream he will be much safer and I think will be all right for John to use. But I shall have \$15 to pay. Now you see I didn't know what else to do but there is the extra expense and a smaller salary. There is one consolation. With this horse the distance across the country is shortened up an hour or two on each trip. This is a fine breed horse. He is of saddle horse stock, is about 14 hands high, and a long stepper. Well now I am not going to grumble any more but calmly go to figuring.

Here our accounts stand.

I owe. Geo. Sabin	\$50.00
Mr. Skala	5.00
On Tony	5.00
On Ranger	15.00
Ferrying B. Horn	1.00
L. K. Johnson on flour (graham)	1.00
Horse shoeing	2.00
	<hr/>
Total indebtedness	79.00

Estimated expenses from now on

To Board	\$30.00
" washing	5.00
" postage etc.	5.00
" incidentals	10.00
" fair to Chicago	30.00
To John	66.66
	<hr/>
Total	\$225.66
Total rec. this summer	\$266.66
	\$225.66
	<hr/>

Balance. \$ 41.00

This would let us out you see with \$41 ahead.

Now I think I can do just a little better than that but so the estimate stands now. It does seem hard to see as I get older my salary cut down. I believe however I am filling the place fuller and that is a satisfaction. I suppose I ought not to complain. Other men are losing their places and having salaries cut. Why should I expect to go through free from any inconveniences or trial. On this I think we can keep our heads above water at any rate. It is not so expensive to live here as it used to be. Horses are cheaper. You see this makes Ranger cost \$35. Three years ago he could not have been had for \$60. Clothing is not expensive and perhaps a little can be raised on the field. If it is, it is ours. So now! Now I feel better that I have faced the worst. But will John come on this salary as it now stands? I am so sorry for I had hoped to help the folks at home out. But with the Board in debt why should I expect a large living when lots of better men than I are scrimping along on half what I get. . . .

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell Wyo., July 2, 1896.

. . . Would you like to know what I have been doing since I got back this week? Well I got into my trunk. Haven't I reveled in summer underclothes and books! Haven't I studied some in Amos and the New Testament, especially Galatians and Colossians. I have read some in Evolution and have gone over a part of theology notes. Study comes to my starved brain like a refreshing summer shower. I am rejoiced to find that the rest has but added to my appreciation of study and I can settle down at it pretty well. I am so glad for I had feared that it would be hard to get down to study out here again.

. . . Well I started to tell you what I did this A.M. I got a nice armful of flowers and put them to press and then analyzed a few. I have now named five today. It is intensely fascinating work. How many kinds of grass do you suppose there are? 48, and many subdivisions of those. What a wonderful world we live in.

. . . John's letter came today. I shall be at Sheridan Wednesday night or Thursday morning. Won't I be glad to see him. How he will enjoy the trip over the mountain.

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell, Wyo., July 14, 1896.

. . . John and I had a good trip coming in. Good comparatively speaking. It was a hard trip on him not being used to roughing it. The second day out he was a sick boy and homesick too I guess. But the third day we saw some grand scenes and he felt better so he began to look at life in the wild west with different eyes. He will succeed here I am sure. It will be no easy task for him to gain the good will of all but I am confident he will be able to do it. Yesterday he went out along Horse Creek and caught a nice lot of trout and that was sport for him and helped him feel like liking the country.

This P.M. we are going up Trapper Creek calling. Wednesday we shall call up Horse Creek and Friday we start for Warren. We shall be able to make but one round before Drs. Kirkwood and Coltman will be here. Do you realize dearest that it is but about eight weeks before we will be together!

. . . I am sure that John will be a great help to these young men here and into many a home his presence will be a blessing. . . . John is a mighty fine fellow and I am more than glad to have him with me. He is well and I am sure will get stronger still.

Frank Moore's younger brother, John (Sept. 11, 1872-Mar. 1, 1907), went west to take over Frank's position in the Big Horn Basin. Frank drove to Sheridan in a borrowed buckboard to meet John, arriving on July 9, 1896, and the brothers returned together to Shell.

In 1903 John Moore became pastor of the First Congregational Church, Wheatland, Wyoming, at an annual salary of \$800 and continued in that position until December 29, 1906. He resigned to accept a call from the Congregational Church of Douglas, Wyoming. He was accidentally killed by a train, leaving his wife, Louella, and daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. Louella for many years was librarian in the Carnegie Library, Cheyenne.

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell, Wyo., July 27, 1896.

It is nearly noon and John and I are home from the . . . school house where we held services last night. We rode down yesterday P.M. and had 15 at the Central school and twenty seven at the Lower. Yesterday A.M. we had forty three or four at the Horse Creek school house. I preached a sermon on "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." I prepared the sermon yesterday A.M. and preached from the inspiration of a new thought. They listened closely and all seemed interested. One man who said last week that he had not been to church for fifteen years was there and after the sermon he said: "That didn't do me a bit of harm to hear that sermon." In the P.M. I spoke on the 15 Chapter of Luke and in the evening the same as the A.M. Friday night last John and Hal and I went up to Mr. Lampman's and Jim and we three practiced the two quartettes. We sang them at church yesterday. They went real well.

John and I sang a piece last evening. I am sure John will get along all right here for he seems to take such a real interest in the people. He is fast making friends and yesterday taught the S. S. in good shape.

. . . Wednesday evening. All day long I have done nothing but sit and lie out under the trees and read. The two volumes I have had were Evolution and There and Back. The former I have gained much from to add to my vague ideas on biology, geology, ontology, taxonomy, etc., which comes in incidental to the idea of the law of evolution. . . .

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Aug. 4, 1896.

I believe I wrote about our arrival at Otto. We staid at Chas. Gwenu's that night. What with bugs and doughy biscuits and loss of sleep could we expect than to have the world look rather dark the next morning. I believe we both felt rather homesick. It was awfully hot. We rode to Otto and I preached. We had a good congregation and a message went straight from the Father thru my words to an old gentleman at Otto who for years has been a Christian but who has had a fight all by himself. He told me I had helped him. We sang "Peace" and Orrin Gould said it was the sweetest music he had ever heard. How starved these people are! We held service at the Gould School House in the P.M. and at Otto in the evening. And what a fine meeting we had! We organized a Christian Endeavor Society with nine active and four associate members. Orrin Gould is President of the Christian Endeavor and I know

will get along finely. The people took to it, all of them, Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists, and all.

We rode home yesterday and forded the Big Horn for the first time since the water has gone down. I took the saddle off the pony, took all my clothes off except my undershirt and overalls, and tried the ford. It was pretty deep but we made it all right. John stands the riding real well although we are both pretty tired after our hard five days' ride. He will get along real well with the people here I am sure.

We expect Dr. Kirkwood and Dr. Coltman in today. Then for another hard trip. My poor old stomach has had a hard time during the last two weeks. I hope to keep it better from now on though. I feel pretty well except a slight touch of indigestion. . . . I don't see how people live anyway out here, dough and bacon!

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Aug. 5, 1896.

. . . I feel first rate after a 30 mile ride. We went up and met the two Drs. and are now here at home. Yesterday John and I went up to Mr. Lampman's. We bought a pony of Mary for \$15. It is three years old and quite a horse. Today we rode up to Mr. Hunt's and met the two Drs. They were in good spirits and are fine men. Dr. Kirkwood is exceptionally fine and Dr. Coltman you already know.

They can not stay long but will make a flying trip about and preach only once and that at Hyattville next Sunday. Of course we are disappointed but take it as it comes. They are rushed as much as we are in our calling. I shall go around with them. John will stay here and preach next Sunday.

. . . Friday A.M. at Morgan's. Drove over yesterday. Expect to go to Otto with Dr. Kirkwood today in a buck board. Feel well. Left poor John to rattle around in Dr. Coltman's place next Sunday. But he will get along all right. . . .

Am driving Dr. Kirkwood over to Otto. We are having a good visit and are talking theology. I guess it is all right. We are coming to a good understanding.

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Aug. 11, 1896.

. . . John preached three times last Sunday here on Shell. Had good congregations and I think got along well. John was pretty tired yesterday for on top of his hard day he was driven to a chair on account of bugs.

The people seem to like John and I am sure they will get along nicely together. They are talking of establishing a branch of the [illeg.] Night College here. That is they hope to have classes in Penmanship, Current Topics, and U. S. History. John will take hold of this well with the rest. He wants Hal [Austin] to give a class in drawing also. This idea will be a fine one I think. Several are much interested already.

I rode home yesterday after seeing the Drs. safely off on their journey. I like Dr. Coltman better I think than I did before but not so well as I would if he would but be a little more free from self esteem. But Dr. Kirkwood is fine. I just fell in love with him. It did me more good than I can tell you to meet him. He understands my position well and I think is satisfied with the course I am taking. They both liked John's appearance and are satisfied with the substitute I had selected.

I got home and found John of course pretty well tired out but he feels all right today. His colt is doing first rate and will make him a good horse. We took a little ride out last evening and both had our fill of a beautiful sunset and gathered some "belemnites" and shells.

The store is a go over here at Shell and they are at work on it now. Goods will be in soon and I think it will help the people here greatly. . . . Since a week ago I have ridden 228 miles and made 12 calls. So the work is turned off. So far this summer about 177 calls, almost 1700 miles traveled, 35 sermons preached. . . .

TO CORAL MOORE

Shell, Wyo., Aug. 19, 1896.

. . . The Basin will not always be out of the world. It is very different now from what it was three years ago. More congenial people are filling the country. A better state of society can be brought out of this crudity. It is a great thing to have a hand in the evolution of society in a country like this. I was going to close this and go immediately up Trapper Creek. The heat however is so great just now that I believe I would rather sit for a time in the cool of this tree before I go. . . .

Otto, Wyo., Sat. Eve. . . . Things are pretty well stirred up here about County Seat matters. Otto has built up wonderfully since you last saw it. I still think that Otto will be the point selected but Basin City stands quite a show.

I want the services to mean a great deal tomorrow to all who come. This is my last trip here and how one feels responsibility about speaking

to people whom he will not soon see again. Several . . . are thinking seriously about becoming christians. . . .

A short account of the career of Frank Moore subsequent to his departure from the home mission field appears in the introduction to this work.

INDEX

- Adams, Mrs. Nathan L., 42
 Adams, Nathan L., 40, 41, 42, 43
 Aggers, S. W., 69, 70, 153, 165
 Alfey, P., 68
 Allen, John, 122, 123
 Amoretti, Eugene, 56-57
 Amoretti, Mrs. Eugene, 54, 55, 56
 Anson, J. B., 79
 Anson, Mrs. J. B., 79, 112
 Arapaho Indians, 23, 24
 Arland, Victor, 144-145
 Atlantic City, Wyo., description, 140
 Ault, Fred, 42
 Austin, Harold, 172, 188, 200, 202
 Austin, Mrs. Russell H., 172, 175, 176, 177, 182, 186, 193, 196
 Austin, Russell H., 171, 172, 195
 Averill, James, 88-89
 Aylsworth, 34, 50, 95
- Baggs, George, 27
 Baggs, Wyo., description, 26-27
 Bainton, Henry W., 82, 83, 86, 87, 94
 Baker, James, 35
 Barr, George W., 18, 22, 23, 52, 54, 58, 59, 60, 62, 64, 65, 73, 79, 80, 82, 98, 101, 102, 118, 155
 Beeler, O. P., 41
 Beeler, William, 41
 Bennett, J. B., 34, 38
 Bennett, S. D. N., 43
 Big Horn Basin, topography and history, 162-163
 Blair, John, 49, 50
 Bostwick Lake, Mich., pastorate, 157, 159
- Bothwell, Albert J., 70, 71, 88, 89, 92
 Bothwell, Wyo., description, 69
 Bourquin, 89, 90
 Briggs, M. V., 65
 Brockmeyer, Henry, 27
 Butler, James E., 61, 62, 107
 Byers, 58, 59
- Cage, G. A., 134-135
 Calvert, Lycurgus, 34, 38, 39, 84
 Cannonsburg, Mich., pastorate, 157, 159
 Cantlin, Henry, 50
 Cantlin, James V., 65, 67, 68
 Carter, William A., 75
 Casper, Wyo., description, 130-131
 Cattle Kate, see Watson, Ella
 Chamberlain, W. G., 73, 122
 Cheyenne, Wyo., description and history, 18-19
 Chicago Theological Seminary, 64, 190
 Christy, R. H., 37, 38, 49, 50, 62, 84, 85, 95
 Clark, W. A., 30
 Clay, Daniel, 41
 Coal Creek, Colo., pastorate, 159-161
 Coffee, Frank, 55
 Coltman, Robert, 187, 193, 199, 201, 202
 Connor, Robert, 89
 Cook, Charles S., 143, 146, 147, 150
 Craig, David H., 25, 51, 52, 62, 70
 Crawford, James H., 47, 87, 91
- Devil's Gate, 71

- Dolan, C. C., 30
 Dunlap, David L., 53, 116
 Durbin, John, 88, 89

 Easum, John, 33
 Edsel, Jacob, 41
 Embar, Wyo., editor's note, 144
 Ervay, Jake, 69, 152, 165

 Field, Richard E., 18, 19, 20, 64,
 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 105,
 121, 155
 Finley, 39, 41, 43
 Fly, A. L., 30, 41, 50
 Fly, Tillman, 30, 41
 Fort Bridger, Wyo., editor's note,
 75
 Fort Brown, Wyo., description, 57
 Fort Russell, Wyo., editor's note,
 19
 Fort Steele, Wyo., description and
 history, 110
 Fosher, John, 138, 143

 Galbraith, R. M., 89
 Gardner, Tom, 44, 45, 49
 Gates, Miss, 129
 Gebhart, Mrs. Tom, 168, 169
 Gebhart, Tom, 167, 169, 173
 Gisehart, John, 33
 Glenrock, Wyo., description, 129
 Goodrich, Mrs., 119
 Gordon, 100, 103
 Gould, Orrin, 191, 196, 200
 Gunn, Rev., 88, 89
 Gwenup, Charles, 170, 200

 Hadsell, Kleber, 53
 Hahn's Peak, Colo., editor's note,
 45
 Henderson, George B., 89
 Henry's Fork, Wyo., editor's note,
 80
 Herman, Tom, 62
 Hinman, Frank A., 30, 31
 Honnold, George H., 41, 42, 44
 Hoyt, John W., 100
 Hughes, 29

 Hunsinger, David, 173, 186
 Hyatt, Samuel H., 166

 Independence Rock, Wyo., 71
 Insley, J. B., 29, 37, 39, 43, 49, 51,
 85

 Kelley, John, 39
 Kirkwood, T. C., 101, 102, 187,
 199, 201, 202

 La Bonte Creek, Wyo., editor's
 note, 127
 La Grange, Wyo., description, 103
 Lampman, 179, 185, 200, 201
 Lander, Wyo., editor's note, 56
 Lane, Albert D., 143
 Laramie, Wyo., editor's note, 105
 Lee, Dogae, 129
 Leigh, Coral, see Moore, Coral E.
 (Leigh)
 Leigh, Marietta, 13
 Leigh, William W., 13, 163
 Lewis, Mrs. M. J., 71, 84
 Linn, John W., 23, 40, 58
 Littlefield, Barrett, 34
 Livingston, Tom, 33

 Marion, W. L., 138
 Mason, Eddie, 56
 Mass, Philip, 80, 81
 Matthews, John, 35
 McCargar, Alfred M., 40, 42, 43
 McCary, F. C., 34
 McGill, John, 126
 McGlaughlin, John, 57, 58, 61,
 141, 142, 143
 McIntosh, Robert, 28, 29, 31, 37,
 39, 40, 41, 43, 50, 51, 83
 McLain, E., 89
 Meldrum, John W., 101
 Miller, Joseph C., 41
 Moonlight, Thomas, 21
 Moore, Alice, 11, 12, 43, 90
 Moore, Arthur, 11
 Moore, Charles M., 11, 12, 47, 107
 Moore, Coral E. (Leigh), 13, 64;
 letters written from the Big

- Horn Basin, 163, 164, 167, 169, 175, 176, 181, 183, 184, 186
- Moore, Ellen, 11, 62
- Moore, Frank L.
1866-1888: 9-13
1888: Cheyenne, 18-22; Rawlins, 22-24; journey to Slater, 25-27; Slater and vicinity, 27-43; journey to Steamboat Springs, 43-46; Steamboat Springs, 46-47; journey to Slater, 47-48; Slater and vicinity, 48-51; journey to Rawlins, 51-52; Rawlins, 52-54; journey to Lander, 54-55; Lander, 55-58; Rawlins, 58-59
1889: Rawlins, 59-63; Chicago, 64; Rawlins, 64-65; Ferris, 66-68; Sweetwater, 68-69; Oil City, 69-70; Whiskey Gap, 71; Rawlins, 72-73; Rock Springs, 74; Fort Bridger, 75; journey to Henry's Fork, 75; description of hardships, 78-79; picnic at Burnt Fork, 80-82; journey to Rawlins, 82; journey to Slater, 83; Slater and Baggs, 83-85; journey to Steamboat Springs, 85-86; Steamboat Springs, 87-90; journey to Dixon, 91; Yampa to Dixon, 94-95; Fort Collins, 98-99; Cheyenne, 99-101;
Little Horse Creek, 103, Laramie, 105; Rawlins, 108; Ionia and Chicago, 108; Rawlins, 109; Fort Steele, 110; Beaver Creek to Saratoga, 110-114; Rawlins, 115-116; Laramie, 117
1890: Laramie, 117-121; Ionia, 121; Saratoga, 122-123; Beaver Creek to Glenrock, 124-128; Thayer's ranch, 128-130; Casper, 130-131; journey to Lander, 132-133; Lander, 134-139; Atlantic City, 139-141;
Lander, 141-143; trip through Yellowstone Park, 143-151; Lander to Thayer's ranch, 151-154; journey to Denver, 154-155; University of Michigan, 156
1891: University of Michigan, 157; Bostwick Lake-Cannonsburg, 157, 159
1892: Bostwick Lake-Cannonsburg, 159; Coal Creek, 159-160
1893: Coal Creek, Rico, 160-161; Big Horn Basin, 162-178
1894: Big Horn Basin, 179-190; Chicago Theological Seminary, 190
1896: Big Horn Basin, 190-203
1896-1935: 13-14
Moore, John, 11, 62, 104, 175, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202
Moore, Mary, 9, 11, 12, 23; letters to Frank Moore, 83, 94, 104, 161
Moore, Merritt, 9-11, 12, 76; letters to Frank Moore, 72, 73, 76, 90, 92, 96, 97, 102, 105, 106, 113, 115, 117, 118, 131, 137, 142, 156, 157, 158
Moore, Walter H., 11, 67, 104
Morgan, Oliver P., 40
Morgan, Sarah, 41
Morgan, W. T., 38, 42
Morrison, Gates, 68
Murphy, Mike, 136, 138

Perkins, Charles, 29
Phelps, Lewis, 42
Polk, Lou, 129

Ranny, Edward L., 143
Rawlins, Wyo., description, 22
Reader, Noah, 49, 51
Reader, Will, 49, 51
Roberts, Arthur, 68
Roberts, G., 68
Roberts, Mrs. Dot, 66, 68
Roberts, Tom, 68

- Rock Springs, Wyo., description,
 74
 Rollins, Philip A., 148
 Rongis, 54, 55

 Sabin, George H., 194, 197
 Saratoga, Wyo., editor's note, 123
 Sheehan, Jerry, 32, 84
 Signor, 54, 55
 Slater, William, 27
 Smith, Mrs. D. P., 85
 Smith, O. C., 79, 81
 Sparling, D., 34
 Sputzer, 40, 41, 42
 Steamboat Springs, description, 46,
 88
 St. Louis, Mrs. Leona, 40, 43
 Strobridge, 38
 Sun, Tom, 71, 88
 Swinburn, 41

 Temple, J. B., 41
 Thayer, Isaac, 128, 130, 153, 154
 Thayer, Jennie, 128, 129, 130, 133,
 154
 Thayer, Walter, 128, 130, 163
 Thompson, Rev., 178, 179
 Troub, George W., 121, 122, 125,
 126, 133-134, 137, 138, 139,
 142, 147, 148, 149, 151
 Turner, Robert, 33, 39, 51

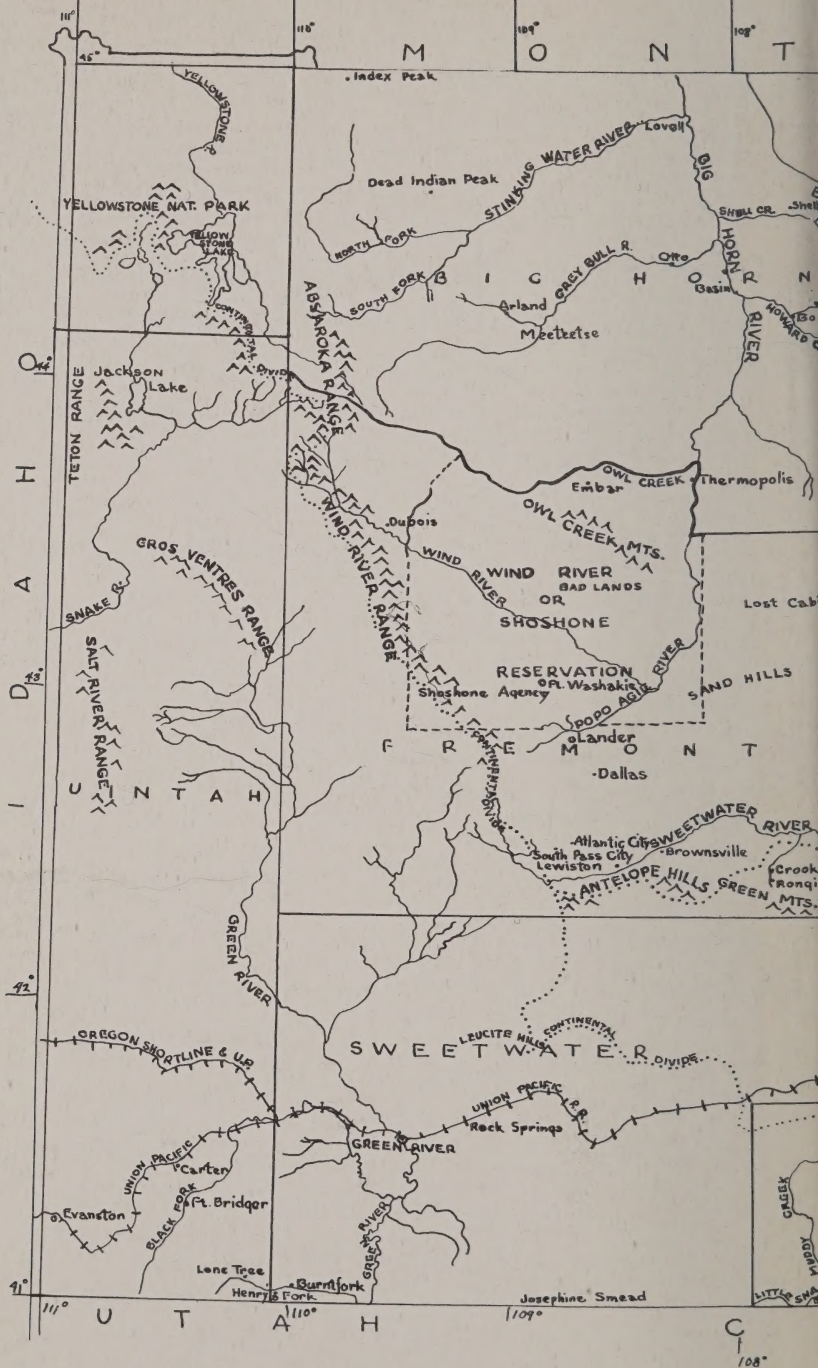
 VanDevanter, Willis, 101
 VanDyke, George B., 137, 138,
 139
 Vetter, Aaron, 61

 Washakie, 24, 59, 143
 Watson, Ella, 88-89
 Wilson, W. W., 50
 Wister, Owen, 55, 148
 Worden, James, 18, 29, 52, 61, 91,
 101
 Wright, James A., 11
 Wyand, Dr., 30, 36
 Wyoming, topography and history,
 17-18, 136

 Yancey, John, 148

STATE

0 10
SCALE



Hayden

BW4240 .M82
Souls and saddlebags: the diaries and

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



1 1012 00017 3197